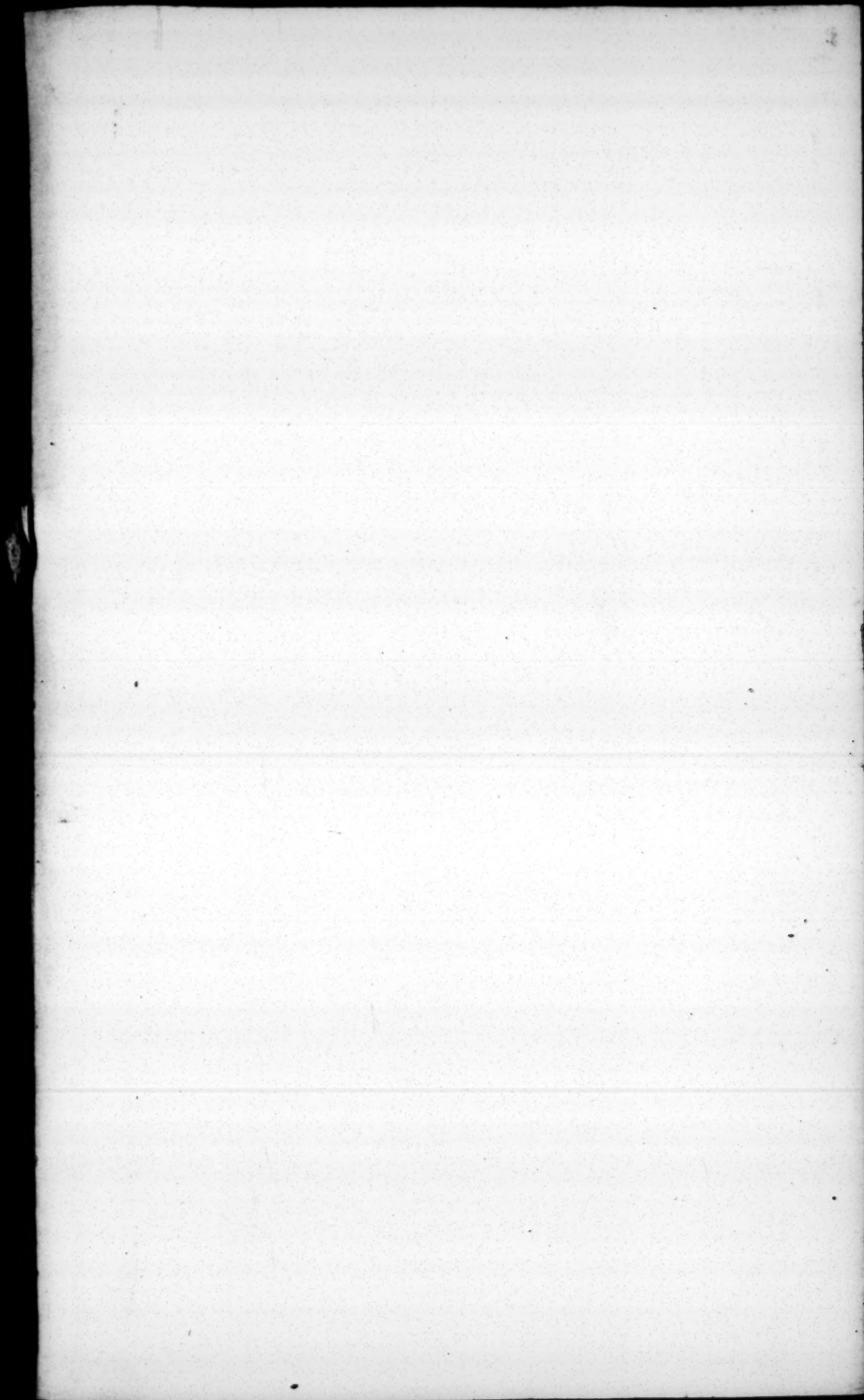




b.1688. A. POPE d.1744.







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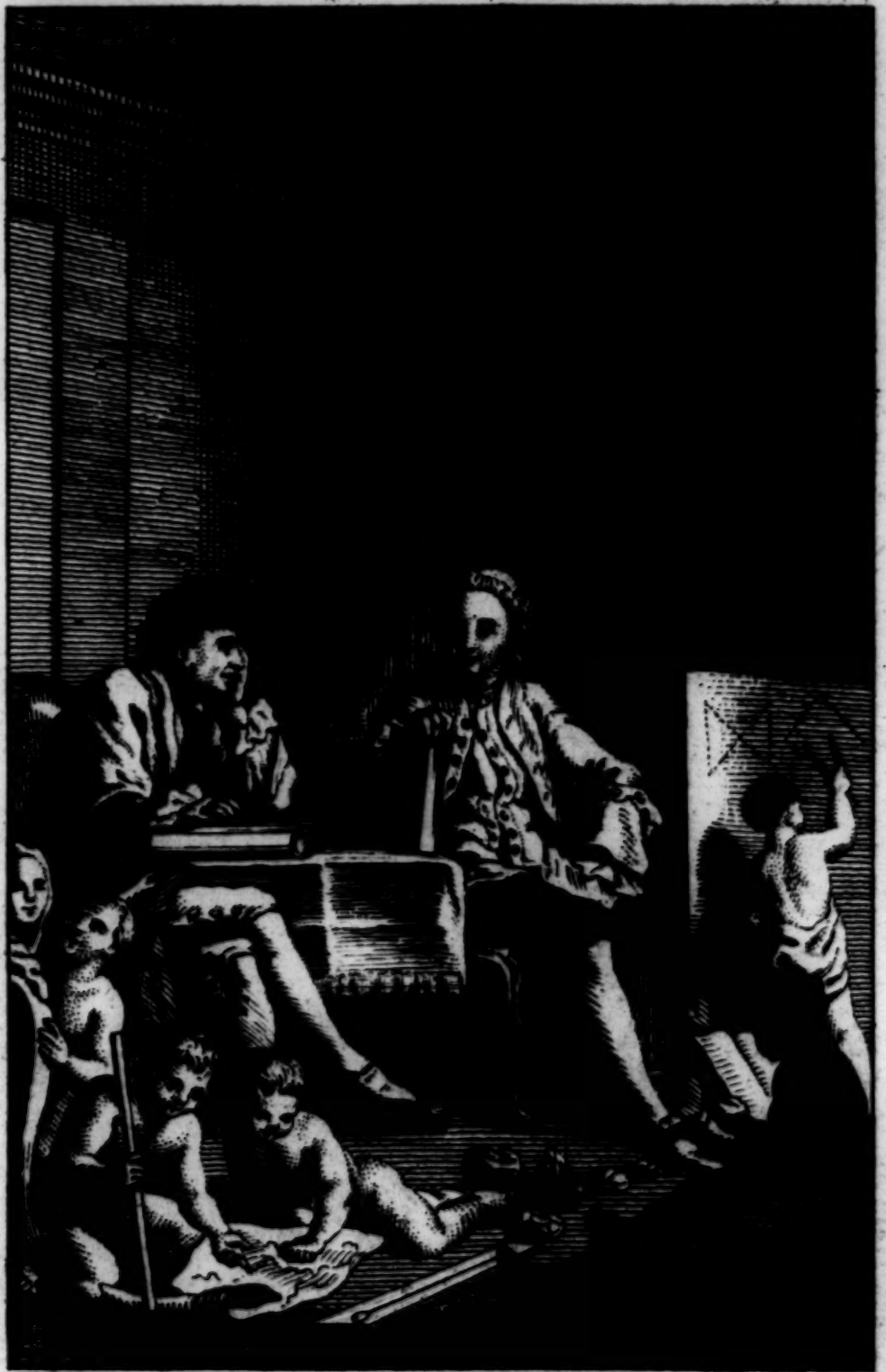
CONTAINING  
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*The proper Study of Mankind is M.A.N.*  
Essay on Man.

AN  
E S S A Y  
ON  
M A N:  
TO

H. ST. JOHN, L. BOLINGBROKE.

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# T H E D E S I G N.

**H**A V I N G propos'd to write some pieces on Human Life and Manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) *come home to Mens Business and Bosoms*, I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering *Man* in the abstract, his *Nature* and his *State*; since, to prove any moral Duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what *condition* and *relation* it is placed in, and what is the proper *end* and *purpose* of its *being*.

The science of Human Nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points: There are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the Anatomy of the Mind, as in that of the Body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The disputes are all upon these last, and I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the wits than the hearts of men against each other, and have diminished the practice, more than advanced the theory, of Morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelli-

gible, and in forming a *temperate* yet not *inconsistent*, and a *short* yet not *imperfect* system of Ethics.

This I might have done in prose; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards: The other may seem odd, but is true; I found I could express them more *shortly* this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the *force*, as well as *grace* of arguments or instructions, depends on their *conciseness*. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in *detail*, without becoming dry and tedious; or more *poetically*, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning: If any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published, is only to be considered as a *general Map* of MAN, marking out no more than the *greater parts*, their *extent*, their *limits*, and their *connection*, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Consequently, these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament, I am here only opening the *fountains*, and clearing the passage. To deduce the *rivers*, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable.



ESSAY on MAN,  
IN  
FOUR EPISTLES,  
TO  
H. St. John, Lord Bolingbroke.

ARGUMENT OF  
EPISTLE I.

*Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to  
the UNIVERSE.*

*OF Man in the abstract.—I. That we can judge only  
with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the  
relations of systems and things, ver. 17, etc. II.  
That Man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a Being  
suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable  
to the general Order of things, and conformable to  
Ends and Relations to him unknown, ver. 35, etc.  
III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future e-  
vents, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that  
all his happiness in the present depends, ver. 77, etc.  
IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pre-  
tending to more Perfection, the cause of Man's error  
and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the*

*place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations, ver. 109, etc. V. The absurdity of conceiving himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural, ver. 131, etc. VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the Perfections of the Angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes; though, to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miserable, ver. 173, etc. VII. That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that Reason alone countervails all the other faculties, ver. 207. VIII. How much further this order and subordination of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroyed; ver. 233. IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire, ver. 250. X. The consequence of all, the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state, ver. 281, &c. to the end.*

# C O N T E N T S

## of Vol. II.

### ESSAY ON MAN, in FOUR EPISTLES.

Epistle I. <i>Of the nature and state of man with respect to the universe,</i>	9
Epistle II. <i>Of the nature and state of man with respect to himself as an individual,</i>	21
Epistle III. <i>Of the nature and state of man with respect to society,</i>	36
Epistle IV. <i>Of the nature and state of man with respect to happiness.</i>	51

### MORAL ESSAYS.

Epistle I. <i>Of the knowledge and characters of Men,</i>	77
Epistle II. <i>Of the characters of Women,</i>	88
Epistle III. <i>Of the use of Riches,</i>	102
Epistle IV. <i>Of the same.</i>	125
Epistle V. <i>To Mr Addison, occasioned by his Dialogues on Medals</i>	137

PROLOGUE to the SATIRES, in an Epistle to Dr ARBUTHNOT.	143
---	-----

### SATIRES and EPISTLES of HORACE *imitated.*

<i>The Second Book of the Satires,</i> Sat. I.	167
<i>The Second Book of the Satires,</i> Sat. II.	174



<i>The First Book of the Epistles, Ep. I.</i>	188
<i>The First Book of the Epistles, Ep. VI.</i>	199
<i>The Second Book of the Epistles, Ep. I.</i>	207
<i>The Second Book of the Epistles, Ep. II.</i>	235

**SATIRES** of Dr DONNE, Dean of St Pauls,  
*versified,*

SATIRE H.	256
SATIRE IV.	264
EPILOGUE to the Satires.	
DIALOGUE I.	283
DIALOGUE II.	292
<i>On receiving from the Right Hon. the Lady FRANCES SHIRLEY, a standish and two pens</i>	304
<i>The First Book of the Epistles, Ep. VII.</i>	309
<i>The Second Book of the Satires, Sat. VI.</i>	314
Book IV. Ode I.	326
Book IV. Ode IX.	330

**EPISTLES.**

<i>To Robert Earl of Oxford and Mortimer</i>	333
<i>To James Craggs, Esq; Secretary of state</i>	335
<i>To Mr Jervas, with Mr Dryden's Translation of Fresnoy's Art of Painting</i>	336
<i>To Miss Blunt with the works of Voiture</i>	339
<i>To the same, on leaving the Town after the Coronation,</i>	342
<i>The Basset-Table, an Eclogue</i>	345
<i>Verbatim from Boileau</i>	351
<i>Answer to a question of Mrs Howe</i>	352
<i>On some verses of the Duke of Buckingham</i>	ibid.

# CONTENTS.

iii.

<i>A Prologue to a play for Mr Dennis's benefit</i>	353
<i>MACER, a character</i>	354
<i>To Mr More, author of the Worm-Powder</i>	356
<i>Song, by a person of Quality, 1733</i>	358
<i>On a certain Lady at Court</i>	360
<i>On his Grotto at Twickenham</i>	361
<i>To Mrs B. on her birth-day</i>	362
<i>To Mr Southern on his birth-day, 1742</i>	363

## EPITAPHS.

- I. *On the Earl of Dorset, 365.* II. *On Sir William Trumbal, 366.* III. *On the Hon. Simon Harcourt, 367.* IV. *On James Craggs, Esq; 368.* V. *Intended for Mrs Rowe, 369.* VI. *On Mrs Corbet, 371.* VII. *On the Hon. Robert Digby, &c. 372.* VIII. *On Sir Godfrey Kneller, 373.*
- IX. *On General Withers, 374.* X. *On Mr Fenton, 375.* XI. *On Mr Gay, 376.* XII. *Intended for Sir Isaac Newton.* XIII. *On Dr Atterbury.* XIV. *On the Duke of Buckingham.* XV. *Two for a person who would not be buried in Westminster-Abbey.*





*HOPE* humbly then, with trembling Pinions soar.  
Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore.  
*Essay on Man Ep.*

## E P I S T L E I.

**A** WAKE, my ST JOHN! leave all meaner things  
 To low ambition, and the pride of Kings.  
 Let us (since Life can little more supply  
 Than just to look about us, and to die)  
 Expatiate free o'er all this scene of Man; 5  
 A mighty maze! but not without a plan;  
 A Wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot;  
 Or Garden tempting with forbidden fruit.  
 Together let us beat this ample field,  
 Try what the open, what the covert yield, 10  
 The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore  
 Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;  
 Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,  
 And catch the Manners living as they rise:  
 Laugh where we must, be candid where we can; 15  
 But vindicate the ways of God to Man

I. Say first, of God above, or Man below,  
 What can we reason but from what we know?  
 Of Man, what see we but his station here,  
 From which to reason, or to which refer? 20  
 Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,  
 'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.  
 He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce,  
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe,  
 Observe how system into system runs, 25  
 What other planets circle other suns,

What vary'd Being peoples every star,  
 May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.  
 But of this frame the bearings and the ties,  
 The strong connections, nice dependencies,  
 Gradations just, has thy pervading Soul  
 Look'd thro' ? or can a part contain the whole ?

30

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,  
 And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee ?

II. Presumptuous Man ! the reason wouldst thou find  
 Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind ?

36

First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,  
 Why formed no weaker, blinder, and no less ?  
 Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made  
 Taller and stronger than the weeds they shade ?

40

Or ask of yonder argent fields above,  
 Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove ?  
 Of Systems possible, if 'tis confest

That Wisdom infinite must form the best,  
 Where all must full or not coherent be,

45

And all that rises, rise in due degree;  
 Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,  
 There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man :  
 And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)  
 Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong ?

50

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,  
 May, must be right, as relative to all.

In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,  
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;  
 In God's, one single can its end produce;  
 Yet serves to second too some other use.

55



So Man, who here seems principal alone,  
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,  
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;  
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. 60

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains  
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;  
When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,  
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's God:  
Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend 65  
His action's, passion's, being's use and end;  
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why  
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;  
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought: 70  
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place;  
His time a moment, and a point his space.  
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,  
What matter, soon or late, or here, or there?  
The blest to-day is as completely so, 75  
As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,  
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:  
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:  
Or who could suffer Being here below? 80  
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,  
Had he thy Reason, would he skip and play?  
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,  
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.

In the former Editions, ver. 64.

Now wears a garland an Egyptian God.

Oh blindness to the future ! kindly giv'n, 85  
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n :  
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,  
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,  
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,  
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world. 90

Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;  
 Wait the great teacher Death ; and God adore.  
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,  
 But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now.  
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast . 95  
 Man never Is, but always To be blest :  
 The soul, uneasy, and confin'd at home,  
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutor'd mind  
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ; 100  
 His soul, proud science never taught to stray  
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way ;  
 Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,  
 Behind the cloud-topt-hill, an humbler heav'n ;  
 Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd, 105  
 Some happier island in the watry waste,

After ver. 88. in the MS.

No great, no little ; 'tis as much decreed  
 That Virgil's Gnat should die as Cæsar bleed.

Ver. 93. in the first Folio and Quarto,

What bliss *above* he gives not thee to know,  
 But gives that Hope to be thy bliss *below*.



Where slaves once more their native land behold,  
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.  
 To Be, contents his natural desire,  
 He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;      110  
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou! and, in thy scale of sense,  
 Weigh thy Opinion against Providence;  
 Call imperfection what thou fancy'lt such,      115  
 Say, here he gives too little, there too much:  
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,  
 Yet cry, If Man's unhappy, God's unjust:  
 If Man alone ingross not Heav'n's high care,  
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there:      120  
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,  
 Re-judge his justice, be the GOD of GOD.  
 In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies;  
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.  
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,      125  
 Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.  
 Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,  
 Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel:  
 And who but wishes to invert the laws  
 Of ORDER; sins against th' Eternal Cause.      130

After ver. 118. in the first Edition.

But does he say the Maker is not good,  
 Till he's exalted to what state he wou'd:  
 Himself alone high heav'n's peculiar care,  
 Alone made happy when he will; and where?

V. Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,  
 Earth for whose use? Pride answers, " 'Tis for mine:  
 " For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,  
 " Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r;  
 " Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew 135  
 " The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;  
 " For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;  
 " For me health gushes from a thousand springs;  
 " Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;  
 " My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies. " 140.

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,  
 From burning suns when livid deaths descend,  
 When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep  
 Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?  
 " No ('tis reply'd) the first Almighty Cause 145  
 " Acts not by Partial, but by gen'ral laws;  
 " Th' exceptions few; some change since all began:  
 " And what created perfect? "—Why then Man?  
 If the great end be human Happiness,  
 Then Nature deviates; and can Man do less? 150  
 As much that end a constant course requires  
 Of show'rs and sun-shine, as of Man's desires;  
 As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,  
 As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.  
 If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's design,  
 Why then a Borgia, or a Cataline? 156  
 Who knows but he, whose hand the lightning forms,  
 Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms;  
 Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæsar's mind, 159  
 Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?

From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs;  
 Account for moral as for nat'ral things:  
 Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit?  
 In both, to reason right, is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,      165  
 Were there all harmony, all virtue here;  
 That never air or ocean felt the wind,  
 That never passion discompos'd the mind.  
 But all subsists by elemental strife;  
 And passions are the elements of life.      170  
 The gen'ral ORDER, since the whole began,  
 Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

VI. What would this Man? Now upward will he soar,  
 And little less than Angel, would be more;  
 Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears      175  
 To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.  
 Made for his use all creatures if he call,  
 Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all;  
 Nature to these, without profusion, kind,  
 The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd;      180  
 Each seeming want compensated of course,  
 Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;

VER. 169. *But all subsists, etc.*] See this subject extended in E. ii.  
 from ver. 90 to 112, 155, etc.

VER. 182 [*Here with degrees of swiftness, etc.*] It is a certain  
 axiom in the anatomy of creatures, that in proportion as they  
 are formed for strength, their swiftness is lessened; or as they are  
 formed for swiftness, their strength is abated.



All in exact proportion to the state;  
 Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.  
 Each beast, each insect, happy in its own : 185  
 Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?  
 Shall he alone, whom rational we call,  
 Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all?

The bliss of Man (could pride that blessing find)  
 Is not to act or think beyond mankind; 190  
 No pow'rs of body, or of soul to share,  
 But what his nature and his state can bear.  
 Why has not Man a microscopic eye?  
 For this plain reason, man is not a Fly.  
 Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n, 195  
 T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?  
 The touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,  
 To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?  
 Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,  
 Dye of a rose in aromatic pain? 200

If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,  
 And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,  
 How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still  
 The whisp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill  
 Who finds not providence all good and wise, 205  
 Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as Creation's ample range extends,  
 The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends :  
 Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,  
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass : 210  
 What modes of fight betwixt each wide extreme,  
 The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam :

Of smell, the headlong lions between,  
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green :  
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood, 215  
 To that which warbles through the vernal wood ?  
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine ?  
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line :  
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true  
 From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew ? 220  
 How Instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,  
 Compar'd, half reas'ning elephant, with thine !  
 'Twixt that and Reason, what a nice barrier ?  
 For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near !  
 Remembrance and Reflection how ally'd ; 225  
 What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide ?  
 And middle natures, how they long to join,  
 Yet never pass th' insuperable line !  
 Without this just gradation, could they be  
 Subjected, these to those, or all to thee ? 230  
 The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,  
 Is not thy reason all these pow'rs in one ?

VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,  
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.

VER. 213. *The headlong lions*] The manner of the lions hunting their prey in the Deserts of Africa is this : At their first going out in the night-time they set up a loud roar, and then listen to the noise made by the beasts in their flight, pursuing them by the ear, and not by the nostril. It is probable, the story of the jackal's hunting for the lion, was occasioned by observation of this defect of scent in that terrible animal.

Above, how high, progressive life may go ! 235  
 Around, how wide ! how deep extend below !  
 Vast chain of being ! which from God began,  
 Natures æthereal, human, angel, man,  
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,  
 No glass can reach ; from Infinite to thee, 240  
 From thee to Nothing. — On superior pow'rs  
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours :  
 Or in the full creation leave a void,  
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd :  
 From Nature's chain whatever link you strike, 245  
 Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll  
 Alike essential to th' amazing Whole,  
 The least confusion but in one, not all  
 That system only, but the Whole must fall. 250  
 Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,  
 Planets and Suns run lawless thro' the sky ;  
 Let ruling Angels from their spheres be hurl'd,  
 Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world ;  
 Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod, 255  
 And Nature trembles to the throne of God.  
 All this dread ORDER break—for whom ? for thee?  
 Vile worm ! — Oh Madness ! Pride ! Impiety !

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,  
 Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head ? 260  
 What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd  
 To serve mere engines to the ruling Mind ?

VER. 238. Ed 1st.

Æthereal essence, spirit, substance, man.



Just as absurd for any part to claim  
To be another, in this gen'ral frame :  
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains      265  
The great directing MIND of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupend'ous whole,  
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul ;  
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same ;  
Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame ;      270  
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,  
Glow's in the stars, and blossoms in the trees ;  
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,  
Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;  
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,      275  
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;  
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,  
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns ;  
To him no high, no low ; no great, no small ;  
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.      280

X. Cease then, nor ORDER Imperfection name :  
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.  
Know thy own point : This kind, this due degree  
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.  
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,      285  
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear :

VBR. 265. *Just as absurd, etc.*] See the prosecution and application of this in Ep. iv.

After ver. 282. in the MS.

Reason, to think of God, when she pretends,  
Begins a Censor, an Adorer ends.

Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r  
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.  
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee ;  
All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see ; 290  
All Discord, Harmony not understood ;  
All partial Evil, universal Good.  
And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,  
One truth is clear, **WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.**

# A R G U M E N T O F E P I S T L E II.

*Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to  
Himself, as an Individual.*

I. *THE business of Man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His Middle Nature: his Powers and Frailties, ver. 1. to 19. The Limits of his Capacity, ver. 19, etc.* II. *The two principles of Man, Self love and Reason, both necessary, ver. 53, etc. Self-love the stronger, and why, ver. 67, etc. Their end the same, ver. 81, etc.* III. *The PASSIONS, and their use, ver. 93 to 130. The Predominant Passion, and its force, ver. 132 to 160. Its Necessity, in directing Men to different Purposes, ver. 165, etc. Its providential Use, in fixing our Principle, and ascertaining our Virtue, ver. 177.* IV. *Virtue and Vice joined in our mixed Nature; the Limits near, yet the Things separate and evident: What is the Office of Reason, ver. 202 to 216.* V. *How odious Vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it, ver. 217.* VI. *That, however, the Ends of Providence and general Good are answered in our Passions and Imperfections, ver. 238, etc. How usefully these are distributed to all Orders of Men, ver. 241. How useful they are to Society, ver. 251. And to the Individuals, ver. 263. In every State, and every Age of Life, ver. 273, etc.*



## E P I S T L E II.

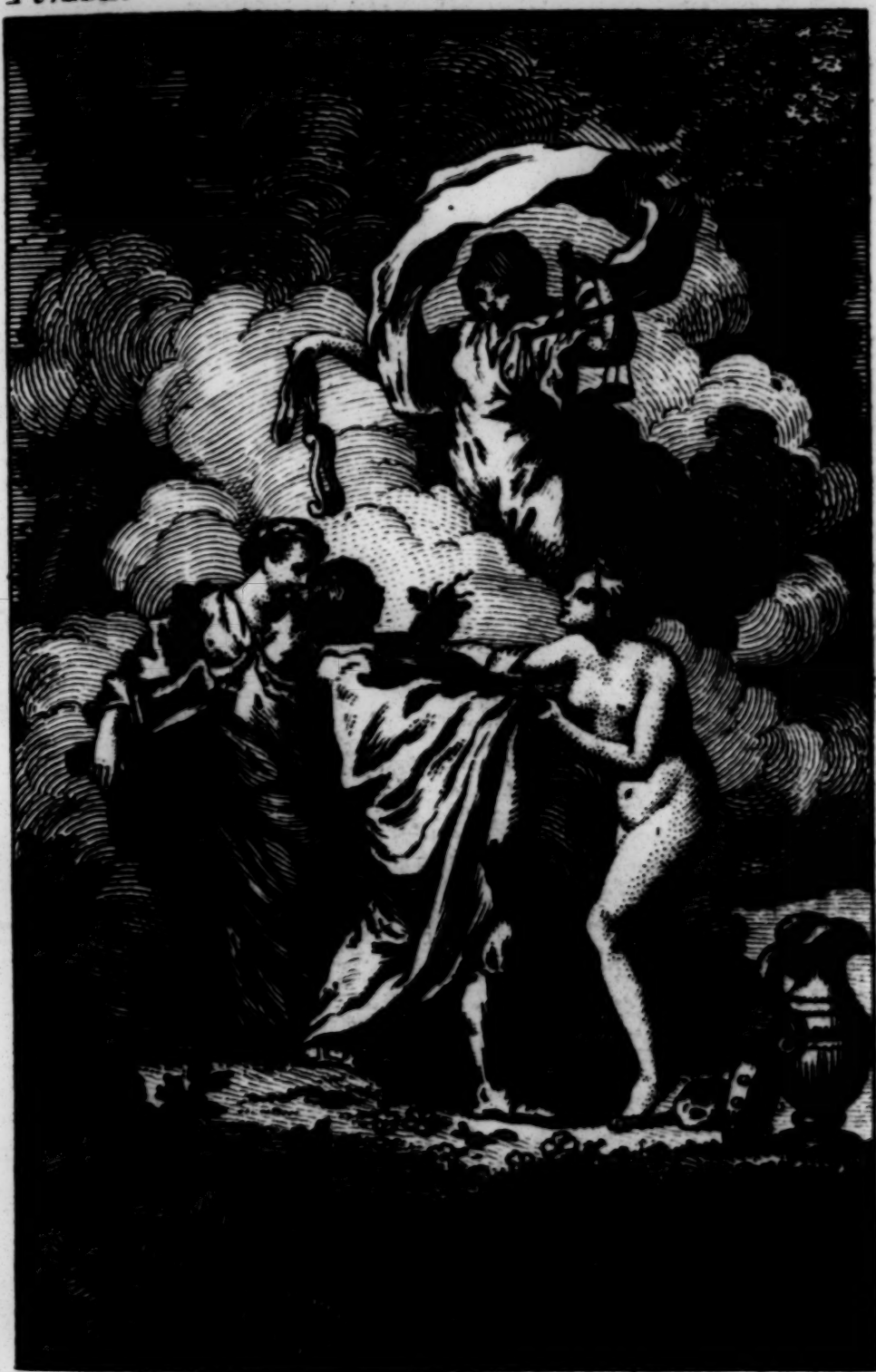
I. **K** NOW then thyself, presume not God to scan,  
 The proper study of Mankind is Man.  
 Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,  
 A Being darkly wise, and rudely great :  
 With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side, 5  
 With too much weakness for the Stoick's pride,  
 He hangs between; in doubt to act or rest;  
 In doubt to deem himself a God, or Beast;  
 In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;  
 Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err; 10  
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such,  
 Whether he thinks too little or too much :  
 Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confused;  
 Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd;  
 Created half to rise, and half to fall; 15  
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;  
 Sole judge of truth in endless Error hurl'd :  
 The glory, jest and riddle of the world !

VER. 2. Ed. 1st.

The only science of Mankind is Man.

After ver. 18. In the MS.

For more perfection than this state can bear  
 In vain we sigh, Heav'n made us as we are.  
 As wisely sure a modest Ape might aim  
 To be like Man, whose faculties and frame  
 He sees, he feels, as you or I to be  
 An Angel thing we neither know nor see.



*Self Love still stronger, as its Objects nigh,  
Reasons at distance, and in Prospect lie;~  
That sees immediate Good, by present Sense  
Reason the future, and the Consequence. -  
Essay on Man. Ep. II.*





Go, wond'rous creature ! mount where Science guides,  
 Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;    20  
 Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,  
 Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;  
 Go soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,  
 To the first good, first perfect and first fair;  
 Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,    25  
 And quitting sense call imitating God;  
 As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,  
 And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.  
 Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—  
 Then drop into thyself, and be a fool !    30

Superior beings, when of late they saw  
 A mortal Man unfold all Nature's Law,

Observe how near he edges on our race;  
 What human tricks ! how risible of face !  
 It must be so— why else have I the sense  
 Of more than monkey charms and excellence ?  
 Why else to walk on two so oft essay'd ;  
 And why this ardent longing for a maid ?  
 So Pug might plead, and call his Gods unkind  
 'Till set on end, and married to his mind.  
 Go, reas'ning Thing ! assume the Doctor's chair,  
 As Plato deep, as Seneca severe :  
 Fix moral fitness, and to God give rule,  
 Then drop into thyself, etc.

VER. 21. Ed. 4th and 5th.

Shew by what rules the wand'ring planets stray,  
 Correct old Time, and teach the Sun his way.

Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,  
And shew'd a NEWTON as we shew an Ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid Comet bind, 35  
Describe or fix one movement of his Mind?  
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,  
Explain his own beginning, or his end?  
Alas what wonder! Man's superior part  
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art: 40  
But when his own great work is but begun,  
What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide;  
First strip off all her equipage of Pride;  
Deduct but what is Vanity or Dress, 45  
Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleness;  
Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,  
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;  
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts  
Of all our Vices have created Arts; 50  
Then see how little the remaining sum,  
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!

II. Two Principles in human nature reign;  
Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain;  
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call, 55  
Each works its end, to move or govern all;

VER. 35. Ed. first.

Could he who taught each planet where to roll,  
Describe or fix one movement of the Soul?  
Who mark'd their points to rise or to descend,  
Explain his own beginning or his end?

And to their proper operation still,  
Ascribe all Good, to their improper, Ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;  
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole. 60  
Man, but for that, no action could attend,  
And, but for this, were active to no end:  
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,  
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot:  
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void, 65  
Destroying others, by himself destroyed.

Most strength the moving principle requires;  
Active its task, it prompts, impells, inspires:  
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,  
Form'd but to check, delib'rate and advise. 70  
Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh;  
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:  
That, sees immediate good by present sense;  
Reason, the future and the consequence.  
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng, 75  
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.  
The Action of the stronger to suspend  
Reason still use, to Reason still attend.  
Attention, habit and experience gains;  
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains. 80  
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,  
More studious to divide than to unite;  
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split.  
With all the rash dexterity of wit.



Wits, just like Fools, at war about a name, 85  
 Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.  
 Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,  
 Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire;  
 But greedy That, its object would devour,  
 This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r: 90  
 Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,  
 Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of Self-love the Passions we may call:  
 'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:  
 But since not ev'ry good we can divide, 95  
 And reason bids us for our own provide:  
 Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,  
 List under Reason, and deserve her care;  
 Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,  
 Exalt their kind, and take some Virtue's name. 100

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast  
 Their Virtue fix'd: 'tis fix'd as in a frost;  
 Contracted all, retiring to the breast;  
 But strength of mind is Exercise, not Rest:  
 The rising tempest puts in act the soul, 105  
 Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.  
 On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,  
 Reason the card, but passion is the gale;

After ver. 86. in the MS.

Of good and evil Gods what frighted Fools,  
 Of good and evil Reason puzzl'd Schools.  
 Deceiv'd, deceiving, taught—

Nor God alone in the still calm we find,  
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind. 110

Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,  
Yet, mix'd and soft'ned, in his work unite :  
These 'tis enough to temper and employ ;  
But what composes Man, can Man destroy !  
Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road, 115  
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.  
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,  
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of pain,  
These mixt with art, and to due bounds confin'd,  
Make and maintain the balance of the mind : 120  
The lights and shades, whose well accorded strife  
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes ;  
And when, in act, they cease, in prospect, rise :  
Present to grasp, and future still to find, 125  
The whole employ of body and of mind.  
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike ;  
On diff'rent senses, diff'rent objects, strike ;  
Hence diff'rent Passions more or less inflame,  
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame, 130

After ver. 108. in the MS.

A tedious Voyage ! where how useless lies  
The compass, if no pow'rful gusts arise ?

After ver. 112. in the MS.

The soft reward the virtuous, or invite ;  
The fierce, the vicious punish or affright.

And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breast,  
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,  
Receives the lurking principle of death;  
The young disease, that must subdue at length, 135  
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength:  
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,  
The Mind's disease, its RULING PASSION came;  
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,  
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul: 140  
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,  
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,  
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,  
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse; 145  
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse;  
Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r;  
As Heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.

We, wretched subjects, tho' to lawful sway,  
In this weak queen, some fav'rite still obey: 150  
Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,  
What can she more than tell us we are fools?  
Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,  
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!  
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade 155  
The choice we make, or justify it made;  
Proud of an easy conquest all along,  
She but removes weak passions for the strong:  
So, when small humours gather to a gout,  
The doctor fancies he has driven them out. 160



Yes, Nature's road must ever be prefer'd;  
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard;  
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,  
And treat this passion more as friend than foe :  
A mightier Pow'r the strong direction sends,      165  
And sev'ral Men impells to sev'ral ends :  
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,  
This drives them constant to a certain coast.  
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please,  
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;      170  
Thro' life 'tis follow'd ev'n at life's expence;  
The merchants toil, the sage's indolence,  
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,  
All, all alike, find Reason on their side.

Th' Eternal Art educing good from ill,      175  
Grafts on this Passion our best principle :  
'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,  
Strong grows the Virtue with his Nature mix'd;  
The dross cements what else were too refin'd,  
And in one int'rest body acts with mind.      180

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,  
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear;  
The surest virtues thus from Passions shoot,  
Wild Nature's vigor working at the root.  
What crops of wit and honesty appear      185  
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear !  
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;  
Ev'n av'rice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;  
Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,  
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;      190

Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,  
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;  
Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,  
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride) 195  
The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd :  
Reason the byas turns to good from ill,  
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.  
The fiery foul abhor'd in Cataline,  
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine : 200  
The same ambition can destroy or save,  
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

After ver. 194. in the MS.

How oft with Passion, Virtue points her Charms!  
Then shines the Hero, then the Patriot warms.  
Pelus' great Son, or Brutus, who had known,  
Had Lucrece been a Whore, or Helen none ?  
But Virtues opposite to make agree,  
That, Reason ! is thy task, and worthy Thee.  
Hard task, cries Bibulus, and reason weak.  
—Make it a point, dear Marquis, or a pique.  
Once, for a whim, persuade yourself to pay  
A debt to reason, like a debt at play.  
For right or wrong, have mortals suffer'd more ?  
B— — for his Prince, or \* \* for his Whore ?  
Whose self-denials nature must controul ?  
His, who would save a Sixpence or his Soul ?  
Web for his health, a Chartreux for his Sin,  
Contend they not which soonest shall grow thin ?  
What we resolve, we can ; but here's the fault,  
We ne'er resolve to do the thing we ought.

This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,  
What shall divide ? The God within the mind.

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce, 205  
In Man they join to some mysterious use ;  
Tho' each by turns the other's bounds invade,  
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,  
And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice  
Where ends the Virtue or begins the Vice. 210

Fools ! who from hence into the notion fall,  
That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.

If white and black blend, soften, and unite  
A thousand ways, is there no black or white ?  
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain ;  
'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mein,  
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace. 220  
But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed :  
Ask where's the North ? At York, 'tis on the Tweed ;  
In Scotland, at the Orcades ; and there,  
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.  
No creature owns it in the first degree, 225  
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he ;

After ver. 220. in the first Edition followed these,

**A Cheat! a Whore! who starts not at the name,  
In all the Inns of Court or Drury lane?**

After ver. 226. in the MS.

The Col'nel swears the Agent is a dog,  
The Scriv'ner vows th' Attorney is a rogue,



Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,  
 Or never feel the rage, or never own;  
 What happier natures shrink at with affright,  
 The hard inhabitant contends is right.

230

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man must be,  
 Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;  
 The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;  
 And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.  
 'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;  
 For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still;  
 Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;  
 But HEAV'N's great view is One, and that the Whole.  
 That counter-works each folly and caprice;  
 That disappoints the effect of ev'ry vice;  
 That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;  
 Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,  
 Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,  
 To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:  
 That, Virtue's ends from vanity can raise,  
 Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;  
 And build on wants, and on defects of mind,  
 The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind.

235

240

245

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,  
 A master, or a servant, or a friend,  
 Bids each on other for assistance call,  
 'Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.

250

Against the Thief th' Attorney loud inveighs,  
 For whose ten pound the County twenty pays,  
 The Thief damns Judges, and the Knaves of State;  
 And dying, mourns small Villains hang'd by great.

Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally  
The common int'rest, or endear the tie.  
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,      255  
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;  
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,  
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign;  
Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,  
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.      260

Whate'er the Passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,  
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.  
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,  
The fool is happy that he knows no more;  
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,      265  
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.  
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,  
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;  
The starving chemist in his golden views  
Supremely blest, the poet in his Muse.      270

See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,  
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:  
See some fit passion ev'ry age supply,  
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,      275  
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:  
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,  
A little louder, but as empty quite:  
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,  
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:      280

Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before ;  
 'Till tir'd he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.  
 Mean while Opinion gilds with varying rays  
 Those painted clouds that beautify our days ;  
 Each want of happiness by Hope supply'd, 285  
 And each vacuity of sense by Pride :  
 These build as fast as knowledge can destroy ;  
 In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy ;  
 One prospect lost, another still we gain ;  
 And not a vanity is giv'n in vain ; 290  
 Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,  
 The scale to measure others wants by thine.  
 See ! and confess, one comfort still must rise ;  
 'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet GOD is WISE.



# A R G U M E N T O F E P I S T L E III.

*Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to  
Society.*

- I. *THE whole Universe one system of Society, ver. 7, etc. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another, ver. 27. The happiness of Animals mutual, ver 49.* II. *Reason or Instinct operate alike to the good of each Individual, ver. 79. Reason or Instinct operate also to Society in all animals, ver. 109.* III. *How far Society carried by Instinct, ver. 115. How much farther by Reason, ver 128.* IV. *Of that which is called the State of Nature, ver. 144. Reason instructed by Instinct in the invention of Arts, ver. 166, and in the Forms of Society, ver. 176.* V. *Origin of Political Societies, ver. 195. Origin of Monarchy, ver. 207. Patriarchal Government, ver. 212.* VI. *Origin of true Religion and Government, from the same principle, of Love, ver. 231, etc. Origin of Superstition and Tyranny, from the same principle, of Fear, ver. 237, etc. The Influence of Self-love operating to the social and public Good, ver. 266. Restoration of true Religion and Government on their first principle, ver 285. Mixt Government, ver. 288 Various Forms of each, and the true end of all, ver. 300, etc.*

## EPISTLE III.

**H**ERE then we rest: "The Universal Cause  
 "Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."

In all the madness of superfluous health,  
 The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,  
 Let this great truth be present night and day;  
 But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our World; behold the chain of Love  
 Combining all below and all above.

See plastic Nature working to this end,  
 The single atoms each to other tend,  
 Attract, attracted to, the next in place  
 Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.

See Matter next, with various life endu'd,  
 Press to one centre still, the gen'ral Good.

See dying vegetables life sustain,

See life dissolving vegetate again:

All forms that perish other forms supply,  
 (By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)

Like bubbles on the sea of Matter born,  
 They rise, they break, and to that sea return.

Nothing is foreign; Parts relate to whole;

One all-extending, all-preserving Soul

Connects each being, greatest with the least:

Made Beast in aid of Man, and Man of Beast;

VER. 1. In several Edit. in 4to.

Learn, Du'ness, learn! "The Universal Cause, etc.



See some fit Passion every Age supply,  
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

*Essay on Man, Ep. III.*





All serv'd, all serving ; nothing stands alone ;      25  
The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown.

Has God, thou fool, work'd solely for thy good,  
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?  
Who for thy Table feeds the wanton fawn,  
For him as kindly spreads the flowry lawn :      30  
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings ?  
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.  
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?  
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.  
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,      35  
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.  
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain ?  
The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.  
Thine the full harvest of the golden year ?  
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer :      40  
The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,  
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children shall divide her care ;  
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.  
While Man exclaims, " See all things for my use ! "  
" See man for mine ! " replies a pamper'd goose :      46  
And just as short of reason He must fall,  
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

After ver. 46. in the former Editions.

What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him !  
All this he knew ; but not that 'twas to eat him.  
As far as Goose could judge, he reason'd right ;  
But as to Man, mistook the matter quite.

Grant that the pow'rful still the weak controul;  
 Be man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole: 50  
 Nature that Tyrant checks; he only knows,  
 And helps, another creature's wants and woes.  
 Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,  
 Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove!  
 Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings? 55  
 Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?  
 Man cares for all: To birds he gives his woods,  
 To beasts his pastures and to fish his floods;  
 For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,  
 For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride: 60  
 All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy  
 Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.  
 That very life his learned hunger craves,  
 He saves from famine, from the savage saves;  
 Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast, 65  
 And, till he ends the being, makes it blest:  
 Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,  
 Than favour'd Man, by touch ethereal slain.  
 The creature had his feast of life before;  
 Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er! 70  
 To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,  
 Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:  
 To Man imparts it; but with such a view  
 As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:

VER. 68. *Than favour'd Man, etc.*] Several of the ancients,  
 and many of the orientals since, esteemed those who were  
 struck by lightning as sacred persons, and the particular favour-  
 ites of Heaven.



The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,      75  
 Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.  
 Great standing miracle! that Heav'n assign'd  
 Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with Reason, or with Instinct blest,  
 Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best ;  
 To bliss alike by that direction tend,      81  
 And find the means proportion'd to their end,  
 Say, where full Instinct is th' unerring guide,  
 What Pope or Council can they need beside ?  
 Reason, however able, cool at best,      85  
 Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,  
 Stays 'till we call, and then not often near,  
 But honest Instinct comes a volunteer,  
 Sure never to o'er-shoot, but just to hit!  
 While still too wide or short is human Wit;      90  
 Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,  
 Which heavier Reason labours at in vain.  
 This too serves always, Reason never long ;  
 One must go right, the other may go wrong.  
 See then the acting and comparing pow'rs      95  
 One in their nature, which are two in ours!  
 And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,  
 In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

VER. 84. in the MS.

While Man, with op'ning views of various ways  
 Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays :  
 Too weak to chuse, yet chusing still in haste,  
 One moment gives the pleasure and distaste.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood  
 To shun their poison, and to chuse their food? 100  
 Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,  
 Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?  
 Who made the spider parallels design,  
 Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?  
 Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore 105  
 Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?  
 Who calls the council, states the certain day,  
 Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds  
 Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds: 110  
 But as he fram'd a Whole, the Whole to bless,  
 On mutual Wants built mutual Happiness:  
 So from the first, eternal ORDER ran,  
 And creature link'd to creature, man to man.  
 Whate'er of life all-quick'ning æther keeps, 115  
 Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,  
 Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds  
 The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.  
 Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,  
 Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood, 120  
 Each loves itself, but not itself alone,  
 Each sex desires alike, 'till two are one.  
 Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;  
 They love themselves, a third time, in their race.  
 Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,  
 The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend; 126  
 The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,  
 There stops the Instinct, and there ends the care;

The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,  
Another love succeeds, another race. 130  
A longer care Man's helpless kind demands ;  
That longer care contracts more lasting bands :  
Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,  
At once extend the int'rest, and the love:  
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn ; 135  
Each Virtue in each Passion takes its turn ;  
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,  
That graft benevolence on charities.  
Still as one brood, and as another rose,  
These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those : 140  
The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,  
Saw helpless him from whom their life began :  
Mem'ry and fore-cast just returns engage,  
That pointed back to youth, this on to age ;  
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd, 145  
Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly trod ;  
The state of Nature was the reign of God :  
Self-love and Social at her birth began,  
Union the bond of all things, and of Man. 150  
Pride then was not ; not Arts, that Pride to aid ;  
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade ;  
The same his table, and the same his bed ;  
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.  
In the same temple, the resounding wood, 155  
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God :  
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,  
Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest :



Heav'n's Attribute was Universal Care,  
 And man's prerogative, to rule, but spare. 160  
 Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!  
 Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;  
 Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,  
 Murders their species, and betrays his own.  
 But just disease to luxury succeeds, 165  
 And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;  
 The Fury-passions from that blood began,  
 And turn'd on Man, a fiercer savage, Man.

See him from Nature rising slow to Art!  
 To copy Instinct then was Reason's part; 170  
 Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake;—  
 “Go, from the Creatures thy instructions take:  
 “Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;  
 “Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;  
 “Thy arts of building from the bee receive; 175  
 “Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;  
 “Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,  
 “Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.

VER. 173. *Learn from the birds, &c.*] It is a caution commonly practised among Navigators, when thrown upon a desert coast, and in want of refreshments, to observe what fruits have been touched by the Birds; and to venture on these without further hesitation.

VER. 177. *Learn of the little Nautilus*] Oppian. Halicut. lib. i. describes this fish in the following manner: “They swim on the surface of the sea, on the back of their shells, which exactly resembles the hulk of a ship; they raise two feet like masts, and extend a membrane between, which serve as a sail; the other two feet they employ as oars at the side. They are usually seen in the Mediterranean.”

" Here too all forms of social union find,  
 " And hence let Reason, late, instruct Mankind: 180  
 " Here subterranean works and cities see;  
 " There towns aërial on the waving tree.  
 " Learn each small People's genius, policies,  
 " The Ant's republic, and the realm of Bees;  
 " How those in common all their wealth bestow,  
 " And Anarchy without confusion know; 186  
 " And these for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,  
 " Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.  
 " Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,  
 " Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate. 190  
 " In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,  
 " Entangle Justice in her net of Law,  
 " And right too rigid, harden into wrong;  
 " Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.  
 " Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway, 195  
 " Thus let the wiser make the rest obey;  
 " And for those Arts mere Instinct could afford,  
 " Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as God ador'd."

V. Great Nature spoke; observant Man obey'd;  
 Cities were built, Societies were made: 200  
 Here rose one little state; another near  
 Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fear.

VER. 197. in the first Editions.

Who for those Arts they learn'd of brutes before,  
 As Kings shall crown them, or as God adore.

VER. 201. *Here rose one little state, &c.*] In the MS. thus,  
 The Neighbours leagu'd to guard the common spot:  
 And Love was Nature's dictate, Murder, not.

Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,  
 And there the streams in purer rills descend ?  
 What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow,  
 And he return'd a friend who came a foe ; 206  
 Converse and Love mankind might strongly draw,  
 When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.  
 'Thus States were form'd ; the name of King unknown,  
 'Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one. 210  
 'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms,  
 Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)  
 The same which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,  
 A Prince the Father of a People made.

VI. 'Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch sate,  
 King, priest, and parent, of his growing state ; 216  
 On him, their second Providence, they hung,  
 Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.  
 He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,  
 Taught to command the fire, controul the flood, 220  
 Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss profound,  
 Or fetch th' ærial eagle to the ground.  
 'Till drooping, sick'ning, dying they began  
 Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man :

For want alone each animal contends ;  
 Tigers with Tigers, that remov'd, are friends.  
 Plain Nature's wants the common mother crown'd,  
 She pour'd her acorns, herbs, and streams around,  
 No Treasure then for rapine to invade,  
 What need to fight for sun-shine or for shade ?  
 And half the cause of contest was remov'd,  
 When beauty could be kind to all who lov'd.



Then, looking up from fire to fire, explor'd      225  
One great first father, and that first ador'd.  
Or plain tradition that this All begun,  
Convey'd unbroken faith from fire to son;  
The worker from the work distinct was known,  
And simple Reason never sought but one:      230  
Ere Wit oblique had broke that steady light,  
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;  
To Virtue, in the paths of Pleasure trod,  
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.  
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then;      235  
For Nature knew no right divine in Men,  
No ill could fear in God; and understood  
A sov'reign being, but a sov'reign good.  
True faith, true policy, united ran.  
That was but love of God, and this of Man.      240  
Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,  
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;  
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,  
T' invert the world, and counter-work its Cause?  
Force first made Conquest, and that conquest, Law;  
'Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,      246  
Then shar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,  
And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made:  
She, 'midst the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's sound,  
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the  
ground,      250  
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,  
To pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they.

She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,  
Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:  
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes; 255  
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods;  
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,  
Whose attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust;  
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,  
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe. 260  
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;  
And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride.  
Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;  
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:  
Then first the Flamen tasted living food; 265  
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood!  
With heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,  
And play'd the God an engine on his foe.

So drives Self-love, thro' just and thro' unjust,  
To one Man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust: 270  
The same Self-love, in all, becomes the cause  
Of what restrains him, Government and Laws.  
For, what one likes, if others like as well,  
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?  
How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake, 275  
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?  
His safety must his liberty restrain:  
All join to guard, what each desires to gain.  
Forc'd into Virtue thus, by Self-defence,  
Ev'n Kings learn'd justice and benevolence: 280  
Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,  
And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the studious head or gen'rous mind,  
Follow'r of God, or friend of human-kind,  
Poet or Patriot, rose but to restore 285  
The Faith and Moral, Nature gave before ;  
Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new ;  
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew :  
Taught Pow'r's due use to People and to Kings,  
Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings, 290  
The less, or greater, set so justly true,  
That touching one must strike the other too ;  
'Till jarring int'rests, of themselves create  
Th' according music of a well-mix'd State.  
Such is the World's great harmony, that springs 295  
From Order, Union, full Consent of things :  
Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made  
To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade ;  
More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,  
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest ; 300  
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring  
Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.  
For Forms of Government, let fools contest ;  
Whate'er is best administer'd is best :  
For Modes of Faith, let graceless zealots fight ; 350  
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right :  
In Faith and Hope, the world will disagree,  
But all Mankind's concern is Charity :  
All must be false that thwart this One great End ;  
And all of God, that bless Mankind, or mend. 310



Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives; 310  
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.  
On their own Axis as the Planets run,  
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;  
So two consistent motions act the Soul; 315  
And one regards Itself, and one the Whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,  
And bade Self-love and Social be the same.

# ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE IV.

*Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to  
Happiness.*

**I. FALSE** *Notions of Happiness, Philosophical and Popular, answered from ver. 19 to 77. II. It is the End of all Men, and attainable by all, ver. 30. God intends Happiness to be equal; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular Happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular Laws, ver. 37. As it is necessary for Order, and the peace and welfare of Society, that external goods should be unequal, Happiness is not made to consist in these, ver. 51. But, notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of Happiness among mankind is kept even by providence, by the two Passions of Hope and Fear, ver. 70. III. What the Happiness of Individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good Man has here the advantage, ver. 77. The error of imputing to Virtue what are only the calamities of Nature, or of Fortune, ver. 94. IV. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general Laws in favour of particulars, ver. 121. V. That we are not judges who are good; but that whoever they are, they must be happiest, ver. 133. &c. VI. That external goods are not the*

## A R G U M E N T.

proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of *Virtue*, ver. 167. That even these can make no Man happy without *Virtue*: Instanced in Riches, ver. 185. Honours, ver. 193. Nobility, ver. 205. Greatness, ver. 217. Fame, ver. 237. Superior Talents, ver. 259, &c. With pictures of human infelicity in Men possessed of them all, ver. 263, &c. VII. That *Virtue* only constitutes a Happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal, ver. 309, &c. That the perfection of *Virtue* and Happiness consists in a conformity to the ORDER of PROVIDENCE here, and a Resignation to it here and hereafter, ver. 326, &c.







*Know then this Truth (enough for Man to know)  
Virtue alone is Happiness below. —*  
*Essay on Man, Ep. IV.*

[ 51 ]

## E P I S T L E IV.

**O**H HAPPINESS ! our being's end and aim !  
 Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content ! whate'er thy  
 name :

That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,  
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die,  
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies, 5

O'er-look'd, seen double, by the fool, and wise.

Plant of celestial seed ! if dropt below,  
 Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow ?

Fair op'ning to some Court's propitious shine,  
 Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine ? 10

Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian lawrels yield,  
 Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field ?

Where grows ? where grows it not ? If vain our toil,  
 We ought to blame the culture, not the soil :

Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere, 15

'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where :

'Tis never to be bought, but always free,

And fled from monarchs, St JOHN ! dwells with thee.

Ask of the Learn'd the way ? The Learn'd are blind ;

This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind : 20

VER. 1. *Oh Happiness ! &c.* in the MS. thus,

Oh Happiness, to which we all aspire,  
 Wing'd with strong hope, and borne by full desire ;  
 That ease, for which in want, in wealth, we sigh ;  
 That ease, for which we labour and we die.



Some placé the blifs in action, some in ease,  
 Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these;  
 Some sunk to Beasts, find pleasure end in pain;  
 Some swell'd to Gods, confess ev'n Virtue vain;  
 Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,  
 To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less  
 Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?

Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave;  
 All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;  
 Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;  
 There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;  
 And mourn our various passions as we please,  
 Equal is Common Sense, and Common Ease.

Remember, Man, "the Universal Cause  
 "Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;  
 And makes what Happiness we justly call  
 Subsist not in the good of one, but all.

'There's not a blessing Individuals find,  
 But some way leans and hearkens to the kind:  
 No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,  
 No cavern'd Hermit, rests self-satisfy'd:  
 Who most to shun or hate Mankind pretend,  
 Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:  
 Abstract what others feel, what others think,  
 All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:  
 Each has his share; and who would more obtain,  
 Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

ORDER is Heav'n's first law; and this confess,  
 Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,

More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence  
 That such are happier, shocks all common sense.  
 Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confess,  
 If all are equal in their Happiness:  
 But mutual wants this Happiness increase; 55  
 All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.  
 Condition, circumstance is not the thing;  
 Bliss is the same in subject, or in king,  
 In who obtain defence, or who defend,  
 In him who is, or him who finds a friend: 60  
 Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole  
 One common blessing, as one common soul.  
 But Fortune's gifts if each alike possesse,  
 And each were equal, must not all contest?  
 If then to all Men Happiness was meant, 65  
 God in Externals could not place Content.  
 Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,  
 And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;

After ver. 52. in the MS.

Say not, "Heav'n's here profuse, there poorly saves,  
 "And for one Monarch makes a thousand slaves."  
 You'll find, when Causes and their Ends are known,  
 'Twas for the thousand Heav'n has made that one.

After ver. 66. in the MS.

'Tis peace of mind alone is at a stay:  
 The rest mad Fortune gives or takes away.  
 All other bliss by accident's debar'd;  
 But Virtue's, in the instant, a reward:  
 In hardest trials operates the best,  
 And more is relish'd as the more distress.

But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,  
 While those are plac'd in Hope, and these in Fear :  
 Not present good or ill, the joy or curse, 71  
 But future views of better or of worse.

Oh sons of earth ! attempt ye still to rise,  
 By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies ?  
 Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys, 75  
 And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,  
 Or God and Nature meant to mere Mankind,  
 Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of Sense,  
 Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.

But Health consists with Temperance alone ; 81  
 And Peace, oh Virtue ! Peace is all thy own.

The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain :  
 But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.

Say, in pursuit of profit or delight, 85  
 Who risks the most, that take wrong means, or right ?  
 Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst,

Which meets contempt, or which compassion first ?  
 Count all th' advantage prosp'rous Vice attains,  
 'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains : 90

And grant the bad what happiness they wou'd,  
 One they must want, which is, to pass for good.

Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,  
 Who fancy Bliss to Vice, to Virtue Woe !

After ver. 92. in the MS.

Let sober Moralists correct their speech,

No bad man's happy : he is great, or rich.



Who sees and follows that great scheme the best, 95  
 Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.  
 But fools, the Good alone, unhappy call,  
 For ills or accidents that chance to all.  
 See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the just !  
 See god-like TURENNE prostrate on the dust ! 100  
 See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial strife !  
 Was this their Virtue, or Contempt of Life ?  
 Say, was it Virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,  
 Lamented DIGBY ! sunk thee to the grave ?  
 Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire, 105  
 Why, full of days and honour, lives the Sire ?  
 Why drew Marfeilles' good bishop purer breath,  
 When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death !  
 Or why so long, (in life if long can be)  
 Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me ? 110  
     What makes all physical and moral ill ?  
 There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.  
 God sends not ill ; if rightly understood,  
 Or partial Ill is universal Good,  
 Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall, 115  
 Short, and but rare, 'till Man improv'd it all.  
 We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain  
 That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,  
 As that the virtuous son is ill at ease  
 When his lewd father gave the dire disease. 120

After ver. 116. in the MS.

Of ev'ry evil, since the world began,  
 The real source is not in God, but man.

Think we, like some weak Prince, th' Eternal Cause  
Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?

Shall burning *Ætna*, if a sage requires,  
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?

On air or sea new motions be impress, 125

Oh blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?

When the loose mountain trembles from on high,

Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?

Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,

For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall? 130

But still this world (so fitted for the knave)

Contents us not. A better shall we have?

A kingdom of the just then let it be:

But first consider how those Just agree.

The good must merit God's peculiar care; 135

But who, but God, can tell us who they are?

One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own spirit fell;

Another deems him instrument of hell;

If Calvin feel Heav'n's blessing, or its rod,

This cries there is, and that, there is no God. 140

What shocks one part will edify the rest,

Nor with one system can they all be blest.

VER. 123. *Shall burning Ætna, &c.*] Alluding to the fate of those two great Naturalists, Empedocles and Pliny, who both perish'd by too near an approach to *Ætna* and *Vesuvius*, while they were exploring the cause of their eruptions.

After ver. 142. in some Editions,

Give each a System, all must be at strife;

What, diff'rent Systems for a Man and Wife?

The very best will variously incline,  
And what rewards your Virtue, punish mine.

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—This world, 'tis true,  
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too;      145  
And which more blest? who chain'd his country, say,  
Or he whose Virtue sigh'd to lose a day?

“ But sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is fed.”  
What then? Is the reward of Virtue bread?      150

That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;  
The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil,  
The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,  
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.  
The good man may be weak, be indolent;      155  
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.

But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?  
“ No—shall the good want Health, the good want  
“ Pow'r?

Add Health and Pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing,  
“ Why bounded Pow'r! why private? why no king?”  
Nay, why external for internal giv'n?      161  
Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n?  
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive  
God gives enough, while he has more to give:  
Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand;      165  
Say at what part of nature will they stand?

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,  
The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,  
Is Virtue's prize: A better would you fix?  
Then give Humility a coach and six,      170



Justice a Conqueror's sword, or Truth a gown,  
 Or Public Spirit its great cure, a Crown.  
 Weak, foolish man! will Heav'n reward us there  
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?  
 The Boy and Man an individual makes, 175  
 Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?  
 Go, like the Indian, in an other life  
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:  
 As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,  
 As toys and empires, for a god-like mind. 180  
 Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring  
 No joy, or be destructive of the thing:  
 How oft by these at sixty are undone  
 The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!  
 To whom can Riches give Repute, or Trust, 185  
 Content, or Pleasure, but the Good or Just?  
 Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,  
 Esteem and Love were never to be sold.  
 Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,  
 The lover and the love of human-kind, 190  
 Whose life is healthful, and whose Conscience clear,  
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a-year.  
 Honour and shame from no Condition rise;  
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies.  
 Fortune in Men has some small difference made, 195  
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;

After ver. 172. in the MS.

Say, what rewards this idle world imparts,  
 Or fit for searching heads or honest hearts.

The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,  
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.  
 "What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl!"  
 I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a Fool.      200  
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,  
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,  
 Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;  
 The rest is all but leather or prunella.      204

Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,  
 That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings.  
 Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,  
 In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:  
 But by your father's worth if your's you rate,  
 Count me those only who were good and great.      210  
 Go, ! if your antient, but ignoble blood  
 Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,  
 Go ! and pretend your family is young;  
 Nor own, your fathers have been fools so long.  
 What can ennoble fots, or slaves, or cowards?      215  
 Alas ? not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.

Look next on Greatness ; say where Greatness lies ?  
 "Where, but among the Heroes and the Wife ?"

VER. 207. *Boast the pure blood, etc.*] in the MS. thus

The richest blood, right-honourably old,  
 Down from Lucretia to Lucretia roll'd,  
 May swell thy heart and gallop in thy breast,  
 Without one dash of usher or of priest :  
 Thy pride as much despise all other pride,  
 As Christ Church once all colleges beside.

Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,  
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede; 220.

The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find  
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!

Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,  
Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose.

No less alike the Politic and Wise: 225.

All fly slow things, with circumspective eyes;

Men in their loose ungarded hours they take,

Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.

But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;

'Tis phrase absurd to call a Villain Great: 230.

Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,

Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.

Who noble ends by noble means obtains,

Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,

Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed 235.

Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.

What's Fame? a fancy'd life in others breath,  
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.

Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown

The same (my Lord) if Tully's or your own 240.

All that we feel of it begins and ends

In the small circle of our foes or friends;

To all beside as much an empty shade

An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;

Alike or when, or where, they shone or shine, 245.

Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.

A Wit's a feather, and a Chief a rod;

An honest Man's the noblest work of God.



Eame but from death a villain's name can save,  
 As justice tears his body from the grave; 250  
 When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,  
 Is hung on high' to poison half mankind.  
 All fame is foreign, but of true desert;  
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:  
 One self-approving hour whole years outweighs 255  
 Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;  
 And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,  
 Than Cæsar with a Senate at his heels.

In Parts superior what advantage lies?  
 Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise? 260  
 'Tis but to know how little can be known;  
 To see all others faults, and feel our own:  
 Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge,  
 Without a second, or without a judge:  
 Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?  
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand. 266  
 Painful prehem'nence! yourself to view  
 Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account;  
 Make fair deductions; see to what they mount: 270  
 How much of other each is sure to cost,  
 How each for other oft is wholly lost;  
 How inconsistent greater goods with these;  
 How sometimes life is risqu'd, and always ease:  
 Think, and if still the things thy envy call, 275  
 Say, would'st thou be the Man to whom they fall  
 To sigh for ribbands if thou art so silly,  
 Mark how thy grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.

Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life ?  
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife. 280  
If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,  
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind :  
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a Name,  
See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame !  
If all, united, thy ambition call, 285  
From ancient story learn to scorn them all.  
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd and great,  
See the false scale of Happiness complete !  
In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,  
How happy those to ruin, these betray. 290  
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,  
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose ;  
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,  
And all that rais'd the Hero, sunk the Man :  
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold, 295  
But stain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold :  
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease ,  
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.  
Oh wealth ill-fated ! which no act of fame  
E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame ! 300  
What greater bliss attends their close of life ?  
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,  
The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,  
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.  
Alas ! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray, 305  
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day ;  
The whole amount of that enormous fame,  
A Tale, that blends their glory with their shame !

Know then this truth (enough for Man to know)  
 " Virtue alone is happiness below. "      310

The only point where human bliss stands still,  
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill;  
 Where only Merit constant pay receives,  
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;  
 The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,      315  
 And if it lose, attended with no pain :  
 Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest'd,  
 And but more relish'd as the more distress'd :  
 The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,  
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears :      320  
 Good, from its object, from each place acquir'd,  
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;  
 Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;  
 Never dejected, while another's blest'd;  
 And where no wants no wishes can remain,      325  
 Since but to wish more Virtue is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow !  
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know :  
 Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,  
 The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find.

After. ver. 316. In the MS.

Ev'n while it seems unequal to dispose,  
 And checquers all the good Man's joys with woes,  
 'Tis but to teach him to support each state,  
 With patience this, with moderation that ;  
 And raise his base on that one solid joy,  
 Which conscience gives, and nothing can destroy



Slave to no sect, who takes no private road, 331  
But looks thro' Nature, up to Nature's God :  
Pursues that Chain which links th' immense design,  
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine ;  
Sees, that no being any bliss can know, 335  
But touches some above, and some below ;  
Learns, from this union of the rising Whole,  
The first, last purpose of the human soul ;  
And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,  
All end in LOVE OF GOD and LOVE OF MAN. 340  
For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,  
And opens still, and opens on his soul :  
'Till lengthn'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,  
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.  
He sees, why Nature plants in Man alone 345  
Hope of known bliss, and Faith in bliss unknown :  
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind  
Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)  
Wise is her present ; she connects in this  
His greatest Virtue with his greatest Bliss ; 350  
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,  
And strongest motive to assist the rest.  
Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,  
'Gives thee to make thy neighbours blessing thine,  
Is this too little for the boundless heart ? 355  
Extend it, let thy enemies have part :  
Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,  
In one close system of Benevolence :  
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,  
And height of Bliss but height of Charity. 360

God loves from Whole to Parts : But human soul  
 Must rise from Individual to the Whole.  
 Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,  
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;  
 The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,      365  
 Another still, and still another spreads ;  
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace ;  
 His country next; and next all human race ;  
 Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind  
 Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;      370  
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,  
 And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my Friend ! my Genius ! come along ;  
 Oh master of the poet, and the song !      374  
 And while the muse now stoops, or now ascends,  
 To Man's low passions, or their glorious ends,  
 Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,  
 To fall with dignity, with temper rise ;  
 Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer  
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe;      380  
 Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,  
 Intent to reason, or polite to please.

VER. 373. *Come then, my Friend ! etc.*] In the MS. thus,

And now transported o'er so vast a Plain,  
 While the wing'd courser flies with all her rein,  
 While heav'n-ward now her mounting wing she feels,  
 Now scatter'd fools fly trembling from her heels,  
 Wilt thou, my St John ! keep her course in sight,  
 Confine her fury, and assist her flight.

Oh! while along the stream of Time thy name  
 Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;  
 Say, shall my little bark attendant fail, 385  
 Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?  
 When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,  
 Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,  
 Shall then this verse to future age pretend  
 Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend? 390  
 That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art  
 From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;  
 For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light;  
 Shew'd erring pride, **WHATEVER IS IS RIGHT**;  
 That **REASON**, **PASSION**, answer one great aim; 395  
 That true **SELF-LOVE** and **SOCIAL** are the same;  
 That **VIRTUE** only makes our Bliss below;  
 And all our Knowledge is, **OURSELVES TO KNOW**.

VER, 397. *That Virtue only, etc.*] in the MS. thus,

That just to find a God is all we can,  
 And all the study of Mankind is Man.



THE  
**Universal Prayer.**

D E O O P T. M A X.

**F**ATHER of All ! in ev'ry Age,  
 In e'ery Clime ador'd,  
 By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,  
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !

Thou Great First Cause, least understood :  
 Who all my Sense confin'd  
 To know but this, that Thou art Good,  
 And that myself am blind ;

Yet gave me, in this dark Estate,  
 To see the Good from Ill ;  
 And binding Nature fast in Fate,  
 Left free the Human Will.

What Conscience dictates to be done,  
 Or warns me not to do,  
 This, teach me more than Hell to shun,  
 That, more than Heav'n pursue.

What Blessings thy free Bounty gives,  
Let me not cast away;  
For God is paid when Man receives,  
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span  
Thy goodness let me bound,  
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,  
When thousand Worlds are round :

Let not this weak, unknowing hand  
Presume thy bolts to throw,  
And deal damnation round the land,  
On each I judge thy Foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,  
Still in the right to stay;  
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart,  
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish Pride,  
Or impious Discontent,  
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,  
Or aught thy Goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's Woe,  
To hide the Fault I see;  
What Mercy I to others show,  
That Mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,  
Since quick'ned by thy Breath ;  
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,  
Thro' this day's Life or Death.

This day, be Bread and Peace my Lot :  
All else beneath the Sun,  
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,  
And let thy Will be done.

To Thee, whose Temple is all Space,  
Whose Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies !  
One Chorus let all Being raise !  
All Nature's Incense rise !



I have been thinking of you very much lately  
 and wondering how you are getting on.  
 I hope you are well and happy.  
 I have been very busy lately  
 but I have managed to find some time  
 to write you a few lines.  
 I am sure you will be glad to hear from me.  
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 and wondering how you are getting on.  
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# MORAL ESSAYS,

IN

## FOUR EPISTLES,

TO

Several Persons.

---

Est brevitæ opus, ut currat sententia, neu se

Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures:

Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocosæ,

Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poetæ,

Interdum urbani, parentis viribus, atque

Extenuantis eas consultò.

HOR.

---

MORAL ESSAYS,

IN

FOUR EPICLES,

TO

SEVERAL PERSONS.



## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

**T**HE ESSAY ON MAN was intended to have been comprised in Four Books:

The *First* of which, the Author has given us under that title, in four Epistles.

The *Second* was to have consisted of the same number: 1. Of the extent and limits of human Reason. 2. Of those Arts and Sciences, and of the parts of them, which are useful, and therefore attainable, together with those which are unuseful, and therefore unattainable. 3. Of the Nature, Ends, Use, and Application of the different Capacities of Men. 4. Of the Use of Learning, of the Science of the World, and of Wit; concluding with a Satire against a Misapplication of them, illustrated by Pictures, Characters, and Examples.

The *Third* Book regarded Civil Regimen, or the Science of Politics, in which the several forms of a Republic were to be examined and explained, together with the several Modes of Religious Worship, as far forth as they affect Society; between which the Author always supposed there was the most interesting relation and closest connection; so that this part would have treated of Civil and Religious Society in their full extent.

The *Fourth* and last Book concerned private Ethics, or practical Morality, considered in all the Circumstances, Orders, Professions, and Stations of human Life.

The Scheme of all this had been maturely digested, and communicated to L. Bolingbroke, Dr Swift, and one or two more, and was intended for the only work of his riper Years; but was, partly through ill health, partly through discouragements from the depravity of the times, and partly on prudential and other considerations, interrupted, postponed, and, lastly, in a manner laid aside.

But as this was the Author's favourite Work, which more exactly reflected the Image of his strong capacious Mind, and as we can have but a very imperfect idea of it from the *disjecta membra Poetae* that now remain, it may not be amiss to be a little more particular concerning each of these projected books.

The FIRST, as it treats of Man in the abstract, and considers him in general under every one of his relations, becomes the foundation, and furnishes out the subjects, of the *three* following; so that

The SECOND Book was to take up again the *First* and *Second* Epistles of the *First* Book, and treats of Man in his intellectual Capacity at large, as has been explained above. Of this, only a small part of the conclusion (which, as we said, was to have contained a Satire against the misapplication of Wit and Learning) may be found in the *fourth* Book of the *Dunciad*, and up and down, occasionally, in the other *three*.

The THIRD Book, in like manner, was to reassume the subject of the *Third* Epistle of the *First*, which treats of Man in his Social, Political, and Religious Capacity. But this part the Poet afterwards conceived might be best executed in an EPIC POEM; as the Action would make it more animated, and the Fable less invidious; in which all the great Principles of true and false Governments and Religions should be chiefly delivered in feigned Examples.

The FOURTH and last Book, was to pursue the subject of the *Fourth* Epistle of the *First*, and treats of *Ethics*, or practical Morality; and would have consisted of many members; of which the four following Epistles were detached Portions: The *two first*, on the *Characters of Men and Women*, being the introductory part of this concluding Book.

## MORAL ESSAYS.

## EPISTLE I.

TO

Sir Richard Temple, L. Cobham.

## A R G U M E N T.

*Of the Knowledge and Characters of MEN.*

*THAT it is not sufficient for this Knowledge to consider Man in the Abstract: Books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own Experience singly, ver. 1. General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional, ver. 10. Some Peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself, ver. 15. Difficulties arising from our own Passions, Fancies, Faculties, etc. ver. 31. The shortness of Life to observe in, and the uncertainty of the Principles of action in men to observe by, ver. 37, etc. Our own Principle of action often hid from ourselves, ver. 41. Some few Characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent, ver. 51. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons, ver. 71. Unimaginable weaknesses in the great-*



*est*, ver. 70, etc. *Nothing constant and certain but God and Nature*, ver. 95. *No judging of the Motives from the actions; the same actions proceeding from contrary Motives, and the same Motives influencing contrary actions*, ver. 100. II. *Yet to form Characters, we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree: The utter uncertainty of this, from Nature itself, and from Policy*, ver. 120. *Characters given according to the rank of men of the world*, ver. 135. *And some reason for it*, ver. 140. *Education alters the Nature, or at least Character, of many*, ver. 149. *Actions, Passions, Opinions, Manners, Humours, or Principles, all subject to change. No judging by Nature*, from ver. 158 to ver. 178. III. *It only remains to find (if we can) his RULING PASSION: That will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions*, ver. 175. *Instanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio*, ver. 179. *A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind*, ver. 210. *Examples of the strength of the Ruling Passion, and its continuation to the last breath*, ver. 222, etc.

## E P I S T L E I.

**Y**ES, you despise the man to Books confin'd,  
 Who from his study rails at human kind;  
 Tho' what he learns he speaks, and may advance  
 Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.  
 The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave, 5  
 That from his cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and Knave,  
 Tho' many a passenger he rightly call,  
 You hold him no Philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,  
 Men may be read, as well as Books, too much. 10  
 To observations which ourselves we make,  
 We grow more partial for th' Observer's sake;  
 To written Wisdom as another's, less:  
 Maxims are drawn from Notions, those from Guess.  
 There's some Peculiar in each leaf and grain, 15  
 Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein:  
 Shall only Man be taken in the gross?  
 Grant but as many sorts of Mind as Moss.

That each from other differs, first confess;  
 Next, that he varies from himself no less: 20  
 Add Nature's, Custom's, Reason's, Passion's strife,  
 And all Opinion's colours cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,  
 Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds?

VER. 18. There are above 300 sorts of Moss observed by  
 Naturalists.

On human actions reason tho' you can, 25  
It may be reason, but it is not Man :  
His Principle of action once explore,  
That instant 'tis his Principle no more.  
Like following life thro' creatures you dissect,  
You lose it in the moment you detect. 30

Yet more ; the diff'rence is as great between  
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.  
All Manners take a tincture from our own ;  
Or come discolour'd thro' our Passions shown.  
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies, 35  
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Nor will Life's stream for observation stay,  
It hurries all too fast to mark their way :  
In vain sedate reflections we would make,  
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.  
'Oft in the Passion's wild rotation tost, 41  
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost :  
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,  
And what comes then is master of the field :  
As the last image of the troubled heap, 45  
When sense subsides, and Fancy sports in sleep,  
(Tho' past the recollection of the thought)  
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought :  
Something as dim to our internal view,  
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do. 50

True, some are open, and to all men known ;  
Others so very close they're hid from none ;  
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than Light)  
Thus gracious CHANDOS is belov'd at sight ;



EP. I. MORAL ESSAYS. 79

And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his soul 55  
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.

At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,  
All know 'tis Virtue, for he thinks them knaves :

When universal homage Umbra pays,  
All see 'tis Vice, and itch of vulgar praise. 60

When Flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a Queen,  
While one there is who charms us with his Spleen.

But these plain Characters we rarely find ;  
Tho' strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind :  
Or puzzling Contraries confound the Whole ; 65

Or Affectations quite reverse the soul ;  
The dull, flat Falshood serves, for policy :  
And in the Cunning, Truth itself's a lye :  
Unthought of Frailties cheat us in the Wise ;  
The Fool lies hid in inconsistencies. 70

See the same man, in vigor, in the gout ;  
Alone, in company ; in place, or out ;  
Early at Bus'ness, and at Hazard late ;  
Mad at a Fox-chase, wise at a Debate ;  
Drunk at a Borough, civil at a Ball ; 75  
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,  
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,  
Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,  
A Rogue with Ven'son to a Saint without. 80

Who would not praise Patricio's high desert.  
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,  
His comprehensive head ! all int'rests weigh'd,  
All Europe-fav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.

He thanks you not, his Pride is in Picquette, 85  
Newmarket-fame, and judgment at a Bett.

What made (say Montagne, or more sage Charron !)  
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon ?

A perjur'd Prince a leaden faint revere,  
A godless Regent tremble at a Star ? 90

The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,  
Faithless thro' Piety, and dup'd thro' Wit ?  
Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule,  
And just her wisest monarch make a fool ?

After ver. 86. in the former Editions,

Triumphant leaders, at an army's head,  
Hemm'd round with glories, pilfer cloth or bread ;  
As meanly plunder as they bravely fought,  
Now save a People, and now save a groat.

VER. 89. *A perjur'd Prince*] Louis XI. of France, wore in his Hat a leaden image of the Virgin Mary, which when he swore by, he feared to break his oath.

VER. 90. *A godless Regent tremble at a Star ?*] Philip Duke of Orleans, Regent of France in the minority of Louis XV. superstitious in judicial astrology, though an unbeliever in all religion.

VER. 91. *The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,*] Philip V. of Spain, who, after renouncing the throne for Religion, reassumed it to gratify his Queen, and Victor Amadeus II. King of Sardinia, who resigned the crown, and trying to reassume it, was imprisoned 'till his death.

VER. 93. *Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule, — And just her wisest monarch made a fool ?*] The Czarina, the King of France, the Pope, and the above mentioned King of Sardinia.

KNOW GOD and NATURE only are the same : 95  
In man the judgment shoots at flying game ;  
A bird of passage ! gone as soon as found,  
Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground.

In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,  
Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why,  
Infer the Motive from the Deed, and shew, 101  
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.  
Behold ! If Fortune or a Mistress frowns,  
Some plunge in bus'ness, others shave their crowns :  
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight, 105  
This quits an Empire, that embroils a State :  
The same adult complexion has impell'd  
Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.

Not always Actions shew the man : we find  
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind ; 110  
Perhaps Prosperity becalm'd his breast,  
Perhaps the Wind just shifted from the east :  
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,  
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great :  
Who combats bravely, is not therefore brave, 115  
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave :  
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,  
His pride in Reas'ning, not in acting lies.

But grant that actions best discover man ;  
Take the most strong, and Sort then as you can. 120

Ver. 108. Charles V. Philip II.



The few that glare, each character must mark,  
 You balance not the many in the dark.  
 What will you do with such as disagree?  
 Suppress them or miscall them policy?  
 Must then at once (the character to save) 125  
 The plain rough Hero turn a crafty Knave?  
 Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,  
 Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.  
 Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat;  
 Cæsar himself might whisper he was beat. 130  
 Why risk the world's great empire for a Punk!  
 Cæsar perhaps might answer he was drunk.  
 But, sage historians! 'tis your task to prove  
 One action-Conduct; one, heroic Love.

'Tis from high Life high Characters are drawn;  
 A Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn; 136  
 A Judge is just, a Chanc'lor juster still;  
 A Gownman, learn'd; a Bishop, what you will;  
 Wise, if a minister; but, if a King,  
 More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing.  
 Court-Virtues bear, like Gems, the highest rate, 141  
 Born where heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate:  
 In life's low vale, the foil the Virtues-like,  
 They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.  
 Tho' the same sun with all-diffusive rays 145  
 Blush in the rose, and in the Di'mond blaze,

VER. 129. In the former Editions;

Ask why from Britain Cæsar made retreat,  
 Cæsar himself would tell you he was beat.  
 The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a Punk?  
 The mighty Czar would tell you he was drunk.

We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,  
And justly set the Gem above the Flow'r.

'Tis Education forms the common mind,  
Just as the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclin'd. 150  
Boastful and rough, your first Son is a 'Squire;  
The next a Tradesman, meek, and much a liar;  
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave;  
Will sneaks a Scriv'ner, an exceeding knave: 154  
Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of pow'r:  
A Quaker? fly: A Presbyterian? sow'r:  
A smart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.

Ask mens Opinions: Scoto now shall tell  
How Trade increases, and the world goes well;  
Strike off his Pension, by the setting sun, 160  
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That gay Free-thinker, a fine talker once,  
What turns him now a stupid silent dunce?  
Some God, or Spirit he has lately found:  
Or chanc'd to meet a Minister that frown'd. 65

Judge we by Nature? Habit can efface,  
Int'rest o'ercome, or Policy take place:  
By Actions? those Uncertainty divides:  
By Passions? these Dissimulation hides:  
Opinions? they still take a wider range: 170  
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn with Climes,  
Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times.

Search then the RULING PASSION: There alone,  
The Wild are constant and the Cunning known; 175

The Fool consistent, and the False sincere;  
Priests, Princes, Women, no dissemblers here.  
This clue once found, unravels all the rest,  
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.  
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days, 180  
Whose ruling Passion was the Lust of Praise:  
Born with whate'er could win it from the Wise,  
Women and Fools must like him or he dies;  
Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he spoke,  
The Club must hail him master of the joke. 185  
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?  
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.  
Then turns repentant, and his God adores  
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;  
Enough if all around him but admire, 190  
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Frier.  
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,  
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;  
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;  
And most contemptible, to shun contempt; 195  
His Passion still to covet gen'ral praise,  
His Life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;  
A constant Bounty which no friend has made;  
An angel Tongue, which no man can persuade;  
A Fool, with more of wit than half mankind, 200  
Too rash for Thought, for Action too refin'd:  
A Tyrant to the wife his heart approves;  
A Rebel to the very king he loves;

VER. 187. John Wilmot, E. of Rochester, famous for his Wit and Extravagancies in the time of Charles II.



He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,  
And harder still ! flagitious, yet not great. 205

Ask you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule ?  
'Twas all for fear the Knaves should call him fool.

Nature well known, no prodigies remain,  
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.

Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake, 210  
If second qualities for first they take.

When Cataline by rapine swell'd his store ;

When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore ;

In this the Lust, in that the Avarice

Were means, not ends ; Ambition was the vice. 215

That very Cæsar born in Scipio's days,  
Had aim'd like him, by Chastity at praise.

Lucullus, when Frugality could charm,

Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.

In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil, 220

But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.

In this one passion man can strength enjoy,  
As Fits give vigor, just when they destroy.

Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,

Yet tames not this ; it sticks to our last sand. 225

Consistent in our follies and our sins,

Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

Old Politicians chew on wisdom past,

And totter on in bus'ness to the last ;

In the former Editions, ver. 208.

Nature well known no Miracles remain.

VER. 213.—*A noble Dame a whore ;*] The sister of Cato, and  
mother of Brutus.

As weak, as earnest; and as gravely out, 230  
As sober Lanesb'row dancing in the gout.

Behold a rev'rend fire, whom want of grace  
Has made the father of a nameless race,  
Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd  
By his own son, that passes by unblest'd : 235  
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,  
And envies ev'ry sparrow that he sees,

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;  
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late :  
" Mercy ! cries Helluo, mercy on my soul ! 240  
" Is there no hope ?—Alas !—then bring the jowl. "

The frugal Crone, whom praying Priests attend,  
Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,  
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,  
For one puff more, and in that Puff expires. 245

" Odious ! in woollen ! 'twould a Saint provoke,  
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)

VER. 231. *Lanesb'row*] An ancient Nobleman, who continued this practice long after his legs were disabled by the gout. Upon the death of Prince George of Denmark, he demanded an audience of the Queen, to advise her to preserve her health and disperse her grief by *Dancing*.

VER. 242. *The frugal Crone,*] A fact told him, of a Lady at Paris.

VER. 247.— *The last words that poor Narcissa spoke*] This story as well as the others, is founded on fact, though the author did not mention the names. Several attribute this in particular to a very celebrated Actress, who, in detestation of the thought of being buried in woollen, gave these her last orders with her dying breath.

"No, let a charming Chintz, and Brussels lace

"Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:

"One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead--

"And—Betty—give this Cheek a little Red." 251

The Courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd  
An humble servant to all human kind,

Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,

"If—where I'm going—I could serve you, Sir?" 255

"I give and I devise (old Euclio said,

And sigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned."

Your money, Sir?—"My money, Sir, what all?

"Why,—If I must—(then wept) I give it Paul." 260

The Mañor, Sir?—"The Manor! hold, he cry'd,

"Not that,—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.

And you! brave COBHAM, to the latest breath  
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death:

Such in those moments as in all the past, 264

"Oh, save my Country, Heav'n!" shall be your last.



## MORAL ESSAYS.

## EPISTLE II.

TO

A L A D Y.

*Of the Characters of Women.*

**N**OTHING so true as what you once let fall,  
 "Most Women have no Characters at all."

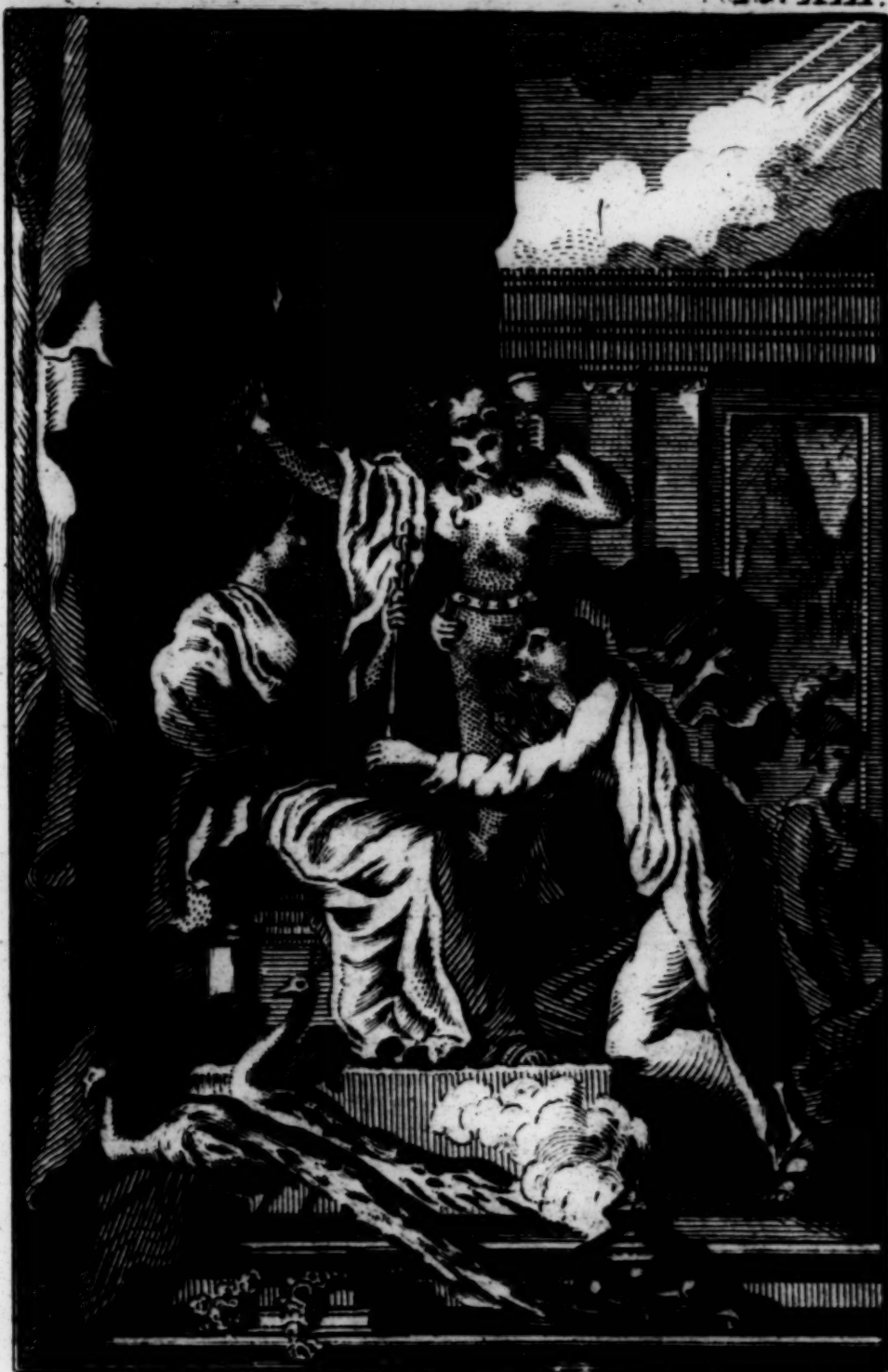
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,  
 And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.

How many Pictures of one Nymph we view,                   5  
 All how unlike each other, all how true!

Arcadia's Countess, here in ermin'd pride,  
 Is there, Pastora by a fountain side.

Here Fannia leering on her own good man,  
 And there, a naked Leda with a Swan.                   10

Let then the fair one beautifully cry,  
 In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye,  
 Or drest in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,  
 With simp'ring Angels, Palms, and Harps divine;  
 Whether the Charmer sinner it, or saint it,                   15  
 If Folly grow romantic, I must paint it.



*H. & F. Hand colored plates.*

*In Men, we various ruling Passions find,  
In Woman, two almost divide the kind:  
Those only fix'd, they first or last obey,  
The love of Pleasure, and the love of Sway.*

*Char. of Women.*





Come, then, the colours and the ground prepare!  
 Dip in the Rainbow, trick her off in Air;  
 Chuse a firm Cloud, before it fall, and in it 19  
 Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.

Rufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the Park,  
 Attracts each light gay meteor of a Spark,  
 Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,  
 As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty smock;  
 Or Sappho at her toilet's greazy task, 25  
 With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning Mask:  
 So morning Insects that in muck begun,  
 Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.

How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;  
 The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend. 30  
 To her, Calista prov'd her conduct nice;  
 And good Simplicius asks of her advice.  
 Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the wink,  
 But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.  
 All eyes may see from what the change arose, 53  
 All eyes may see—a Pimple on her nose.

Papillia, wedded to her am'rous spark,  
 Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a Park!"  
 A Park is purchas'd, but the Fair he sees  
 All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious Trees!" 40

VOL. II.

M

VER. 21. Instances of contrarieties, given even from  
 such Characters as are most strongly marked, and seemingly  
 therefore most consistent: As, I. In the *Affected*, ver. 21,  
 etc.

VER. 29, and 37. II. Contrarieties in the *Soft-natured*.

Ladies, like variegated Tulips, show,  
 'Tis to their Changes half their Charms we owe;  
 Fine by defect, and delicately weak,  
 Their happy Spots the nice admirer take.  
 'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd, 45  
 Aw'd without Virtue, without Beauty charm'd;  
 Her Tongue bewitch'd as odly as her Eyes,  
 Less Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than wise;  
 Strange Graces still, and stranger flights she had,  
 Was just not ugly, and was just not mad; 50  
 Yet ne're so sure our passion to create,  
 As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,  
 To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;  
 Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a Lover's pray'r, 55  
 And paid a Tradesman once to make him stare;  
 Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,  
 And made a Widow happy, for a whim.  
 Why then declare Good-nature is her scorn,  
 When 'tis by that alone she can be born? 60  
 Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?  
 A fool to Pleasure, yet a slave to Fame:  
 Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,  
 Now drinking Citron with his Grace and Chartres:  
 Now conscience chills her, and now Passion burns;  
 And Atheism and Religion take their turns, 66

VER. 45. III. Contrarieties in the *Cunning* and *Artful*.

VER. 53 IV. in the *Whimsical*.

A very Heathen in the carnal part,  
Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.

See Sin in State, majestically drunk ;  
Proud as a Peerefs, prouder as a Punk : 70  
Chafte to her Husband, frank to all beside,  
A teeming Mistrefs, but a barren Bride.  
What then ? let Blood and Body bear the fault,  
Her Head's untouch'd, that noble Seat of Thought :  
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit 75  
She fins with Poets thro' pure Love of Wit.  
What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain ?  
Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlema'ne.  
As Helluo, late Dictator of the Feast,  
The nose of Hautgaut, and the Tip of Tasse, 80  
Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,  
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat :  
So Philomedé, lect'ring all mankind  
On the soft Passron, and the Tasse refin'd,  
Th' Address, the Delicacy—stoops at once, 85  
And makes her hearty meal upon a Dunce.

Flavia's a Wit, has too much sense to pray ;  
To toast our wants and wishes, is her way ;  
Nor asks of God, but of her Stars, to give  
The mighty blessing, “ while we live, to live.” 90

VER. 69. V. in the *Lewd* and *Vicious*.

VER. 87. Contrarieties in the *Witty* and *Refined*.

VER. 77. *What has not fir'd, etc.*] In the MS.

In whose mad brain the mixt ideas roll  
Of Tall-boy's breeches, and of Cæsar's soul.



Then all for Death, that Opiate of the soul !

Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.

Say what can cause such impotence of mind ?

A Spark too fickle, or a Spouse too kind.

Wife Wretch ! with Pleasures too refin'd, to please ;

With too much Spirit to be e'er at ease ; 96

With too much Quickness ever to be taught ;

With too much Thinking to have common Thought ;

You purchase pain with all that Joy can give,

And die of nothing but a Rage to live. 100

Turn then from Wits ; and look on Simo's Mate,  
No Afs so meek, no Afs so obstinate.

Or her that owns her Faults but never mends,

Because she's honest, and the best of Friends.

Or her, whose life the Church and Scandal share,

For ever in a passion, or a pray'r.

Or her, who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)

Cries, "Ah ! how charming if there's no such place !"

Or who in sweet vicissitude appears

Of Mirth and Opium, Ratafie and Tears, 110

The daily Anodyne, and nightly Draught,

To kill those foes to Fair ones, Time and Thought.

Woman and Fool are too hard things to hit ;

For true No-meaning puzzles more than Wit.

But what are these to great Atossa's mind ? 115

Scarce once herself, by turns all Womankind !

Who, with herself, or others, from her birth

Finds all her life one warfare upon earth :

Shines, in exposing Knaves, and painting Fools,

Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules. 120

No Thought advances, but her Eddy Brain  
 Whisks it about, and down it goes again.  
 Full sixty years the World has been her Trade,  
 The wisest Fool much Time has ever made.  
 From loveless youth to unrespected age, 125  
 No Passion gratify'd, except her Rage.  
 So much the Fury still out-ran the Wit,  
 The Pleasure mis'd her, and the Scandal hit.  
 Who breaks with her, provokes Revenge from Hell,  
 But he's a bolder man who dares be well. 130  
 Her ev'ry turn with Violence pursu'd,  
 Nor more a storm her Hate than gratitude :  
 To that each Passion turns, or soon or late ;  
 Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate :  
 Superiors ? death ! and Equals ? what a Curse ; 135  
 But an Inferior not dependent ? worse.  
 Offend her, and she knows not to forgive ;  
 Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live :  
 But die, and she'll adore you—Then the Bust  
 And Temple rise—then fall again to dust. 140  
 Last night, her Lord was all that's good and great ;  
 A Knave this morning, and his Will a Cheat.  
 Strange ! by the Means defeated of the Ends,  
 By Spirit robb'd of Pow'r, by Warinth of Friends,  
 By Wealth of Follow'rs ! without one distress 145  
 Sick of herself thro' very selfishness !

After ver. 122. in the MS.

Oppress'd with wealth and wit, abundance sad !  
 One makes her poor, the other makes her mad.

Atossa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,  
 Childless with all her Children, wants an Heir.  
 To Heirs unknown descends th' ungarded store,  
 Or wanders Heav'n-directed to the Poor. 150

Pictures like like these, dear Madam, to design,  
 Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;  
 Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,  
 Some flying stroke alone can hit them right:  
 For how should equal Colours do the knack? 155  
 Chameleons who can paint in white and black?

" Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot "—  
 Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.  
 " With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,  
 " Say, what can Chloe want? "—She wants a Heart.  
 She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought, 161  
 But never, never, reach'd one gen'rous Thought.  
 Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,  
 Content to dwell in Decencies for ever.  
 So very reasonable, so unmov'd, 165  
 As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.  
 She, while her Lover pants upon her breast,  
 Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;  
 And when she sees her Friend in deep despair,  
 Observes how much a Chintz exceeds Mohair. 170

VER. 148. in the MS.

This Death decides, nor lets the blessing fall  
 On any one she hates, but on them all.  
 Curs'd chance! this only could afflict her more,  
 If any part should wander to the poor.



Forbid it Heav'n, a Favour or a Debt  
She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.  
Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;  
But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.  
Of all her Dears she never slander'd one, 175  
But cares not if a thousand are undone.  
Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?  
She bids her Footman put it in her head.  
Chloe is prudent—Would you too be wise?  
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies. 180

One certain Portrait may (I grant) be seen,  
Which Heav'n has varnish'd out, and made a *Queen*:  
THE SAME FOR EVER! and describ'd by all  
With Truth and Goodness, as with Crown and Ball.  
Poets heap Virtues, Painters Gems at will, 185  
And shew their zeal and hide their want of skill.  
'Tis well—but, Artists! who can paint or write,  
To draw the Naked is your true delight.  
That Robe of Quality so struts and swells,  
None see what Parts of Nature it conceals: 190  
Th' exactest traits of Body and of Mind,  
We owe to models of an humbler kind.  
If QUEENSBURY to strip there's no compelling,  
'Tis from a Handmaid we must take a Helen.  
From Peer or Bishop 'tis no easy thing 195  
To draw the man who loves his God, or King:  
Alas! I copy, (or my draught would fail)  
From honest Mah'met, or plain Parson Hale.

VER. 198. *Mah'met*, servant to the late King.

But grant, in Public Men sometimes are shown,  
 A Woman's seen in private life alone : 200  
 Our Bolder Talents in full light display'd ;  
 Your Virtues open fairest in the shade ;  
 Bred to disguise, in Public 'tis you hide :  
 There none distinguish 'twixt your Shame or Pride,  
 Weakness, or Delicacy ; all so nice, 205  
 That each may seem a Virtue, or a Vice.

In Men we various Ruling Passions find ;  
 In Women, two almost divide the kind ;  
 Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,  
 The Love of Pleasure and the Love of sway. 210

That Nature gives ; and where the lesson taught  
 Is but to please, can Pleasure seem a fault ?

After ver. 199. in the MS.

Fain I'd in Fulvia spy the tender Wife ;  
 I cannot prove it on her, for my life :  
 And, for a noble pride, I blush no less,  
 Instead of Berenice to think on Bess.  
 Thus while immortal Cibber only signs  
 (As \* and H\* \* y preach) for queens and kings,  
 The Nymph that ne'er read Milton's mighty line,  
 May, if she love, and merit verse, have mine.

VER. 207. In the first Edition,

In sev'ral Men we sev'ral passions find ;  
 In Women, two almost divide the Kind.

VER. 207. The former part having shewn, that the *particular Characters* of Women are more various than those of Men, it is nevertheless observed, that the *general Characteristic* of the sex, as to the *ruling Passion*, is more uniform.

Experience, this ; by Man's oppression curst,  
They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men some to Bus'ness, some to Pleasure take ; 215  
But ev'ry Woman is at heart a Rake :  
Men, some to Quiet, some to public Strife ;  
But ev'ry Lady would be Queen for Life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole Sex of Queens !  
Pow'r all their end, but beauty all the means : 220  
In Youth they conquer with so wild a rage,  
As leaves them scarce a subject in their Age :  
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam ;  
No thought of peace or happiness at home.  
But Wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd Retreat, 225  
As hard a science to the Fair as Great !  
Beauties, like Tyrants, old and friendless grown,  
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone,  
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,  
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die. 230

Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,  
Still out of reach, yet never out of view ;  
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the Toy at most,  
To covet flying, and regret when lost :  
At last, to follies Youth could scarce defend, 235  
It grows their Age's prudence to pretend ;  
Asham'd to own they gave delight before,  
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more :  
As Hags hold Sabbaths, less for joy than spight,  
So these their merry, miserable Night ; 240



Still round and round the Ghosts of Beauty glide,  
And haunt the places where their honour dy'd.

See how the World its Veterans rewards !  
A Youth of Frolicks, an old Age of Cards;  
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end, 245  
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend;  
A Fop their Passion, but their Prize a Sot,  
Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot !

Ah ! Friend ! to dazzle let the Vain design;  
To raise the thought and touch the Heart be thine ! 250  
That Charm shall grow, while what fatigues the Ring,  
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing :  
So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,  
All mild ascends the Moon's more sober light,  
Serene in Virgin Modesty she shines, 255  
And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.

Oh blest with Temper, whose unclouded ray  
Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day :  
She who can love a Sister's charms, or hear  
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear ; 260  
She who ne'er answers 'till a husband cools,  
Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules ;  
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,  
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys ;  
Let Fops or Fortune fly which way they will ; 265  
Disdains all loss of Tickets or Codille ;  
Spleen, Vapours, or Small-pox, above them all,  
And Mistress of herself, tho' China fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,  
Woman's at best a Contradiction still. 270

Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can  
Its last best work, but forms a softer Man;  
Picks from each sex, to make the Fav'rite blest,  
Your love of Pleasure, our desire of Rest :  
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules, 275  
Your taste of Follies, with our Scorn of Fools :  
Reserve with Frankness, Art with Truth ally'd,  
Courage with Softness, Modesty with Pride;  
Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new ;  
Shakes all together, and produces—You. 280  
Be this a Woman's Fame : with this unblest,  
Toasts live a scorn, and Queens may die a jest.  
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)  
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere ;  
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care, 285  
Averted half your Parents' simple Pray'r ;  
And gave you Beauty, but deny'd the Pelf  
That buys your sex a Tyrant o'er itself.  
The gen'rous God, who Wit and Gold refines,  
And ripens Spirits as he ripens Mines, 290  
Kept Drops for Duchesses, the world shall know it,  
To you gave sense, Good-humour, and a Poet.

## MORAL ESSAYS.

## EPISTLE III.

TO

ALLEN, Lord BATHURST.

## A R G U M E N T.

*Of the Use of RICHES.*

*THAT* it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, Avarice or Profusion, ver. 1, etc. *The Point discussed, whether the invention of Money has been more commodious or pernicious to Mankind, ver. 21 to 77. That Riches, either to the Avaricious or the Prodigal, cannot afford Happiness, scarcely Necessaries, ver. 89 to 160. That Avarice is an absolute Frenzy without an End or Purpose, ver. 113, etc. 152. Conjectures about the Motives of Avaricious men, ver. 121 to 153. That the conduct of men, with respect to Riches, can only be accounted for by the ORDER OF PROVIDENCE, which works the general Good out of Extremes, and brings all to its great End by perpetual Revolutions, ver. 161 to 178. How*



*a Miser acts upon Principles which appear to him reasonable, ver. 179. How a Prodigal does the same, ver. 199. The due Medium, and true use of Riches, ver. 219, The Man of Rofs, ver. 250. The fate of the Profuse and the Covetous, in two examples; both miserable in Life and in Death, ver. 300, etc. The Story of Sir Balaam, ver. 399 to the end.*

## E P I S T L E III.

P. **W**HO shall decide when Doctors disagree,  
 And soundest Casuists doubt, like you and me?  
 You hold the word from Jove to Moinus giv'n,  
 That Man was made the standing jest of Heav'n;  
 And Gold but sent to keep the Fools in play, 5  
 For some to heap, and some to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind,  
 (And surely, Heav'n and I are of a mind)  
 Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,  
 Deep hid the shining mischief under ground : 10  
 But when by Man's audacious labour won,  
 Flam'd forth this rival to, its Sire, the Sun,  
 Then careful Heav'n supply'd two sorts of Men,  
 To squander These, and Those to hide agen.

Like Doctors thus, when much dispute has past, 15  
 We find our tenets just the same at last.  
 Both fairly owning, Riches, in effect,  
 No grace of Heav'n or token of th' Elect;  
 Giv'n to the Fool, the Mad, the Vain, the Evil,  
 To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil. 20

VER. 20. JOHN WARD, of Hackney, Esq; Member of Parliament, being prosecuted by the Duchess of Buckingham, and convicted of Forgery, was first expelled the House, and then stood in the Pillory on the 17th of March 1727. He was suspected of joining in a conveyance with Sir John Blunt, to secrete fifty thousand pounds of that Director's Estate, forfeited to the South-Sea Company by Act of Parliament. The Company recovered the fifty thousand pounds against Ward;

B. What Nature wants, commodious Gold bestows,

'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

P. But how unequal it bestows, observe,

'Tis thus we riot, while, who sow it, starve:

What nature wants (a phrase I much distrust) 25

Extends to Luxury, extends to Lust;

Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires,

But dreadful too, the dark Assassin hires:

but he set up prior conveyances of his real estate to his brother and son, and concealed all his personal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. These conveyances being also set aside by a bill in Chancery, Ward was imprisoned, and hazarded the forfeiture of his life, by not giving in his effects 'till the last day, which was that of his examination. During his confinement, his amusement was to give poison to dogs and cats, and see them expire by slower or quicker torments. To sum up the *worth* of this gentleman, at the several æra's of his life. At his standing in the Pillory he was *worth above two hundred thousand pounds*; at his commitment to Prison, he was *worth one hundred and fifty thousand*; but has been since so far diminished in his reputation, as to be thought a *worse man by fifty or sixty thousand*.

*Fr. Chartres*, a man infamous for all manner of vices. When he was an ensign in the army, he was drummed out of the regiment for a cheat; he was next banished Brussels, and drummed out of Ghent on the same account. After a hundred tricks at the gaming-tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant interest and on great penalties, accumulating premium, interest, and capital into a new capital, and seizing to a minute when the payments became due; in a word, by a constant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind, he acquired an immense fortune. His house was a perpetual Bawdy-house. He was twice condemned for rapes, and pardoned; but the last time not without imprisonment in Newgate, and large confiscations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The populace at his funeral raised a great riot, almost tore the body out of the coffin, and cast dead dogs, &c. into the grave along with it. The following Epitaph contains his character very justly drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot:



B. Trade it may help, Society extend.

P. But lures the Pyrate, and corrupts the Friend. 30

B. It raises Armies in a Nation's aid.

P. But bribes a Senate, and the Land's betray'd.

In vain may Heroes fight, and Patriots rave;

If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.

HERE continueth to rot  
The Body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,  
Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY,  
and INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of Life,  
PERSISTED,

In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,  
In the Practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE;  
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY:  
His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the first,  
His matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.

Nor was he more singular  
in the undeviating *Pravity* of his *Manners*,  
Than successful

in *Accumulating WEALTH*;  
For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,  
Without TRUST of PUBLIC MONEY,  
And without BRIBE-WORTHY Service,  
He acquired, or more properly created,  
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.

He was the only Person of his Time,  
Who could CHEAT without the Mask of HONESTY,  
Retain his Primeval MANNERS

When possessed of TEN THOUSAND a Year,  
And having daily deserved the GIBBET for what he *did*,  
Was at last condemned to it for what he *could not do*,

Oh Indignant Reader!

Think not his Life useless to Mankind!

PROVIDENCE connived at his execrable Designs,  
To give to After-ages

A conspicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE,  
Of how small Estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH  
in the Sight of GOD,

By his bestowing it on the most UNWORTHY of ALL MORTALS.

This gentleman was worth seven thousand pounds a-year estate,  
in Land, and about one hundred thousand in Money.

Once, we confess, beneath the Patriot's cloak, 35  
 From the crack'd bag the dropping Guinea spoke,  
 And jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,  
 "Old Cato is as great a Rogue as you."  
 Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!  
 That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly! 40  
 Gold imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,  
 Can pocket States, can fetch or carry Kings;  
 A single leaf shall waft an Army o'er,  
 Or ship off Senates to a distant Shore;

VOL. II.

O

*Mr. Waters*, the third of the worthies, was a man no way resembling the former in his military, but extremely so in his civil capacity; his great fortune having been raised by the like diligent attendance on the necessities of others. But this gentleman's history must be deferred till his death, when his *worth* may be known more certainly.

VER. 35. — *beneath the Patriot's cloak,*] This is a true story, which happened in the reign of William III. to an unsuspected old Patriot, who coming out at the back-door from having been closeted by the King, where he had received a large bag of Guineas, the bursting of the bag discovered his business there.

VER. 42: — *fetch or carry Kings;*] In our author's time, many Princes had been sent about the world, and great changes of Kings produced in Europe. The partition-treaty had disposed of Spain; France had set up a King for England, who was sent to Scotland, and back again; King Stanislaus was sent to Poland, and back again; the Duke of Anjou was sent to Spain, and Don Carlos to Italy.

VER. 44. *Or ship off Senates to some distant Shore;*] Alludes to several Ministers, Counsellors, and Patriots banished in our times to Siberia, and to that MORE GLORIOUS FATE of the PARLIAMENT of PARIS, banished to Pontoise in the year 1720.

A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro 45

Our fates and fortunes, as the wind shall blow :

Pregnant with thousands flits the Scrap unseen,

And silent sells a King, or buys a Queen.

Oh! that such bulky Bribes as all might see,  
Still as of old, incumber'd Villany! 50

Could France or Rome divert our brave designs,

With all their brandies, or with all their wines?

What could they more than Knights and 'Squires con-  
found,

Or water all the Quorum ten miles round? 54

A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil!

" Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;

" Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door:

" A hundred oxen at your levee roar."

Poor Avarice one torment more would find;

Nor could Profusion squander all in kind. 60

Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet;

And Worldly crying coals from street to street,

Whom with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,

Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.

VER. 63. Some Misers of great wealth, proprietors of the coal-mines, had entered at this time into an Association to keep up coals to an extravagant price, whereby the poor were reduced almost to starve, till one of them taking the advantage of underselling the rest, defeated the design. One of these Misers was worth ten thousand, another seven thousand a year.

After ver. 50. in the MS.

To break a trust were Peter brib'd with wine,

Peter! It would pose as wise a head as thine.



Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,  
Could he himself have sent it to the dogs? . . . 65

His Grace will game: to White's a Bull be led,  
With spurning heels, and with a butting head.  
To White's be carry'd, as to ancient games,  
Fair Coursers, Vases, and alluring Dames. . . 70

Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,  
Bear home fix Whores, and make his Lady weep?  
Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,  
Drive to St James's, a whole herd of swine!  
Oh filthy check on all industrious skill; . . . 75

To spoil the nation's last great trade, Quadrille!  
Since then, my Lord, on such a World we fall,  
What say you? B. Say? Why take it Gold and all.

P. What Riches give us, let us then enquire :  
Meat, Fire, and Cloaths. B. What more? P. Meat,  
Cloaths, and Fire. . . 80

Is this too little? would you more than live?  
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.

VER. 65. *Colepepper.*] WILLIAM COLEPEPPER, Bart. a Person of an ancient family, and ample fortune, without one other quality of a Gentleman, who, after ruining himself at the Gaming-table, pass'd the rest of his days in sitting there to see the ruin of others; preferring to subsist upon borrowing and begging, rather than enter into any reputable method of life, and refusing a Post in the army which was offered him.

VER. 77. *Since then, &c.*] In the former Ed.

Well then, since with the world we stand or fall,  
Come take it as we find it, Gold and all.

VER. 82. *Turner*] One, who, being possessed of three hundred thousand pounds, laid down his Coach, because

Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)  
 Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!  
 What can they give? to dying Hopkins, Heirs; 85  
 To Chartres, Vigour; Japhet, Nose and Ears?  
 Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippias glow,  
 In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below,

Interest was reduced from five to four *per cent.* and then put seventy thousand into the Charitable Corporation for better interest; which sum having lost, he took it so much to heart, that he kept his chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have outlived it, but that he was heir to another considerable estate, which he daily expected; and that by this course of life he saved both cloaths and all other expences.

VER. 84. *Unhappy Wharton.*] A Nobleman of great qualities, but as unfortunate in the application of them, as if they had been vices and follies. See his Character in the first Epistle.

VER. 85. *Hopkins.*] A Citizen, whose rapacity obtained him the name of *Vulture Hopkins*. He lived worthless, but died worth three hundred thousand pounds, which he would give to no person living, but left it so as not to be inherited till after the second generation. His counsel representing to him how many years it must be, before this could take effect, and that his money could only lie at interest all that time, he expressed great joy thereat, and said, "They would then be as long in spending, as he had been in getting it." But the Chancery afterwards set aside the will, and gave it to the heir at law.

VER. 86. *Japhet, Nose and Ears?*] JAPHET CROOK, alias Sir Peter Stranger, was punished with the loss of those parts, for having forged a conveyance of an Estate to himself, upon which he took up several thousand pounds. He was at the same time sued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtained a Will, by which he possessed another considerable Estate, in wrong of the brother of the deceased. By these means he was worth a great sum, which (in reward for the small loss of his ears) he enjoyed in prison till his death, and quietly left to his executor.

Or heal, old Narses, thy obscener ail,  
 With all th'embroid'ry plaister'd at thy tail? 90  
 They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)  
 Give Harpax self the blessing of a Friend;  
 Or find some Doctor that would save the life  
 Of wretched Shylock spite of Shylock's Wife:  
 But thousands die, without or this or that, 95  
 Die, and endow a College, or a Cat.  
 To some, indeed, Heav'n grants the happier fate,  
 T'enrich a Bastard, or a Son they hate.

Perhaps you think the Poor might have their part,  
 Bond damns the Poor, and hates them from his heart:  
 The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule 101  
 That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool:  
 "God cannot love (says Blunt with tearless eyes)  
 "The wretch he starves"—and piously denies:

VER. 96. *Die, and endow a College, or a Cat.*] A famous Duchess of R. in her last Will left considerable legacies and annuities to her Cats.

VER. 100. *Bond damns the Poor, &c*] This epistle was written in the year 1730, when a corporation was established to lend money to the poor upon pledges, by the name of the *Charitable Corporation*; but the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of such numbers, that it became a parliamentary concern to endeavour the relief of those unhappy sufferers, and three of the managers, who were members of the house, were expelled. By the report of the Committee, appointed to enquire into that iniquitous affair, it appears, that when it was objected to the intended removal of the office, that the Poor, for whose use it was erected, would be hurt by it, Bond, one of the Directors, replied, *Damn the Poor*. That "God hates the poor," and, "That every man in want is knave or fool," &c. were the genuine apothegms of some of the persons here mentioned.



But the good Bishop with a meeker air, 105  
Admits and leaves them, Providence's care:

Yet to be just to these poor men of pelf,  
Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:  
Damn'd to the Mines, an equal fate betides  
The Slave that digs it, and the Slave that hides. 110

B. Who suffer thus, mere charity should own,  
Must act on motives powerful, tho' unknown.

P. Some War, some Plague, or Famine they foresee,  
Some Revelation hid from you and me:

Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found, 115  
He thinks a Loaf wil rise to fifty pound.

What made Directors Cheat in South-sea year?  
To live on Ven'ton when it sold so dear.

Ask you why Phryne the whole Auction buys?  
Phryne foresees a general Excise. 120

Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?  
Alas they fear a man will cost a Plum.

Wife Peter sees the World's respect for Gold,  
And therefore hopes this Nation may be sold :

VER. 118. *To live on Ven'ton*] In the extravagance and luxury of the South-sea year, the price of a haunch of Venison was from three to five pounds.

VER. 120. — *general Excise.*] Many people about the year 1733, had a conceit that such a thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this lady might have some intimation.

VER. 123. *Wife Peter*] *Peter Walter*, a person not only eminent in the wisdom of his profession, as a dextrous attorney, but allowed to be a good, if not a safe, conveyancer; extremely respected by the Nobility of this land, though free from all manner of luxury and ostentation: his wealth was never seen, and his bounty never heard of, except to his own

Glorious Ambition ! Peter, swell thy store, 125  
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.

The Crown of Poland, venal twice an age,  
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.  
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,  
Hereditary Realms, and worlds of Gold. 130  
Congenial souls ! whose life one Av'rice join;  
And one fate buries in th' Asturian Mines.

Much injur'd Blunt ! why bears he Britain's hate ?  
A wizard told him in these words our fate :

son, for whom he procured an employment of considerable profit, of which he gave him as much as was *necessary*. Therefore the taxing this gentleman with any Ambition, is certainly a great wrong to him.

VER. 126. *Rome's great Didius*] A Roman Lawyer, so rich as to purchase the Empire when it was set to sale upon the death of Pertinax.

VER. 127. *The Crown of Poland, &c.*] The two persons here mentioned were of Quality, each of whom in the Mississippi despised to realize above *three hundred thousand pounds*; the Gentleman with a view to the purchase of the Crown of Poland, the Lady on a vision of the like royal nature. They since retired into Spain, where they are still in search of gold in the mines of Asturias.

VER. 133. *Much injur'd Blunt !*] Sir JOHN BLUNT, originally a scrivener, was one of the first projectors of the South-sea company, and afterwards one of the directors and chief managers of the famous scheme in 1720. He was also one of those who suffered most severely by the bill of pains and penalties on the said directors. He was a Dissenter of a most religious deportment, and professed to be a great believer. Whether he did really credit the prophecy here mentioned is not certain, but it was constantly in this very style he declaimed against the corruption and luxury of the age, the partiality of Parliaments, and the misery of party-spirit. He was particularly eloquent against *Avarice* in great and noble persons, of which he had indeed lived to see many miserable examples. He died in the year 1732.

" At length Corruption, like a gen'ral flood, 135

" (So long by watchful Ministers withstood)

" Shall deluge all; and Av'rice creeping on,

" Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the Sun;

" Statesman and Patriot ply alike the stocks,

" Peerefs and Butler share alike the Box, 140

" And Judges job, and Bishops bite the town,

" And mighty Dukes pack cards for half a crown.

" See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,

" And France reveng'd of ANNE's and EDWARD's  
" arms ! "

'Twas no Court-badge, great Scriv'ner, fir'd thy brain,

Nor lordly Luxury, nor City Gain : 146

No, 'twas thy righteous end, assum'd to see

Senates degen'rate, Patriots disagree,

A nobly wishing party-rage to cease,

To buy both sides, and give thy Country peace. 150

" All this is madness, " cries a sober sage :

But who, my friend has reason in his rage ?

" The ruling Passion, be it what it will,

" The ruling Passion conquers Reason still. "

Less mad the wildest whimsy we can frame, 155

Than ev'n that Passion, if it has no Aim ;

For tho' such motives Folly you may call,

The Folly's greater to have none at all.

Hear then the truth : " 'Tis Heav'n each Passion sends,

" And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends. 160

" Extremes in Nature equal good produce,

" Extremes in Man concur to gen'ral use. "



Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow ?  
 That Pow'r which bids the ocean ebb and flow,  
 Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain, 165  
 Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,  
 Builds Life on Death, on Change Duration founds,  
 And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.

Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,  
 Wait but for wings, and in their season fly. 170  
 Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store;  
 Sees but a backward steward for the Poor;  
 This year a Reservoir, to keep and spare;  
 The next, a Fountain, spouting thro' his Heir,  
 In lavish streams to quench a Country's thirst, 175  
 And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.

Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,  
 Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth :  
 What tho' (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)  
 His kitchen vy'd in coolness with his grot ? 180  
 His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,  
 With soups unbought and fallads blest his board ?  
 If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more  
 Than Bramins, Saints, and Sages did before ;  
 To cram the rich was prodigal expence, 185  
 And who would take the Poor from Providence ?  
 Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old Hall,  
 Silence without, and fasts within the wall ;  
 No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,  
 No noontide bell invites the country round : 190

Tenants with sighs the smoakless tow'rs survey,  
 And turn th' unwilling steeds another way :  
 Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,  
 Curse the fav'd candle, and unop'ning door ;  
 While the gaunt inastiff growling at the gate, 195  
 Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.

Not so his Son, he mark'd this oversight,  
 And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.  
 (For what to shun will no great knowledge need,  
 But what to follow, is a task indeed.) 200

Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,  
 More go to ruin Fortunes, than to raise.  
 What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,  
 Fill the capacious 'Squire, and deep Divine!  
 Yet no mean motive this profusion draws, 205  
 His oxen perish in his country's cause ;  
 'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the cup,  
 And Zeal for that great House which eats him up.  
 The woods recede around the naked seat,  
 The sylvans groan—no matter—for the Flect : 210  
 Next goes his Wool—to clothe our valiant bands,  
 Last, for his Country's love, he sells his Lands.  
 To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,  
 And heads the bold Train-bands, and burns a Pope.  
 And shall not Britain now reward his toils, 215  
 Britain, that pays her Patriots with her Spoils ?  
 In vain at Court the Bankrupt pleads his cause,  
 His thankless Country leaves him to her Laws.

The Sense to value Riches, with the Art  
 T' enjoy them, and the Virtue to impart, 220  
 Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursu'd,  
 Not sunk by sloth, not rais'd by servitude;  
 To balance Fortune by a just expence,  
 Join with OEconomy, Magnificence;  
 With Splendor, Charity; with Plenty, Health; 225  
 Oh teach us, BATHURST! yet unspoil'd by wealth!  
 That secret rare, between th' extremes to move  
 Of mad Good-nature, and of mean Self-love.

B. To Worth or Want well-weigh'd, be Bounty giv'n,  
 And ease or emulate the care of Heav'n; 230  
 (Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)  
 Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.  
 Wealth in the gross is death; but life diffus'd;  
 As poison heals, in just proportion us'd:

After ver. 218. in the MS.

Where one lean herring furnish'd Cotta's board,  
 And nettles grew, fit porridge for their Lord;  
 Where mad good-nature, bounty misapply'd,  
 In lavish Curio blaz'd awhile and dy'd;  
 There Providence once more shall shift the scene,  
 And shewing H—v, teach the golden mean.

After ver. 226. in the MS.

That secret rare, which affluence hardly join'd,  
 Which W—n lost, yet B—y ne'er could find:  
 Still miss'd by Vice, and scarce by Virtue hit,  
 By G—'s goodness, or by S—'s wit.



In heaps, like Ambergrise, a stink it lies, 235  
But well dispers'd, is incense to the skies.

P. Who starves by Nobles, or with Nobles eats?  
The Wretch that trusts them, and the Rogue that cheats.  
Is there a Lord, that knows a chearful noon  
Without a Fiddler, Flatt'rer, or Buffoon? 240  
Whose table, Wit, or modest Merit share,  
Un-elbow'd by a Gamester, Pimp, or Play'r?  
Who copies Your's, or OXFORD's better part,  
To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?  
Where-e'er he skines, Oh Fortune, gild the scene,  
And Angels guard him in the golden Mean! 246  
There, English Bounty yet a-while may stand,  
And honour linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should Lords engross?  
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the MAN of ROSS: 250  
Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,  
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.

VER. 243. OXFORD's *better part*,] Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford. The son of Robert, created Earl of Oxford, and Earl Mortimer by Queen Anne. This nobleman died regreted by all men of letters, great numbers of whom had experienced his benefits. He left behind him one of the most noble Libraries in Europe.

VER. 250. *The MAN of ROSS*: ] The person here celebrated, who with a small Estate actually performed all these good works, and whose true name was almost lost (partly by the title of the *Man of Ross*, given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without so much as an Inscription) was called Mr John Kyrle. He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interred in the chancel of the church of Ross in Herefordshire.

After ver. 250. in the MS.

Trace humble worth beyond Sabrina's shore,  
Who sings not him, oh, may he sing no more!

Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?  
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow;  
 Not to the skies in useless columns tost, 255  
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost,  
 But clear and artless, pouring thro' the plain  
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain?  
 Whose Cause-way parts the vale with shady rows?  
 Whose Seats the weary Traveller repose? 260  
 Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?  
 "The MAN of Ross," each lisping babe replies.  
 Behold the Market-place with poor o'erspread!  
 The MAN of Ross divides the weekly bread:  
 He feeds yon Alms-house, neat, but void of state,  
 Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate; 266  
 Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,  
 The young who labour and the old who rest.  
 Is any sick? the MAN of Ross relieves,  
 Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.  
 Is there a variance? enter but his door, 271  
 Balk'd are the Courts, and contest is no more.  
 Despairing Quacks with curses fled the place,  
 And vile Attorneys, now an useless race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue 275  
 What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!  
 Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?  
 What mines to swell that boundless charity?

P. Of Debts and Taxes, Wife and Children clear,  
 This man possess—five hundred pounds a year. 280

Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts, withdraw your  
blaze!

Ye little Stars! hide your diuinish'd rays.

B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone?  
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

P. Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame,  
Will never mark the marble with his Name; 286

Go search it there, where to be born and die,  
Of rich and poor makes all the history.

Enough, that Virtue fill'd the space between;  
Prov'd by the ends of being, to have been. 290

When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend  
The wretch, who living sav'd a candle's end;  
Should'ring God's altar, a vile image stands,  
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;  
That live-long wig, which Gorgon's self might own,  
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone. 296

Behold what blessings Wealth to life can lend;  
And see, what comfort it affords our end.

Ver. 287. *Go, search it there,*] The parish-Register.

Ver. 287. Thus in the MS.

The Register enrolls him with his Poor,  
Tells he was born, and dy'd, and tells no more.  
Just as he ought, he fills the Space between;  
Then stole to rest unheeded and unseen.

Ver. 296. *Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.*] The Poet ridicules the wretched taste of carving large perriwigs on busto's, of which there are several vile examples in the tombs at Westminster, and elsewhere.



In the worst inn's worst Room, with mat half hung,  
 The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung, 300  
 On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,  
 With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,  
 The George and Garter dangling from that bed  
 Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,  
 Great Villers lies— alas how chang'd from him, 305  
 That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim !  
 Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud Alcove,  
 The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love ;  
 Or just as gay, at Council, in a ring  
 Of mimick'd Statesmen, and their merry King ; 310  
 No Wit to flatter, left of all his store !  
 No Fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.  
 There victor of his health, of fortune, friends,  
 And fame ; this lord of useless thousands ends.  
 His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee, 315  
 And well (he thought) advis'd him, " Live like me. "  
 As well his Grace replied, " Like you, Sir John ?  
 " That I can do, when all I have is gone. "

VER. 305. *Great Villers lies—*] This Lord, yet more famous for his vices than his misfortunes, having been possessed of about 50000 *l.* a year, and passed through many of the highest posts in the kingdom, died in the year 1687, in a remote inn in Yorkshire, reduced to the utmost misery.

VER. 307. *Cliveden*] A delightful palace, on the banks of the Thames, built by the D. of Buckingham.

VER. 308. *Shrewsbury*] The Countess of Shrewsbury, a woman abandoned to gallantries. The Earl her husband was killed by the Duke of Buckingham in a duel; and it has been said, that during the combat she held the Duke's horses in the habit of a page.

Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,  
Want with a full, or with an empty purse? 320

Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd,  
Arise and tell me was thy death more bless'd?  
Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,  
For very want; he could not build a wall.  
His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r, 325  
For very want; he could not pay a dow'r.

A few gray hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,  
'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.  
What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,  
Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend? 330

What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,  
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had!  
Cutler and Brutus, dying both exclaim,

“ Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a name! ”

Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd?  
Or are they both, in this their own reward? 336  
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.  
But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale—B. Agreed.

P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies  
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lyes; 340  
There dwelt a Citizen of sober fame,  
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;

VER. 337. In the former Editions,

That knotty point, my Lord, shall I discuss,  
Or tell a tale? --- A Tale.--- It follows thus.

VER. 339. *Where London's column,*] The Monument, built in memory of the fire of London, with an inscription, importing that city to have been burnt by the Papists.

Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;  
 His word would pass for more than he was worth.  
 One solid dish his week-day meal affords;                    345  
 An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's :  
 Constant at Church, and Change; his gains were sure,  
 His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The Dev'l was piq'd such faintship to behold,  
 And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old:    350  
 But Satan now is wiser than of yore,  
 And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Rouz'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep  
 The surge, and plunge his Father in the deep;  
 Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,                    355  
 And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,  
 He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:  
 "Live like yourself," was soon my Lady's word;  
 And lo! two puddings smoak'd upon the board.    360

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,  
 An honest factor stole a Gem away;  
 He pledg'd it to the knight; the knight had wit,  
 So kept the Di'mond and the rogue was bit.

VOL. II.

Q

VER. 352. *Cornish*] The author has placed the scene of these shipwrecks in Cornwall, not only from their frequency on that coast, but from the inhumanity of the inhabitants to those to whom that misfortune arrives: When a ship happens to be stranded there, they have been known to bore holes in it, to prevent its getting off; to plunder, and sometimes even to massacre the people: Nor has the Parliament of England been yet able wholly to suppress these barbarities.



Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought,  
 " I'll now give six-pence where I gave a groat; 366  
 " Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—  
 " And am so clear too of all other vice. "

The Tempter saw his time; the work he ply'd;  
 Stocks and Subscriptions pour on ev'ry side, 370  
 'Till all the Dæmon makes his full descent  
 In one abundant show'r of Cent per Cent,  
 Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,  
 Then dubs Director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam now a man of spirit, 375  
 Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;  
 What late he call'd a Blessing, now was Wit,  
 And God's good Providence, a lucky Hit.  
 Things change their titles, as our manners turn:  
 His Compting-house employ'd the Sunday-morn:  
 Seldom at Church ('twas such a busy life) 381  
 But duly sent his family and wife.  
 'There (so the Dev'l ordain'd) one Christmas-tide  
 My good old Lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.

A Nymph of Quality admires our Knight; 385  
 He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite:  
 Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to please the fair)  
 The well-bred Cuckolds in St. James's air;  
 First, for his Son a gay Commission buys,  
 Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies:  
 His daughter flaunts a Viscount's tawdry wife; 391  
 She bears a Cotonet and P--x for life.

In Britain's Senate he a seat obtains,  
 And one more Pensioner St Stephen gains.  
 My Lady falls to play ; so bad her chance, 395  
 He must repair it ; takes a bribe from France ;  
 The House impeach him ; Coningsby harangues ;  
 The Court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs :  
 Wife, son, and daughter, Satan ! are thy own,  
 His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown : 400  
 The Devil and the King divide the Prize,  
 And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

VER. 394. *And one more Pensioner St Stephen gains.]*

— atque unum civem donare Sicylle. JUV.

## MORAL ESSAYS.

## EPISTLE IV.

TO

Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington.

## A R G U M E N T.

*Of the Use of Riches.*

*THE Vanity of Expence in People of Wealth and Quality. The abuse of the word Taste, ver. 13. That the first principle and foundation in this, as in every thing else, is Good Sense, ver. 40. The chief proof of it is to follow Nature, even in works of mere Luxury and Elegance. Instanced in Architecture and Gardening, where all must be adapted to the Genius and Use of the Place, and the Beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it, ver, 50. How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true Foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best Examples and Rules will but be perverted into something burdensome or ridiculous, ver. 65, etc. to 92. A description of the false Taste of Magnificence; the first grand error of which is to imagine, that Greatness*



*consists in the Size and Dimension, instead of the Proportion and Harmony of the whole, ver. 97. and the second, either in joining together Parts incoherent. or too minutely resembling, or in the Repetition of the same too frequently, ver. 105, etc. A word or two of false Taste in Books, in Music, in Painting, even in Preaching and Prayer, and lastly in Entertainments, ver. 133, etc. Yet PROVIDENCE is justified in giving Wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the Poor and Laborious part of mankind, ver. 169. [recurring to what is laid down in the first Book, Ep. ii. and in the Epistle preceeding this, ver. 159, etc.] What are the proper Objects of Magnificence, and a proper field for the Expence of Great Men, ver. 177, etc. and finally the Great and Public Works which become a Prince, ver. 101, to the end.*

## E P I S T L E IV.

'TIS strange, the Miser should his Cares employ  
 To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy :  
 Is it less strange, the prodigal should waste  
 His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste ?

EPISTLE IV.] The extremes of *Avarice* and *Profusion* being treated of in the foregoing Epistle ; this takes up one particular branch of the latter, the *Vanity of Expence* in people of wealth and quality ; and is therefore a corollary to the preceeding, just as the epistle on the *Characters of Women* is to that of the *Knowledge and Characters of Men*.

Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats; 5  
 Artists must chuse his Pictures, Music, Meats;  
 He buys for Topham, Drawings and Designs,  
 For Pembroke Statues, dirty Gods, and Coins;  
 Rare monkish Manuscripts for Hearne alone,  
 And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloane. 10  
 Think we all these are for himself? no more  
 Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?  
 Only to shew, how many tastes he wanted.  
 What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste? 15  
 Some Dæmon whisper'd, "Visto! have a Taste."  
 Heav'n visits with a Taste the wealthy fool,  
 And needs no Rod but Ripley with a Rule.  
 See! sportive fate, to punish aukward pride,  
 Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a Guide: 20  
 A standing sermon at each year's expence,  
 That never Coxcomb réach'd Magnificence!

VER. 7 *Topham*.] A Gentleman famous for a judicious collection of Drawings.

VER. 10. *And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloane*.] Two eminent Physicians; the one had an excellent Library, the other the finest collection in Europe of natural curiosities; both men of great learning and humanity,

VER. 18. *Ripley*.] This man was a carpenter, employed by a first Minister, who raised him to an Architect, without any genius in the art; and after some wretched proofs of his insufficiency in public Buildings, made him Comptroller of the Board of works.

You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,  
 And pompous buildings once were things of Use.  
 Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble rules 25  
 Fill half the land with Imitating-Fools;  
 Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,  
 And of one beauty many blunders make;  
 Load some vain Church with old Theatric state,  
 Turn Arcs of triumph to a Garden -gate; 30  
 Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all  
 On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;  
 Then clap four slices of Pilaster on't,  
 That, lac'd with bits of rustic makes a Front;  
 Shall call the wind thro' long arcades to roar, 35  
 Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;  
 Conscious they act a true Palladian part,  
 And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer,  
 A certain truth, which many buy too dear: 40  
 Something there is more needful than Expence,  
 And something previous ev'n to Taste—'tis Sense:  
 Good Sense, which only is the gift of Heav'n,  
 And tho' no Science, fairly worth the seven:

VER. 23. The Earl of Burlington was then publishing the  
 Designs of Inigo Jones, and the Antiquities of Rome by  
 Palladio.

After ver. 22. in the MS.

Must Bishops, Lawyers, Statesmen, have the skill  
 To build, to plant, judge painting, what you will?  
 Then why not Kent as well our treaties draw,  
 Bridgman explain the Gospel, Gibbs the Law?



A Light, which in yourself you must perceive; 45  
 Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,  
 To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,  
 To swell the Terras, or to sink the Grot;  
 In all, let Nature never be forgot. 50

But treat the Goddess, like a modest fair,  
 Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;  
 Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spy'd,  
 Where half the skill is decently to hide.  
 He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds, 55  
 Surprizes, varies, and conceals the Bounds.

Consult the Genius of the Place in all;  
 That tells the waters or to rise, or fall;  
 Or helps th' ambitious Hill the heav'ns to scale,  
 Or scoops in circling theatres the Vale; 60  
 Calls in the Country, catches op'ning glades,  
 Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;  
 Now breaks, or now directs, th'intending Lines;  
 Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.

Still follow sense, of ev'ry Art the Soul, 65  
 Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole,  
 Spontaneous beauties all around advance,  
 Start ev'n from Difficulty, strike from Chance;  
 Nature shall join you; Time shall make it grow  
 A Work to wonder at—perhaps a Stow. 70

VER. 46. *Inigo Jones* the celebrated Architect, and *M. Le Nôtre*, the designer of the best Gardens in France.

Without it, proud Versailles ! thy glory falls ;  
 And Nero's Terraces desert their walls ;  
 The vast Parterres a thousand hands shall make,  
 Lo ! COBHAM comes, and floats them with a Lake :  
 Or cut wide views thro' Mountains to the Plain, 75  
 You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.  
 Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,  
 Nor in an Hermitage set Dr Clarke.

Behold Villario's ten-years toil complete ;  
 His Quincunx darkens, his Espaliers meet ; 80  
 The Wood supports the Plain, the parts unite,  
 And strength of Shade contends with strength of Light ;  
 A weaving Glow the bloomy beds display,  
 Blushing in bright diversities of day,  
 With silver-quiv'ring rills meander'd o'er— 85  
 Enjoy them, you ! Villario, can no more ;  
 Tir'd of the scene Parterres and Fountains yield,  
 He finds at last he better likes a Field.

Thro' his young Woods how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd,  
 Or sat delighted in the thick'ning shade, 90

VER. 70. The seat and gardens of the Lord Viscount Cobham in Buckinghamshire.

VER. 75, 76. *Or cut wide views thro' Mountains to the Plain, You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.* This was done in Hertfordshire by a wealthy citizen, at the expence of above 5000 l. by which means (merely to overlook a dead plain) he let in the north-wind upon his house and parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods.

VER. 78—*set Dr Clarke.* Dr S. Clarke's busto placed by the Queen in the Hermitage, while the Dr duly frequented the Court.



With annual joy the red'ning shoots to greet,  
 Or see the stretching branches long to meet !  
 His Son's fine Taste an op'ner Vista loves,  
 Foe to the Dryads of his Father's groves;  
 One boundless Green, or flourish'd Carpet views, 95  
 With all the mournful family of Yews:  
 The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,  
 Now sweep those Alleys they were born to shade.

At Timon's Villa let us pass a day,  
 Where all cry out "What sums are thrown away!"  
 So proud, so grand; of that stupenduous air, 101  
 Soft and Agreeable come never there.  
 Greatness, in Timon, dwells in such a draught  
 As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.  
 To compass this his building is a Town, 105  
 His pond an Ocean, his parterre a Down:

VER. 95. The two extremes in parterres, which are equally faulty; a *boundless Green*, large and naked as a field, or a *flourish'd carpet*, where the greatness and nobleness of the piece is lessened by being divided into too many parts, with scroll'd works and beds, of which the examples are frequent.

VER. 96. *—mournful family of Yews;*] Touches upon the ill taste of those who are so fond of Ever-greens (particularly Yews, which are the most tonsile) as to destroy the nobler Forest-trees, to make way for such little ornaments as Pyramids of dark green continually repeated, not unlike a Funeral procession.

VER. 99. *At Timon's Villa;*] This description is intended to comprise the principles of a false Taste of Magnificence, and to exemplify what was said before, that nothing but Good-Sense can attain it.

VER. 104. *—all Brobdignag;*] A region of giants, in the satires of Gulliver.



Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,  
 A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze!  
 Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!  
 The whole a labour'd Quarry above ground, 110  
 Two Cupids squirt before: a Lake behind  
 Improves the keenness of the Northern wind.  
 His Gardens next your admiration call,  
 On ev'ry side you look, behold the Wall!  
 No pleasing Intricacies intervene, 115  
 No artful wildness to perplex the scene;  
 Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother,  
 And half the platform just reflects the other.  
 The suffering eye inverted Nature sees,  
 Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trees; 120  
 With here a Fountain never to be play'd;  
 And there a Summer-house, that knows no shade;  
 Here Amphitrite sails thro' myrtle bow'rs;  
 There Gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs;  
 Un-water'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn, 125  
 And swallows roost in Nilus dusty Urn.  
 My Lord advances with majestic mien,  
 Smit with the mighty pleasure, to be seen:  
 But soft—by regular approach—not yet—  
 First thro' the length of yon hot Terrace sweat: 130  
 And when up ten steep slopes you've drag'd your thighs,  
 Just at his Study door he'll bless your eyes.

VER. 124. The two Statues of the *Gladiator pugnans* and *Gladiator moriens*.

VER. 130. The *Approaches* and *Communication* of house with garden, or of one part with another, ill-judged, and inconvenient.

His Study ! with what Authors is it stor'd ?  
 In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord ;  
 To all their dated backs he turns you round ; 135  
 These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil bound  
 Lo some are Vellum, and the rest as good  
 For all his Lordship knows, but they are Wood.  
 For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,  
 These shelves admit not any modern book. 140  
 And now the Chapel's silver bell you hear,  
 That summons you to all the Pride of pray'r :  
 Light quirks of Music, broken and uneven,  
 Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heav'n.  
 On painted Ceilings you devoutly stare, 145  
 Where sprawl the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre,  
 On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,  
 And bring all Paradise before your eye.

VER. 133 *His study, etc.*] The false Taste in Books; a satire on the vanity in collecting them, more frequent in men of Fortune than the study to understand them. Many delight chiefly in the elegance of the print, or of the binding; some have carried it so far, as to cause the upper shelves to be filled with painted books of wood; others pique themselves so much upon books in a language they do not understand, as to exclude the most useful in one they do.

VER. 141. The false taste in *Music*, improper to the subjects, as of light airs in churches, often practised by the organists, etc.

VER. 145. — And in *Painting* (from which even Italy is not free) of naked figures in Churches, &c. which has obliged some Popes to put draperies on some of those of the best masters.

VER. 146. *Verrio, or Laguerre.*] Verrio (Antonio) painted many ceilings, &c. at Windsor, Hampton-Court, &c. and Laguerre at Blenheim castle, and other Places.



To rest the Cushion and the soft Dean invite,  
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite. 150

But hark! the chiming Clocks to dinner call;  
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble Hall:  
The rich Buffet well-colour'd Serpents grace,  
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.  
Is this a dinner? this a Genial room? 155

No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb.  
A solemn Sacrifice, perform'd in state,  
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.  
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear  
Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there.  
Between each act the trembling salvers ring, 161  
From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the King.  
In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,  
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,  
Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave, 165  
Sick of his civil pride from Morn to Eve;

VER. 150. *Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.*] This is a fact; a reverend Dean preaching at Court, threatned the sinner with punishment in "a place which he thought it not decent to name in so polite an assembly."

VER. 153. Taxes the incongruity of *Ornaments* (though sometimes practis'd by the ancients) where an open mouth ejects the water into a fountain, or where the shocking images of Serpente, &c. are introduced in Grottos, or Buffets.

VER. 155. *Is this a dinner, &c.*] The proud Festivals of some men are here set forth to ridicule, where pride destroys the ease, and formal regularity all the pleasurable enjoyment of the entertainment.

VER. 160. *Sancho's dread Doctor*] See Don Quixote, chap. xlvii.



I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,  
And swear no Day was ever past so ill.

Yet hence the Poor are cloath'd the Hungry fed;  
Health to himself, and to his Infants bread 170  
The Lab'rer bears: What his hard heart denies,  
His charitable Vanity supplies.

Another age shall see the golden Ear  
Imbrown the Slope, and nod on the Parterre,  
Deep Harvests bury all his pride has plann'd, 175  
And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.

Who then shall grace, or who improve the Soil?  
Who plants like BATHURST, or who builds like BOYLE.  
'Tis Use alone that sanctifies Expence,  
And splendor borrows all her rays from Sense. 180

His Father's Acres who enjoys in peace,  
Or makes his Neighbours glad, if he increase:  
Whose chearful Tenants bless their yearly toil,  
Yet to their Lord owe more than to the soil;  
Whose ample Lands are not ashamed to feed 185  
The milky heifer and deserving steed;  
Whose rising Forests, not for pride or show,  
But future Buildings, future Navies, grow:  
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,  
First shade a Country, and then raise a Town. 190

VER. 169. *Yet hence the Poor, &c.*] The Moral of the whole, where PROVIDENCE is justified in giving Wealth to those who squander it in this manner. A bad Taste employs more hands, and diffuses Expence more than a good one. This recurs to what is laid down in Book I. Ep. ii. ver. 230—7, and in the Epistle preceeding this, ver. 161, &c.

You too proceed! make falling Arts your care,  
 Erect new wonders, and the old repair;  
 Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,  
 And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:  
 'Till Kings call forth th' Ideas of your mind, 195  
 (Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd,)  
 Bid Harbours open, public Ways extend,  
 Bid Temples, worthier of the God, ascend;

VER. 195, 197, &c. *'Till Kings — Bid Harbours open &c.*] The poet after having touched upon the proper objects of Magnificence and Expence, in the private works of great men, comes to those great and public works which become a prince. This poem was published in the year 1732, when some of the new-built churches, by the act of Queen Anne, were ready to fall, being founded in boggy land (which is satirically alluded to' in our author's imitation of Horace, Lib. ii. Sat. 2.

Shall half the new-built Churches round thee fall)

others very vilely executed, through fraudulent cabals between undertakers, officers, &c. Dagenham-breach had done very great mischiefs; many of the Highways throughout England were hardly passable; and most of those which were repaired by Turnpikes were made jobs for private lucre, and infamously executed, even to the entrance of London itself: The proposal of building a Bridge at Westminster had been petitioned against and rejected; but in two years after the publication of this poem, an Act for building a Bridge passed through both houses. After many debates in the committee, the execution was left to the carpenter above-mentioned, who would have made it a wooden one; to which our author alludes in these lines,

Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile?  
 Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile.

See the notes on that place.

Bid the broad Arch the dan'grous Flood contain,  
The Mole projected break the roaring Main;      200  
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,  
And roll obedient Rivers thro' the Land:  
These Honours, Peate to happy Britain brings,  
These are Imperial Works, and worthy Kings.



## MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE V.

To Mr ADDISON.

Occasioned by his Dialogues on MEDALS.

SEE the wild Waste of all-devouring years!  
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,  
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!  
The very Tombs now vanish like their dead!  
Imperial wonders rais'd on Nations spoil'd,  
Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr toil'd;

VOL. II. S

EPISTLE V.] This was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr Addison intended to publish his book of Medals; it was some time before he was Secretary of State; but not published till Mr Tickell's Edition of his works; at which time the verses on Mr Craggs, which concluded the poem, were added, viz. in 1720.

As the third Epistle treated of the extremes of *Avarice* and *Profusion*; and the fourth took up one particular branch of the latter, namely, the *vanity of expence* in people of wealth and quality, and was therefore a corollary to the third; so this treats of one circumstance of that Vanity, as it appears in the common collectors of old coins: and is, therefore, a corollary to the fourth.

Huge Theatres, that now unpeopled Woods,  
Now drain'd a distant Country of her Floods :  
Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride survey,  
Statues of Men, scarce less alive than they ! 10

Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,  
Some hostile fury, some religious rage.

Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,  
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.

Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame, 15  
Some bury'd marble half preserves a name ;  
That Name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,  
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sigh'd : she found it vain to trust  
The faithless Column and the crumbling Bust : 20  
Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,  
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more !

Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,  
And all her Triumphs shrink into a Coin.  
A narrow orb each crouded conquest keeps, 25  
Beneath her Palm here sad Judea weeps.

Now scantier limits the proud Arch confine,  
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine ;  
A small Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,  
And little Eagles wave their wings in gold. 30

The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,  
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name :  
In one short view subjected to our eye  
Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties, lie.  
With sharpen'd sight pale Antiquaries pore, 35  
Th'inscription value, but the rust adore.

This the blue varnish, that the green endears,  
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!  
To gain Pescenius one employs his Schemes,  
One grasps a Cecrops in extatic dreams. 40

Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,  
Can taste no pleasure since his Shield was scour'd:  
And Curio, restless by the Fair-one's side,  
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Their's is the Vanity, the Learning thine: 45  
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine;  
Her Gods, and god-like Heroes rise to view,  
And all her faded garlands bloom a-new.  
Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;  
These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage: 50  
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,  
And art reflected Images to Art.

Oh when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,  
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?  
In living medals see her wars enroll'd, 55  
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?  
Here rising bold, the Patriot's honest face;  
There Warriors frowning in historic brass:  
Then future ages with delight shall see  
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree; 60  
Or in fair series laurell'd Bards be shown,  
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.  
Then shall thy CRAGGS (and let me call him mine).  
On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine;  
With aspect open shall erect his head, 65  
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,



“ Statefman, yet friend to Truth ! of soul sincere,  
“ In action faithful, and in honour clear ;  
“ Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,  
“ Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend ;  
“ Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,  
“ And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muse he lov'd.”

E P I S T L E to Dr *Arbuthnot*.

## ADVERTISEMENT to the First Publication.

**T**HIS paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune [the Authors of *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*, and of an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity, from a Nobleman at Hampton Court*] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my Writings (of which, being public, the Public is judge) but my *Person, Morals and Family*, whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of *myself*, and my own laziness to undertake so aukward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this Epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the *Truth* and the *Sentiment*; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, *the vicious or the ungenerous*.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have, for the most part, spared their *Names*, and they may escape being laughed at, if they please.

I would have some of them know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid Friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage, and honour, on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless Character can never be found out, but by its *truth* and *likeness*.







*Shut shut the Door good John, fatigued I said  
Tye up the Knocker, say I'm sick I'm dead.*

*Ep, to Arbuthnot.*

EPISTLE to Dr *Arbuthnot*

## BEING THE

## PROLOGUE

## TO THE

## SATIRES.

P. **S**HUT, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd, I said,  
 Tye up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead,  
 The Dog-star rages! nay 'tis past a doubt,  
 All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:  
 Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand, 5  
 They rave, recite, and madden round the land.  
 What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?  
 They pierce my thickets, thro' my Grot they glide,  
 By land, by water, they renew the charge,  
 They stop the chariot, and they board the barge. 10  
 No place is sacred, not the Church is free,  
 Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:  
 Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme  
 Happy! to catch me, just at Dinner-time.

VER. 1. *Shut, shut the door, good John!* John Searl, his old and faithful servant, whom he has remembered, under that character, in his Will.



Is there a Parson, much be-mus'd in beer, 15  
 A maudlin Poetess, a rhyming Peer,  
 A Clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,  
 Who pens a Stanza, when he should *engross*?  
 Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls  
 With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls? 20  
 All fly to TWIT'NAM, and in humble strain  
 Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.  
 Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the Laws,  
 Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:  
 Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope, 25  
 And curses Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,  
 The world had wanted many an idle song)  
 What *Drop* or *Nostrum* can this plague remove?  
 Or which must end me, a Fool's wrath or love? 30  
 A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped.  
 If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.

VER. 13 *Mint*.] A place to which insolvent debtors retired, to enjoy an illegal protection, which they were there suffered to afford one another, from the persecution of their creditors.

After ver. 20. in the MS.

Is there a Bard in durance? turn them free,  
 With all their brandish'd reams they run to me:  
 Is there a Prentice, having seen two plays,  
 Who would do something in his Sempstress' praise---

VER. 29. in the 1st Ed.

Dear Doctor tell me, is not this a curse?  
 Say, is their anger or their friendship worse?

Seis'd and tied down to judge, how wretched I!  
 Who can't be silent, and who will not lye :  
 To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace, 35  
 And to be grave exceeds all pow'r of face.  
 I sit with sad civility, I read  
 With honest anguish and an aching head ;  
 And drop at last, but in unwilling ears, 39  
 This saving counsel, " Keep your piece nine years."

Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,  
 Lull'd by soft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane,  
 Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before *Term* ends,  
 Oblig'd by hunger and request of friends :  
 " The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it, 45  
 " I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it. "

Three things another's modest wishes bound,  
 My Friendship and a Prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me : " You know his Grace,  
 " I want a Patron; ask him for a Place." 50  
 Pitholeon libell'd me—" but here's a letter  
 " Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.  
 " Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine,  
 " He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn Divine. "

VOL. II.

T

VER. 49. *Pitholeon*] The name taken from a foolish Poet of Rhodes, who pretended much to Greek. Schol. in Horat. l. 1. Dr Bentley pretends, that this Pitholeon libelled Cæsar also.

VER. 53. in the MS.

If you refuse, he goes, as fates incline,  
 To plague Sir Robert, or to turn Divine.



Bless me! a packet.—“ ’Tis a stranger fues, 55  
 “ A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse.”  
 If I dislike it, “ Furies, death and rage!”  
 If I approve, “ Commend it to the Stage.”  
 There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,  
 The players and I are, luckily, no friends.  
 Fir’d that the house reject him, “ ’Sdeath I’ll print it,  
 “ And shame the fools—Your int’rest, Sir, with  
 “ Lintot.”

Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:  
 “ Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch.”  
 All my demurs but double his attacks; 65  
 At last he whispers, “ Do, and we go snacks.”  
 Glad of a quarrel, strait I clap the door,  
 Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

’Tis sung, when Midas’ Ears began to spring,  
 (Midas, a sacred person and a King)  
 His very Minister who spy’d them first,  
 (Some say his Queen) was forc’d to speak, or burst.  
 And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,  
 When every coxcomb perks them in my face?  
 A. Good friend forbear! you deal in dang’rous things,  
 I’d never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings; 76  
 Keep close to Ears, and those let asses prick,  
 ’Tis nothing—P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?

VER. 60. in the former Ed.

Cibber and I are luckily no friends.

VER. 72. *Queen*] The story is told, by some, of his Barber,  
 but by *Chaucer* of his Queen. See *Wife of Bath’s Tale* in  
*Dryden’s Fables*.



Out with it DUNCIAD! let the secret pass,  
That secret to each fool, that he's an Ass: 80  
The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)  
The queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,  
No creature smarts so little as a fool.  
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break, 85  
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:  
Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,  
Thou standst unhook amidst a bursting world.  
Who shames a Scribler? break one cobweb thro',  
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread a-new: 90  
Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,  
The creature's at his dirty work again,  
Thron'd on the centre of his thin designs,  
Proud of a vast extent of flimzy lines!  
Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer, 95  
Lost the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnassian sneer?  
And has not Colly still his lord, and whore?  
His butchers Henly, his free-masons Moor?  
Does not one table Bavius still admit?  
Still to one Bishop Philip seem a wit? 100  
Still Sappho—A. Hold; for God-sake—you'll offend,  
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:

VER. 88. Alluding to Horace,

Si fractus illabatur orbis,  
Impavidum serient ruinæ.

VER. 98. *free masons Moor?*] He was of this Society, and frequently headed their processions.

I too could write, and I am twice as tall;  
 But foes like these—P. One Flatt'rer's worse than all.  
 Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right, 105  
 It is the flaver kills, and not the bite.  
 A fool quite angry is quite innocent:  
 Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they *repent*.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,  
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes: 110  
 One from all Grubstreet will my fame defend,  
 And more abusive, calls himself my friend.  
 This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,  
 And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."

There are, who to my person pay their court: 115  
 I cough like *Horace*, and, tho' lean, am short,  
*Ammon's* great son one shoulder had too high,  
 Such *Ovid's* nose, and, "Sir! you have an Eye—  
 Go on, obliging creatures, make me see  
 All that 'disgrac'd my Betters, met in me. 120  
 Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,  
 "Just so immortal *Maro* held his head:"  
 And when I die, be sure to let me know  
 Great *Homer* dy'd three thousand years ago.

VER 111. in the MS.

For song, for silence some expect a bribe:  
 And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."  
 Time, praise, or money, is the least they crave;  
 Yet each declares the other fool or knave.

After ver. 124. in the MS.

But friend, this shape, which You and Curl admire,  
 Came not from *Ammon's* son, but from my Sire:

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown 125  
 Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own?  
 As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,  
 I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.  
 I left no calling for this idle trade,  
 No duty broke, no father disobey'd. 130  
 The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not Wife,  
 To help me thro' this long disease, my Life,  
 To second, ARBUTHNOT! thy Art and Care,  
 And teach the Being you preserv'd, to bear.

But why then publish? *Granville* the polite, 135  
 And knowing *Walsh*, would tell me I could write;  
 Well-natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praise,  
 And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays;  
 The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield*, read,  
 Ev'n mitred *Rochester* would nod the head, 140

And for my head, if you'll the truth excuse,

I had it from my Mother, not the Muse.

Happy, if he, in whom these frailties join'd,

Had heir'd as well the virtues of the mind.

Curl set up his head for a sign. His father was crooked.  
 His Mother was much afflicted with head-achs.

VER. 139. *Talbot, &c.*] All these were Patrons or Admirers of Mr Dryden; tho' a scandalous libel against him, intitled, *Dryden's Satyr to his Muse*, has been printed in the name of the Lord *Somers*, of which he was wholly ignorant.

These are the persons to whose account the Author charges the publication of his first pieces: persons, with whom he was conversant (and he adds beloved) at 15 or 17 years of age; an early period for such acquaintance. The catalogue might be made yet more illustrious, had he not confined it to that time when he writ the *Pastorals* and *Windfor-Forest*, on which he passes a sort of Censure in the lines following.

While pure Description held the place of Sense? &c.



And *St John's* self (great *Dryden's* friends before)  
 With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.  
 Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!  
 Happier their author, when by these belov'd!  
 From these the world will judge of men and books,  
 Not from the *Burnets*, *Oldmixons* and *Cooks*. 146

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence  
 While pure Description held the place of Sense?  
 Like gentle *Fanny's* was my flow'ry theme,  
 A painted mistress, or a purling stream. 150  
 Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;  
 I wish'd the man a dinner, and fate still.  
 Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret:  
 I never answer'd, I was not in debt.  
 If want provok'd, or madness made them print, 155  
 I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.

Did some more sober Critic come abroad;  
 If wrong, I smil'd: if right, I kiss'd the rod.  
 Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,  
 And all they want, is spirit, taste, and sense. 160  
 Comma's and points they set exactly right,  
 And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.  
 Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,  
 From flashing *Bentley* down to pidling *Tibalds*:  
 Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,  
 Each Word-catcher, that lives on syllables, 166  
 Ev'n such small Critics some regard may claim,  
 Preserv'd in *Milton's* or in *Shakespear's* name.

VER. 150. *A painted meadow, or a purling stream*, is a verse  
 of Mr Addison

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms  
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms! 170  
The things we know, are neither rich nor rare,  
But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry: I excus'd them too;  
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.  
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find; 175  
But each man's secret standard in his mind,  
That Casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,  
This, who can gratify? for who can *guess*?  
The Bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,  
Who turns a Persian tale for half a Crown, 180  
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,  
And strains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a-year;  
He, who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,  
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left: 184  
And He, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,  
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:  
And He, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,  
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:  
All these my modest Satire bad *translate*,  
And own'd that nine such Poets made a *Tate*. 190  
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!  
And swear, not ADDISON himself was safe.

Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires  
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires;

' VER. 180.--a Persian tale.] Amb. Philips translated a Book called the *Persian tales*.

TER. 186. All these my modest Satire bad *translate*.] See their works, in the Translation of classical books by several hands.

Blest with each talent and each art to please, 195  
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease:  
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,  
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,  
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,  
 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise; 200  
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;  
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,  
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;  
 Alike, reserv'd to blame, or to commend, 205  
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;  
 Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,  
 And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd:  
 Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,  
 And sit attentive to his own applause; 210  
 While Wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,  
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise—  
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?  
 Who would not weep, if *ATTICUS* were he!

What tho' my name stood rubric on the walls, 215  
 Or plaister'd posts, with claps, in capitals?  
 Or smoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load,  
 On wings of wind came flying all abroad?

After ver. 208. in the MS..

Who, if two Wits on rival themes contest,

Approves of each, but likes the worst the best.

Alluding to Mr P.'s and Tickell's Translation of the first Book of the *Iliad*.

VER. 217. *On wings of winds came flying all abroad?* Hopkins, in the sixth Psalm.





*[Faint, illegible handwritten text]*



*That not in Fancy's Maze he wander'd long  
but stoop'd to Truth and moraliz'd his Song.*

Ep. to D<sup>r</sup> Arbuthnot.

I sought no homage from the Race that write;  
 I kept, like *Asian* Monarchs, from their sight: 220  
 Poems I heeded (now berhym'd so long)  
 No more than thou, great GEORGE! a birth-day song.  
 I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,  
 To spread about the itch of verse and praise;  
 Nor like a puppy, daggl'd thro' the town, 225  
 To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;  
 Nor at Rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,  
 With handkerchief and orange at my side;  
 But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,  
 To *Bufo* left the whole *Castalian* state. 230

Proud as *Apollo* on his forked bill,  
 Sate full-blown *Bufo*, pull'd by ev'ry quill;  
 Fed with soft Dedication all day long,  
*Horace* and he went hand and hand in song.  
 His Library, (where busts of Poets dead 235  
 And a true *Pindar* stood without a head)  
 Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,  
 Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place:  
 Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,  
 And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat: 240

VOL. II.

U

After VER. 234. in the MS.

To Bards reciting he vouchsaf'd a nod,  
 And snuff'd their incense like a gracious god.

VER. 235. — *a true Pindar stood without a head.*] Ridicules the affectation of Antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headless *Trunks* and *Terms* of Statues, for Plato, Homer, Pindar, &c. Vid. *Fulv. Ursin. &c.*



Till grown more frugal in his riper days,  
 He paid some bards with port, and some with praise,  
 To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,  
 And others (harder still) he paid in kind.  
*Dryden* alone (what wonder!) came not nigh, 245  
*Dryden* alone escap'd this judging eye:  
 But still the *Great* have kindness in reserve,  
 He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron bless each gray-goose quill!  
 May every *Bavius* have his *Buso* still! 250  
 So when a Statesman wants a day's defence,  
 Or Envy holds a whole weeks war with Sense,  
 Or simple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,  
 May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!  
 Blest be the *Great*! for those they take away, 255  
 And those they left me, for they left me *GAY*;  
 Left me to see neglected Genius bloom,  
 Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:  
 Of all thy blameless life the sole return  
 My Verse, and *QUEENSB'RY* weeping o'er thy urn! 260  
 Oh let me live my own, and die so too!  
 {To live and die is all I have to do:}  
 Maintain a Poet's dignity and ease,  
 And see what friends, and read what books I please:  
 Above a Patron, tho' I condescend 265  
 Sometimes to call a Minister my friend.

VER. 248.---helped to bury] Mr *Dryden*, after having liv'd  
 in exigences, had a magnificent Funeral bestowed upon him  
 by the contribution of several persons of quality.

I was not born for Courts or great affairs;  
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers;  
Can sleep without a Poem in my head,  
Nor know, if *Dennis* be alive or dead. 270

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?  
Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?  
Has Life no joys for me? or (to be grave)  
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save? 274  
"I found him close with *Swift*—Indeed? no doubt  
"(Cries prattling *Balbus*) something will come out.  
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will.

"No, such a Genius never can lie still;  
And then for mine obligingly mistakes  
The first Lampoon Sir *Will.* or *Bubo* makes. 280  
Poor guiltless I! and can I chuse but smile,  
When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my *Style*?

After VER. 270. in the MS.

Friendships from youth I sought, and seek them still:  
Fame, like the wind, may breathe where'er it will.  
The world I knew but made it not my school,  
And in a course of flatt'ry liv'd no fool.

After VER. 282. in the MS.

P. What if I sing Augustus, great and good?

A. You did so lately, was it understood?

Be nice no more, but, with a mouth profound,  
As rumbling D—s or a Norfolk hound;  
With GEORGE and FRED'RIC roughen ev'ry verse,  
Then smooth up all and CAROLINE rehearse.

P. No—the high task to lift up Kings to Gods  
Leave to Court-sermons and to birth-day Odes.

Curst be the verse, how well foe'er it flow,  
 That tends to make one worthy man my foe,  
 Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear, 285  
 Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a tear !  
 But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,  
 Insults fallen worth, or Beauty in distress,  
 Who loves a Lye, lame slander helps about,  
 Who writes a Libel, or who copies out : 290  
 That Fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,  
 Yet absent wounds an author's honest fame :  
 Who can *your* merit *selfishly* approve,  
 And show the *sense* of it without the *love*;  
 Who has the vanity to call you friend, 295  
 Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend:  
 Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,  
 And, if he lye not, must at least betray :  
 Who to the *Dean* and *silver bell* can swear,  
 And sees at *Cannons* what was never there; 300  
 Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,  
 Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction Lye.  
 A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,  
 But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

On themes like these, superior far to thine,

Let laurell'd Cibber, and great Arnauld shine.

Why write at all? -- A. Yes, silence if you keep,

The Town, the Court, the Wits, the Dunces weep.

VER. 289. *Who to the Dean and silver bell, &c.*] Meaning the man who would have persuaded the Duke of Chandos that Mr P. meant him in those circumstances ridiculed in the Epistle on *Taste*. See Mr Pope's Letter to the Earl of Burlington concerning this matter.



Let *Sporus* tremble—A. What ? that thing of silk,  
*Sporus*, that mere white curd of Ass's milk ? 306  
 Satire or sense, alas ! can *Sporus* feel ?  
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel ?  
 P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,  
 This painted child of dirt that stinks and stings ; 310  
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,  
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys :  
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight  
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.  
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray, 315  
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.  
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,  
 And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks ;  
 Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar Toad,  
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad, 320  
 In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,  
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.  
 His wit all see-saw, between *that* and *this*,  
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss, }  
 And he himself one vile Antithesis. 325  
 Amphibious thing ! that acting either part,  
 The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,  
 Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,  
 Now trips a Lady, and now struts a Lord.  
*Eve's* tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest,  
 A Cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.  
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,  
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool  
 Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool, 335  
 Not proud, nor servile; Be one Poet's praise,  
 That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways:  
 That flatt'ry ev'n to Kings, he held a shame,  
 And thought a Lye in verse or prose the same.  
 That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long, 340  
 But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song:  
 That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,  
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,  
 The damning critic, half approving wit,  
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit; 345  
 Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,  
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;  
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,  
 The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;  
 The tale reviv'd, the lye so oft o'erthrown, 350  
 Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own;  
 The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,  
 The libel'd person, and the pictur'd shape;  
 Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,  
 A friend in exile, or a father dead; 355

VER. 350. *The lie so oft o'erthrown*] As that he received subscriptions for Shakespear, that he set his name to Mr. Broome's verses, &c. which, tho' publicly disproved, were nevertheless shamelessly repeated in the Libels, and even in that called the *Nobleman's Epistle*.

VER. 351. *Th' imputed Trash*.] Such as profane *Psalms*, *Court-Poems*, and other scandalous things, printed in his Name by Curl and others.

VER. 354. *Abuse on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread*,] Namely on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Burlington, Lord

The whisper, that to greatness still too near,  
 Perhaps, yet vibrates on his SOV'REIGN'S ear—  
 Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue*! all the past:  
 For thee, fair *Virtue*! welcome ev'n the *last*!

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great? 360

P. A knave's a knave, to me, in ev'ry state:  
 Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,  
*Sporus* at court, or *Japhet* in a jail,  
 A hircling scribler, or a hireling peer,  
 Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire; 365  
 If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,  
 He gain his Prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,  
*Sappho* can tell you how this man was bit:  
 This dreaded Sat'rist *Dennis* will confess 370  
 Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:  
 So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibbald's* door,  
 Has drunk with *Cibber*, nay has rhym'd for *Moor*.

Bathurst, Lord Bolingbroke, Bishop Atterbury, Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, his Friends, his Parents, and his very Nurse, aspersed in printed papers, by James Moore, G. Duckett, L. Welsted, Tho. Bentley, and other obscure persons.

Ver. 368. in the MS.

Once, and but once, his heedless youth was bit,  
 And lik'd that dang'rous thing, a female wit:  
 Safe as he thought, tho' all the prudent chid;  
 He writ no Libels, but my Lady did:  
 Great odds in am'rous or poetic game,  
 Where Woman's is the sin, and Man's the shame.



Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?  
 Three thousand sons went down on *Welfed's* lye. 375  
 To please a Mistress one aspers'd his life:  
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:  
 Let *Budgel* charge low *Grubstreet* on his quill,  
 And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will;  
 Let the two *Curls* of town and Court, abuse 380  
 His father, mother, body, soul, and muse,

Ver. 374. *Ten years*] It was so long after many libels before the Author of the *Dunciad* published that poem, till when, he never writ a word in answer to the many scurrilities and falsehoods concerning him.

Ver. 375. *Welfed's lye*] This man had the impudence to tell in print, that Mr. P. had occasioned a *Lady's death*, and to name a person he never heard of. He also published that he libell'd the Duke of Chandos; with whom, (it was added) that he had lived in familiarity, and received from him a present of *five hundred pounds*: the falsehood of both which is known to his Grace. Mr. P. never received any present, farther than the subscription for Homer, from him, or from any great man whatsoever.

Ver. 378. *Let Budgel*] *Budgel*, in a weekly pamphlet called the *Bee*, bestowed much abuse on him, in the imagination that he writ some things about the *Last Will* of Dr. Tindal, in the *Grubstreet Journal*; a Paper wherein he never had the least hand, direction, or supervisal, nor the least knowledge of its Author.

Ver. 379. *Except his Will*;) Alluding to Tindal's Will: by which, and other indirect practices, *Budgel*, to the exclusion of the next heir, a nephew, got to himself almost the whole fortune of a man entirely unrelated to him.

Ver. 381. *His father, mother, &c.*] In some of *Curl's* and other pamphlets, Mr. Pope's father was said to be a Mechanic, a Hatter, a Farmer, nay a Bankrupt. But, what is stranger, a *Nobleman* (if such a reflection could be thought to come from a Nobleman) had dropt an allusion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper call'd an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity*: And the following line,

Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obscure.

Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,  
 It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:  
 That harmless Mother thought no wife a whore:  
 Hear this, and spare his family, *James Moore!* 385  
 Unspotted names, and memorable long!  
 If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause,  
 While yet in *Britain* Honour had applause)  
 Each parent sprung — A. What fortune, pray? — P.  
 Their own, 390

And better got, than *Bessia's* from the throne.  
 Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,  
 Nor marrying Discord in a noble wife,  
 Stranger to civil and religious rage,  
 The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age. 395

VOL. II.

X

had fallen from a like *Courtly* pen, in certain *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*. Mr. Pope's Father was of a Gentleman's Family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole Heire's married the Earl of Lindsey. — His mother was the daughter of William Turnor, Esq; of York: She had three brothers, one of whom was killed, another died in the service of King Charles; the eldest following his fortunes, and becoming a general Officer in Spain, left her what estate remained after the sequestrations and forfeitures of her family. — Mr. Pope died in 1717, aged 73; She in 1733, aged 93, a very few weeks after this poem was finished. The following inscription was placed by their son on their Monument in the parish of Twickenham, in Middlesex.

D. . O. . M.

ALEXANDRO. POPE. VIRO. INNOCVO. PROBO. PIO.

QVI. VIXIT. ANNOS. LXXV. OB. MDCCXVII.

ET. EDITHAE. CONIVGI. INCVLPABILI.

PIENTISSIMAE. QVAE. VIXIT. ANNOS.

XCIII. OB. MDCCXXXIII.

PARENTIBVS. BENEMERENTIBVS. FILIVS. FECIT.

ET. SIBI.

No Courts he saw, no suits would ever try,  
 Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lye.  
 Unlearn'd he knew no schoolman's subtile art,  
 No language, but the language of the heart.  
 By Nature honest, by Experience wise, 400  
 Healthy by temp'rance, and by exercise;  
 His life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,  
 His death was instant, and without a groan.  
 O grant me, thus to live, and thus to die! 404  
 Who sprung from Kings shall know less joy than I.

O Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!  
 Be no unpleasing Melancholy mine:  
 Me, let the tender office long engage,  
 To rock the cradle of reposing Age,  
 With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath, 410  
 Make Languor smile, and smoothe the bed of Death,  
 Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,  
 And keep a while one parent from the sky!  
 On cares like these if length of days attend,  
 May Heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my friend,  
 Preserve him social, chearful, and serene, 416  
 And just as rich as when he serv'd a QUEEN.  
 A. Whether that blessing be deny'd or giv'n,  
 Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n.

After VER. 405. MS.

And of myself, too, something must I say?  
 Take then this verse, the trifle of a day.  
 And if it live, it lives but to commend  
 The man whose heart has ne'er forgot a friend,  
 Or head, an Author: Critic, yet polite,  
 And friend to Learning, yet too wise to write.





## Advertisement.

THE occasion of publishing these *Imitations* was the Clamour rais'd on some of my *Epistles*. An Answer from *Horace* was both more full, and of more Dignity, than any I could have made in my own person; and the Example of much greater Freedom in so eminent a Divine as *Dr Donne*, seem'd a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat Vice or Folly, in ever so low, or ever so high a Station. Both these Authors were acceptable to the *Princes* and *Ministers* under whom thay lived. The Satires of *Dr Donne* I versified, at the desire of the Earl of *Oxford* while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of *Shrewsbury*, who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom look'd upon a Satire on Vicious Courts as any Reflection on those they serv'd in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which Fools are so apt to fall into, and Knaves with good reason, to encourage the mistaking a *Satirist* for a *Libeller*; whereas to a true *Satirist* nothing is so odious as a *Libeller*, for the same reason as to a man truly virtuous nothing is so hateful as a *Hypocrite*.

Uni aequus Virtuti atque ejus Amicis. P.

T H E  
First Satire of the Second Book  
O F  
H O R A C E  
I M I T A T E D.

WHOEVER expects a *Paraphrase* of Horace, or a faithful Copy of his genius, or manner of writing, in these IMITATIONS, will be much disappointed. Our Author uses the Roman Poet for little more than his canvas: And if the old design or colouring chance to suit his purpose, it is well: if not, he employs his own, without scruple or ceremony. Hence it is, he is so frequently serious where Horace is in jest; and at ease where Horace is disturbed. In a word, he regulates his movements no further on his Original, than was necessary for his concurrence, in promoting their common plan of *Reformation of manners*.

Had it been his purpose merely to paraphrase an ancient Satirist, he had hardly made choice of Horace; with whom, as a Poet, he held little in common, besides a comprehensive knowledge of life and manners, and a certain *curious felicity* of expres-



sion, which consists in using the simplest language with dignity, and the most ornamented, with ease. For the rest, his harmony and strength of numbers, his force and splendor of colouring, his gravity and sublimity of sentiment, would have rather led him to another model. Nor was his temper less unlike that of Horace, than his talents. What Horace would only smile at, Mr Pope would treat with the grave severity of Persius: and what Mr Pope would strike with the caustic lightning of Juvenal, Horace would content himself in turning into ridicule.

If it be asked then, why he took any body at all to *imitate*, he has informed us in his *Advertisement*. To which we may add, that this sort of Imitations, which are of the nature of *Parodies*, adds reflected grace and splendor on original wit. Besides, he deemed it more modest to give the name of Imitations to his Satires, than, like Despreaux, to give the name of Satires to Imitations.

## S A T I R E I.

## To Mr FORTESCUE.

P. **T**HERE are (I scarce can think it, but am told)  
<sup>a</sup> There are, to whom my Satire seems too bold:

Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,  
 And something said of Chartres much too rough.

<sup>b</sup> The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say, 5  
 Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.

Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,

<sup>c</sup> I come to Counsel learned in the Law:

You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,  
 Advice; and (as you use) without a Fee. 10

F. <sup>d</sup> I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I think,

<sup>e</sup> And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.

I nod in company, I wake at night,

Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

<sup>a</sup> SUNT quibus in Satira videar nimis acer, et ultra  
 Legem tendere opus; <sup>b</sup> sine nervis altera, quidquid  
 Composui, pars esse putat, similesque meorum  
 Mille die versus deduci posse. <sup>c</sup> Trebati,  
 Quid faciem? prescribe.

T. <sup>d</sup> Quiescas.

H. Ne faciam, inquis,  
 Omnino versus?

T. Aio.

H. Peream male, si non  
 Optimum erat: <sup>e</sup> verum nequeo dormire.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life. 15  
Why, if the nights seem tedious——take a wife:

Or rather truly, if your point be rest,  
Lettuce and cowslip-wine; *Probatum est*.

But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise  
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes. 20

Or, if you needs must write, write CÆSAR'S Praise,

You'll gain at least a *Knighthood*, or the *Bays*.

P. What? like Sir<sup>1</sup> Richard, rumbling, rough, and  
fierce,

With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK crowd  
the verse,

Rend with tremendous sound your years asunder, 25

With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuss, and Thunder?

Or nobly wild, with Budget's fire and force,

Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horse?

F. Then all your Muse's softer art display,

Let CAROLINA smooth the tuneful lay, 30

T. <sup>f</sup> Ter uncti

Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto;  
Irriguumve mero sub noctem corpus habento.

Aut, si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude  
CÆSARIS invicti res dicere, multa laborum  
*Premia* laturus.

H. Cupidum, pater optime, vires  
Deficiunt: <sup>1</sup> neque enim quivis *horrentia pilis*

*Agnina*, nec *fracta* pereuntes *cuspidē Gallos*,

Aut *labentis equo* describat vulnera *Parthi*.

T. Attamen et justum poteras et scribere fortem,  
Scipiadam ut sapiens Lucilius.

VER. 28. *falling Horse*. The horse on which his Majesty  
charged at the battle of Oudenard; when the Pretender,  
and the Princes of the blood of France, fled before him.



Lull with AMELIA's liquid name the Nine,  
And sweetly flow thro' all the Royal Line.

P. <sup>1</sup> Alas ! few verses touch their nicer ear ;  
They scarce can bear their *Laureate* twice a year ;  
And justly CÆSAR scorns the Poet's lays, 35  
It is to *History* he trusts for Praise.

F. <sup>m</sup> Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,  
Than ridicule all Taste, blaspheme *Quadrille*,  
Abuse the City's best good men in metre,  
And laugh at Peers that put their trust in Peter. 40

<sup>a</sup> Ev'n those you touch not, hate you  
P. What should ail them ?

F. A hundred smart in *Timon* and in *Balaam* :  
The fewer still you name, you wound the more :  
Bond is but one, but *Harpax* is a score. 45

P. <sup>o</sup> Each mortal has his pleasure : none deny  
*Scarsdale* his Bottle, *Darty* his Ham-pye ;  
*Ridotta* tips and dances, till she see  
The doubling lustres dance as fast as she ;

P F— loves the Senate, *Hockley-hole* his brother,  
Like in all else, as one Egg to another, 50

VOL. II.

Y

H. *Haud mihi deero, Cum res ipsa feret :<sup>1</sup> nisi dextro tempore, Flacci*  
*Verba per attentam non ibunt Cæsaris aurem ;*  
*Cui male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.*

T. <sup>m</sup> Quanto rectius hoc, quam tristi lædere versu  
*Pantolabum scurram, Nomentanumve nepotem ?*  
<sup>n</sup> Cum sibi quisque timet, quamquam est *intactus*, et odit.

H. <sup>o</sup> Quid faciam ? saltat *Milonius*, ut semel isto  
Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis.

<sup>p</sup> Castor gaudet equis ; ovo prognatus eodem,

I love to pour out all myself, as plain  
 As downright SHIPPEN, or as old Montagne:  
 In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,  
 The Soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within:  
 In me what spots (for spots I have) appear, 55  
 Will prove at least the Medium must be clear.  
 In this impartial glass, my Muse intends  
 Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;  
 Publish the present age; but where my text  
 Is Vice too high, reserve it for the next: 60  
 My foes shall wish my life a longer date,  
 And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.  
 My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,  
 Verse-man or Prose-man, term me which you will,  
 Papist or Protestant, or both between, 65  
 Like good Erasmus in an honest Mean,  
 In moderation placing all my glory,  
 While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

Pugnis. quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum  
 Millia. I me pedibus delectat claudere verba,  
 Lucili ritu, nostrum melioris utroque.  
 Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim  
 Credebat libris; neque, si male gesserat, usquam  
 Decurrens alio, neque si bene: quo fit, ut omnis  
 Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella  
 Vita senis. sequor hunc, I Lucanus an Appulus, anceps:  
 [Nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus,  
 Missus ad hoc, pulsus (vetus est ut fama) Sabellis;  
 Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis;  
 Sive quod Appula gens, seu quod Lucania bellum



' Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet  
To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet; 70

' I only wear it in a land of Hectors,  
Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers and Directors.

" Save but our *Army*? and let Jove incrust  
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!

" Peace is my dear delight—not FLEURY's more: 75  
But touch me, and no minister so sore.

" Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time

" Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,

Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long,

And the sad burthen of some merry song. 80

" Slander or Poison dread from Delia's rage,

Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be Page.

From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,

P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

" Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels; 85

Bulls aim their horns, and Asses lift their heels;

'Tis a Bear's talent not to kick, but hug;

And no man wonders he's not stung by Pug.

Incuteret violenta.] sed hic stylus haud petet ultro

Quemquam animantem, et me veluti custodiet ensis

Vagina tectus, quem cur destringere coner,

' Tutus ab infestis latronibus? " O pater et rex

Jupiter, ut pereat positum rubigine telum,

Nec quisquam noceat " cupido mihi pacis ! at ille,

Qui me commôrit, (melius non tangere, clamo)

" Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur urbe.

" Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam;

Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenam;

Grande malum Turius, si quid se iudice certes:

" Ut, quo quisque valet, suspectos terreat, utque



<sup>a</sup> So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,  
They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat. 90

<sup>b</sup> Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter short)  
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,  
Whether Old age, with faint but chearful ray,  
Attends to gild the Evening of my day,  
Or Death's black wing already be display'd, 95  
To wrap me in the universal shade;  
Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,  
Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r to write:  
In durance exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,  
• Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print. 100

F. <sup>d</sup> Alas young man! your days can ne'er be long,  
In flow'r of age you perish for a song!  
Plums and Directors, Shylock and his Wife,  
Will club their Testers, now, to take your life!  
P. <sup>e</sup> What? arm'd for Virtue when I point the pen;  
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men; 105

Imperet hoc Natura potens, sic collige mecum.  
Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde, nisi intus  
Monstratum! <sup>a</sup> Scaevae vivacem crede nepoti  
Matrem; nil faciet sceleris pia dextra (mirum?  
Ut neque calce lupus quemquam, neque dente petit bos)  
Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.

<sup>b</sup> Ne longum faciam: seu me tranquilla senectus  
Expectat, seu mors atris circumvolat alis,  
Dives, inops; Romae, seu fors ita jusserit, exsul;  
<sup>c</sup> Quisquis erit vitae, scribam, color.

T. <sup>d</sup> O Puer, ut sis  
Vitalis metuo; et majorum ne quis amicus  
Frigore te feriat.

H. <sup>e</sup> Quid? cum est Lucilius ausus.

Dash the proud Gamester in his gilded Car;  
 Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a Star;  
 Can there be wanting, to defend Her cause,  
 Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?  
 Could pension'd Botteau last in honest strain  
 Flatterers and Bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?  
 Could Laureate Dryden Pimp and Fry'r engage,  
 Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?  
 And I not strip the gilding off a Knave,  
 Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir, or slave?  
 I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause:  
 Hear this, and tremble! you who scape the Laws.  
 Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave  
 Shall walk the World, in credit, to his grave.  
 & TO VIRTUE ONLY AND HER FRIENDS A FRIEND,  
 The World beside may marmur, or commend.  
 Know, all the distant din that world can keep,  
 Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but sooths my sleep.  
 There, my retreat the best Companions grace,  
 Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place.

Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,  
<sup>f</sup> *Detrahere et pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora*  
 Cederet, introrsum turpis; num Lælius, et qui  
 Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen,  
 Ingenio offensi? aut laeso doluere Metello,  
 Famosisque Lupo cooperto versibus? atqui  
*Primores populi arripuit populumque tributum;*  
 Scilicet & UNI EQUUS VIRTUTI ATQUE EJUS AMICIS.  
<sup>h</sup> Quin ubi se a vulgo et scena in secreta remorant  
 Virtus Scipiadae et mitis sapientia Laeli,  
 Nugare cum illo, et discincti ludere, donec



There St JOHN mingles with my friendly bowl  
The Feast of Reason and the Flow of soul:  
And He, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian Lines,  
Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,  
Or tames the Genius of the stubborn plain,  
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

<sup>i</sup> Envy must own, I live among the Great,  
No Pimp of pleasure, and no Spy of state,  
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,  
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;  
To help who want, to forward who excel;  
This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell;  
And who unknown defame me, let them be,  
Scriblers or Peers, alike are *Mob* to me.

This is my Plea, on this I rest my cause—  
<sup>k</sup> What faith my Council, learned in the laws!

F. <sup>i</sup> Your Plea is good; but still I say, beware!  
Laws are explain'd by men—so have a care.  
It stands on record, that in Richard's times  
A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes;

Decoqueretur olus, soliti.  
Quidquid sum ego, quamvis  
Infra Lucili censum, ingeniumque; tamen me  
<sup>i</sup> Cum *magnis* vixisse invita fatebitur usque  
Invidia; et fragili quaerens illidere dentem,  
Offendet solido:

<sup>k</sup> nisi quid tu, docte Trebati,  
Dissentis.

T. <sup>i</sup> Equidem nihil hinc diffingere possum  
Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti  
Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum:



<sup>m</sup> Consult the Statute, *quart.* I think, it is,  
*Edwardi sext. or prim. et quint. Eliz.*

See *Libels, Satires*—here you have it—read.

P.<sup>n</sup> *Libels and Satires!* lawless things indeed! 150.  
But grave *Epistles*, bringing Vice to light,  
Such as a King might read, a Bishop write,  
Such as Sir ROBERT would approve—

E. Indeed?

The Case is alter'd—you may then proceed;

° In such a cause the Plaintiff will be hiss'd, 155  
My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd:

<sup>m</sup> “*Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus est  
“Judiciumque.”*

H. Esto, si quis *“mala. sed bona si quis  
Judice condiderit laudatus CÆSARE? si quis  
Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipse?*

T. ° *Solventur risu tabulae: tu missus abibis.*

172

OF HORACE

THE

Second Satire of the Second Book

OF

H O R A C E.

To Mr BETHEL.

<sup>a</sup> **W**HAT, and how great, the Virtue and the  
Art

To live on little with a chearful heart ;

<sup>b</sup> (A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)

Let's talk, my Friends, but talk <sup>c</sup> before we dine.

<sup>e</sup> Not When a gilt Buffet's reflected pride

5

Turns you from sound Philosophy aside :

<sup>a</sup> QUAE virtus & quanta , boni, sit vivere parvo,

(Nec meus hic sermo : sed quae praecepit Ofellus,

Rusticus, <sup>b</sup> *abnormis* Sapiens, *crassa*que Minerva)

Discite, <sup>c</sup> non inter lances *mensasque* nitentes ;

Cum stupet *insanis acies fulgoribus*, et cum

Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat !

<sup>e</sup> Verum hic *impransi* mecum disquirite. Cur hoc ?

Dicam si potero. male verum examinat omnis



*N. v. Frankland sculp.*

*Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit and the Throne,  
Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.*

*Ep. to Satires part 2.*





Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,  
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Hear BETHEL's Sermon, not one vers'd in schools,  
d But strong in sense, and wise without the rules. 10

h Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)  
Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.

i Your wine lock'd up, your Butler stroll'd abroad,  
Or fish deny'd. (the river yet unthaw'd)

If then plain bread and milk will do the feat, 15  
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.

k Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men  
Will chuse a pheasant still before a hen;

Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,  
Except you eat the feathers green and gold, 20

VOL. II.

Z

Corruptus iudex. Leporem sectatus, equove  
Lassus ab indomito; vel (si Romana fatigat  
Militia assuetum graecari) seu pila velox,  
Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem;  
Seu te discas agit, pete cedentem aëra disco:  
Cum labor extulerit fastidia; lictus, inanis,  
Sperne *cibum vilem*: nisi Hymettia mella Faterno,  
Ne biberis, diluta. i foris est promus, et atrum  
Defendens pisces hiemat mare: cum sale panis  
Latrantem Stomachum bene leniet. unde putas, aut  
Qui partum? non in caro nidore voluptas  
Summa, sed in *teipso* est. tu pulmentaria quaere  
Sudando. pinguem vitiis albumque neque ostrea,  
Nec scarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagois.

k Vix tamen eripiam, posito *pavone*, velis quin  
Hoc potius quam *Gallina* tergere palatum;

VER. 9. BETHEL.] The same to whom several of Mr Pope's  
letters are address'd.

1 Of carps and mullets why prefer the great.  
 (Tho' cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat)  
 Yet for small Turbots such esteem profess?  
 Because God made these large, the other less.  
 m Oldfield, with more than Harpy throat endu'd, 25  
 Cries "Send me, Gods! a whole Hog barbecu'd!"  
 Oh blast it, n South-winds! till a stench exhale  
 Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.  
 By what Criterion do you eat, d'ye think,  
 If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink? 30

Corruptus vanis rerum: quia veneat auro  
 Rara avis, et picta pandat spectacula cauda:  
 Tamquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num vesceris  
 ista,  
 Quam laudas, pluma? coctove num adest honor  
 idem?  
 Carne tamen quamvis distat nihil hac magis illa;  
 Imparibus formis deceptum te patet, esto.  
 Unde datum sentis, lupo hic, Tiberinus an alto  
 Captus hiet? pontesne inter jactatus, an amnis  
 Ostia sub Tusci? l laudas, insane, Trilibrem  
 Mullum; in singula quem minuas pulmenta necesse  
 est;  
 Ducit te species, video. quo pertinet ergo  
 Proceros odiſſe lupos? quia scilicet illis  
 Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.  
 Jejuna raro stomachus vulgaria temnit.  
 m Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino  
 Vellem ait Harpyiis gula digna rapacibus. At vos,  
 n Praesentes Austri, coquite horum opsonia: quam-  
 quam

VER. 26. *Hog barbecu'd, etc.*] A West Indian term of glut-  
 tony, a hog roasted whole, stuffed with spice, and basted with  
 Madeira wine.



When the tir'd glutton labours thro' a treat,

He finds no relish in the sweetest meat,

He calls for something bitter, something sour,

And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:

° Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see; 35

Thus much is left of old Simplicity!

p The Robin-red-breast till of late had rest,

And children sacred held a Martin's nest,

Till Becca-ficos sold so devilish dear

To one that was, or would have been, a Peer. 40

q Let me extol a Cat, on oysters fed;

I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;

Or ev'n to crack live Crowfish recommend;

I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.

r 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother 45

About one vice, and fall into the other:

Putet aper rhombusque recens, mala copia quando

Aegrum sollicitat stomachum; cum *rapula* plenus

Atque acidas mavult *inulas*. ° necdum *omnis* abacta

*Pauperies* epulis regum: nam *vilibus* ovis

Nigrisque est *oleis* hodie locus. Haud ita pridem

Galloni praeconis erat acipensere mensa

Infamis: quid? tum rhombos minus aequora alebant?

p Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque *ciconia* nido,

Donec vos auctor docuit *praetorius*. ergo

q Si quis nunc *mergos* suaves edixerit *assos*,

Parebit pravi docilis *Romana* *juventus*.

r Sordidus a tenui victus distabit, Ofello

Judice: nam frustra vitium vitaveris istud

VER. 42. *Bedford-head*;] A famous Eating-house.

Between Excess and Famine lies a mean;  
Plain, but not sordid; tho' not splendid, clean.

\* Avidien, or his Wife (no matter which,  
For him you'll call a <sup>t</sup> dog, and her a bitch) 50

Sell their presented partridges, and fruits,  
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:

u One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,  
And is at once their vinegar and wine.

But on some w lucky day (as when they found 55  
A lost Bank-bill, or heard their son was drown'd)

At such a feast, x old vinegar to spare,  
Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear:

Oil, tho' it stink, they drop by drop impart,  
But sowse the cabage with a bounteous heart. 60

y He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,  
And neither leans on this side, nor on that;  
Nor stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,  
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;

Si te alio pravus detorseris. \* Avidienus,  
<sup>t</sup> Cui *Canis* ex vero ductum cognomen adhæret,  
Quinquennes oleas est, et, sylvestria cornu;  
u Ac, nisi *mutatum*, parcit defundere *vinum*; et  
Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit  
Ille *reposita*, *natales*, aliosque dierum  
w *Festus* albatus celebret) cornu ipse bilibri  
*Cautibus* instillat, x *veteris non parcus aceti*.

Quali igitur victu sapiens utetur, et horum  
Utrum imitabitur? hac urget lupus, hac canis, aiunt.  
y Mundus erit, qua non offendat sordibus, atque  
In neutram partem cultus miser. a Hic neque *servis*  
Albuti senis exemplo, dum munia didit,

Nor lets, like <sup>b</sup> Nævius, ev'ry error pass, 65  
The musty wine, foul cloth or greasy glass.

<sup>c</sup> Now hear what blessings Temperance can bring  
(Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing)  
<sup>d</sup> First Health: the stomach (cramm'd from every dish,  
A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish, 70  
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,  
And all the man is one intestine war)  
Remembers oft <sup>e</sup> the School-boy's simple fare,  
The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air. 74

<sup>f</sup> How pale, each Worshipful and Rev'rend guest  
Rise from a Clergy, or a City feast!  
What life in all that ample body, say?  
What heavenly particle inspires the clay?  
The Soul subsides, and wickedly inclines  
To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound Divines. 80

<sup>g</sup> On morning wings how active springs the Mind  
That leaves the load of yesterday behind?

*Sævus erit; nec si ut simplex <sup>b</sup> Naevius, unctam  
Convivis praebebit aquam: vitium hoc quoque mag-*  
num.

<sup>c</sup> Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quae quantaque secum  
Afferat. <sup>d</sup> In primis valeas bene; nam variae res  
Ut nocceant homini, credas, memor illius escae,  
Quae simplex <sup>e</sup> olim tibi sederit. at simul assis  
Miscueris elixa, simul conchylia turdis;  
Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoque tumultum  
Lenta feret pituita. <sup>f</sup> Vides, ut pallidus omnis  
Cœna defurgat dubia? quin corpus onustum  
Hesternis vitiis *animum* quoque praegravat una,  
Atque affigit humo *divinae particulum aurae*.

<sup>g</sup> Alter, ubi dicto citius curata sopori  
Membra dedit, vegetus praescripta ad munia surgit.



How easy ev'ry labour it pursues?

How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muse?

Not but we may exceed, some holy time, 85

Or tir'd in search of Truth, or search of Rhyme;

Ill health some just indulgence may engage;

And more the sickness of long life, Old age;

For fainting Age what cordial drop remains,

If our intemp'rate Youth the vessel drains? 90

Our fathers prais'd rank Ven'son. You suppose,  
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.

Not so: a Buck was then a week's repast,

And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last; 94

More pleas'd to keep it till their friends would come,

Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.

Why had not I in those good times my birth,

Ere coxcomb-pyes, or coxcombs, were on earth?

Unworthy he, the voice of Fame to hear,

That sweetest music to an honest ear; 100

<sup>h</sup> Hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quondam;

Sive diem festum rediens advexerit annus,

Seu recreare volet tenuatum corpus: ubique

Accedent anni, et tractari mollius aetas

Imbecilla volet. <sup>i</sup> Tibi quidnam accedet ad istam,

Quam puer et validus praesumis, mollitiem; seu

Dura valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus?

<sup>k</sup> Rancidum aprum antiqui laudabant: non quia nasus

Illis nullus erat; sed, credo, hac mente, quod hospes

Tardius adveniens vitiatum commodius, quam

Integrum edax dominus consumeret. <sup>l</sup> hos utinam inter

Heroes natum tellus ine prima tulisset.

<sup>m</sup> Das aliquid famae, quae carmine gratior aurem

Occupet humanam? grandes rhombi, patinaeque

SAT. II. OF HORACE.

(For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,  
The world's good word is better than a song)  
Who has not learn'd, <sup>n</sup> fresh sturgeon and ham-pye  
Are no rewards for want, and infamy!  
When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf, 105  
Curs'd by thy <sup>o</sup> neighbours, thy trustees, thyself,  
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,  
Think how posterity will treat thy name;  
And <sup>i</sup> buy a rope, that future times may tell,  
Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well. 110

P " Right, cries his Lordship, for a rogue in need  
" To have a taste is insolence indeed:  
" In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,  
" My wealth unwieldy, <sup>r</sup> and my heap too great."  
Then like the sun, let bounty spread her ray, 115  
And shine that superfluity away.  
Oh impudence of wealth! with all thy store,  
How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?  
Shall half the <sup>s</sup> new-built churches round thee fall?  
Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair White-hall: 120

Grande ferunt una <sup>n</sup> cum *damno dedecus*, adde  
<sup>o</sup> Iratum patrum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,  
Et frustra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti  
P As, *laquei pretium*.

<sup>i</sup> Jure, inquit, Trausius istis  
Jurgatur verbis: ego vectigalia magna,  
Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. <sup>r</sup> Ergo,  
Quod *superat*, non est *melius quo* insumere possis?  
Cur eget indignus *quisquam*, te divite? quare  
<sup>s</sup> *Templa ruunt antiqua Deum?* cur, improbe, carae  
Non aliquid *patriae* tanto emetiris acervo?  
Uni minime tibi recte semper erunt res?

Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,  
As M\*\*o's was, but not at five per cent.

‡ Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her  
mind,

Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.

And " who stands safest? tell me, is it he 125

That spreads and swells in puff'd Prosperity,

Or blest with little, whose preventing care

In peace provides fit arms against a war?

‡ Thus BETHEL spoke, who always speaks his thought,

And always thinks the very thing he ought: 130

His equal mind I copy what I can,

And as I love, would imitate the Man.

In South-sea days not happier, when surmis'd

The Lord of Thousands, than if now \* *Excis'd*;

In forest planted by a Father's hand, 135

Than in five acres now of rented land.

Content with little, I can piddle here

On † brocoli and mutton, round the year;

‡ O magnus posthac inimicis risus! uterne

"Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certius; hic, qui

Pluribus assuêrit mentem corpusque superbum;

An qui contentus parvo metuensque futuri,

In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello?

‡ Quo magis his credas: puer hunc ego parvus

*Ofellum*

Integris opibus novi non latius usum,

Quam nunc accisi. Videas, *metato* in agello,

Cum pecore et gnatis, fortem mercede colonum,

Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profesta

Quidquam, praeter † *olus* fumose cum pede pernae.



But <sup>z</sup> ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play)  
 That touch my bell, I cannot turn away. 140  
 'Tis true, no <sup>a</sup> Turbots dignify my boards,  
 But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:  
 To Hounslow-heath I point and Bansted-down,  
 Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own;  
<sup>b</sup> From yon old walnut-tree a show'r shall fall; 145  
 And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,  
 And figs from standard and espalier join;  
 The dev'l is in you if you cannot dine;  
 Then <sup>c</sup> chearful healths (your Mistress shall have place)  
 And, what's more rare, a Poet shall say Grace. 150

Fortune not much of humbling me can boast:  
 Tho' double tax'd, how little have I lost?  
 My Life's amusements have been just the same  
 Before, and after <sup>d</sup> Standing Armies came.

## VOL. II.

## A a

Ac mihi seu <sup>z</sup> longum post tempus venerat hospes,  
 Sive operum vacuo gratus conviva per imbrem  
 Vicinus; bene erat, non piscibus urbe petitis,  
 Sed pullo atque hœdo: tum <sup>a</sup> pensilis uva secundas  
 Et nux ornabat mensas, cum duplici ficu.  
 Post hoc ludus erat <sup>b</sup> cuppa ludare magistra:  
 Ac venerata Ceres, ita culmo surgeret alto,  
 Explicit vino contractæ seria frontis.

Sæviat atque novos moveat Fortuna tumultus!  
 Quantum hinc imminuet? quanto aut ego parcius,  
<sup>aut vos,</sup>  
 O pueri, nituisistis, ut hoc <sup>d</sup> novus incola venit?

My lands are sold, my father's house is gone ; 155  
 I'll hire anothers; is not that my own,  
 And your's my friends? thro' whose free-op'ning gate  
 None comes too early, none departs too late;  
 (For I who hold sage Homer's rule the best,  
 Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.) 160  
 " Pray heav'n it last! (cries SWIFT!) as you go on;  
 " I wish to God this house had been your own:  
 " Pity! to build, without a son or wife;  
 " Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life. "  
 Well if the use be mine, can it concern one, 165  
 Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?  
 What's *e Property*? dear Swift! you see it alter  
 From you to me, from me to *f* Peter Walter;  
 Or, in a mortgage, prove a Lawyer's share;  
 Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir; 170  
 Or in pure *f* equity (the case not clear)  
 The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:  
 At best it falls to some *g* ungracious son,  
 Who cries, " My father's damn'd, and all's my own."  
<sup>h</sup> Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford, 175  
 Become the portion of a booby Lord;  
 And Hemslly, once proud Buckingham's delight,  
 Slides to a Scriv'ner or a city Knight.

Nam *e propriae telluris* herum natura neque illum,  
 Nec me, nec quemquam statuit. nos expulit ille;  
 Illum aut *f* nequities aut *g* *vafri* *inscitia juris*,  
 Prostremum expellet certe <sup>h</sup> *vivacior heres*.

VER. 177. proud Buckingham's, &c.] Villiers Duke of Buck-  
 ingham.

Let lands and houses have what lords they will,  
Let Us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

180

<sup>1</sup> Nunc ager *Umbreni sub nomine*, nuper *Ofelli*  
Dictus erat: nulli proprius; sed cedit in usum  
Nunc mihi, nunc alii. <sup>2</sup> quocirca vivite fortes,  
Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.



BOOK I. of HORACE.

EPISTLE I.

TO L. BOLINGBROKE.

**S**T. JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labours past,  
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!  
Why <sup>b</sup> will you break the Sabbath of my days?  
Now sick alike of Envy and of Praise.  
Public too long, ah let me hide my Age! 5  
See Modest <sup>c</sup> Cibber now has left the Stage:  
Our Gen'als now, <sup>d</sup> retired to their Estates,  
Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,  
In Life's cool Ev'ning satiate of Applause,  
Not <sup>e</sup> fond of bleeding, ev'n in BRUNSWICK's cause.

Prima dicte mihi, summa dicende camena,  
<sup>b</sup> Spectatum fatis, et donatum jam rude, quaeris,  
Maecenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.  
Non eadem est aetas, non mens. <sup>c</sup> Veianius, armis  
<sup>d</sup> Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro;  
Ne populum <sup>e</sup> extrema toties exoret arena.



*X v. Amsterdam Jap.*

*What brought S.<sup>r</sup> Visto's ill-got wealth to waste!  
Some Daemon whispers, Visto! have a Taste.*

**Epist. on Taste.**





† A voice there is, that whispers in my ear,      11  
 ('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear).  
 " Friend Pope! be prudent, let your Muse take  
     " breath,  
 " And never gallop Pegasus to death;  
 " Lest stiff, and stately, void of fire or force,      15  
 " You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's  
     " horse."

Farewell then <sup>h</sup> Verse and Love, and ev'ry Toy,  
 The Rhymes and Rattles of the Man or Boy;  
 What <sup>i</sup> right, what true, what fit we justly call,  
 Let this be all my care—for this is All:      20  
 To lay this <sup>k</sup> harvest up, and hoard with haste  
 What ev'ry day will want, and most the last.  
 But ask not to what <sup>l</sup> Doctors I apply?  
 Sworn to no Master, of no Sect am I:  
 As drives the <sup>m</sup> storm, at any door I knock:      25  
 And house with Montagne now, or now with Locke,  
 Sometimes a <sup>n</sup> Patriot active in debate,  
 Mix with the World, and battle for the State,

† Est mihi purgatam crebro qui perfonet aurem;  
 Solve & senescentem mature sanas equum, ne  
 Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.  
 Nunc itaque et <sup>h</sup> versus, et *caetera ludicra* pono:  
 Quid <sup>i</sup> verum atque *decens*, curo et rogo, et *omnis* in  
     hoc sum:

<sup>k</sup> Condo, et compono, quæ mox deponere possim.  
 Ac ne forte roges, <sup>l</sup> quo me *duce*, quo *Lare* tuter:  
 Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,  
<sup>m</sup> Quo me cunque rapit tempestas deferor *hospes*.  
 Nunc *agilis* fio, et merfor <sup>n</sup> *civilibus undis*.

Free as young Lyttelton, her cause pursue,  
 Still true to Virtue, ° and as warm as true: 30  
 Sometimes with Aristippus, or St Paul,  
 Indulge my candor, and grow all to all;  
 Back to my ♀ native Moderation slide,  
 And win my way by yielding to the tide.  
 † Long, as to him who works for debt, the day, 35  
 Long as the Night to her whose Love's away,  
 Long as the Year's dull circle seems to run,  
 When the brisk Minor pants for twenty-one:  
 So flow th' unprofitable moments roll,  
 That lock up all the Emotions of my soul; 40  
 That keep me from myself; and still delay  
 Life's instant business to a future day;  
 That † task, which as we follow, or despise,  
 The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise.  
 Which done, the poorest can no wants endure; 45  
 And which not done, the richest must be poor.

† Late as it is, I put myself to school;  
 and feel some ♀ comfort, not to be a fool.

Virtutis verae custos ° *rigidusque satelles*:  
 Nunc in \* Aristippi ♀ *furtim praecepta relabor*,  
 Et mihi res, non me rebus, subjungere conor.

‡ Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica; diesque  
 Lenta videtur *opus debentibus*: ut piger annus  
 Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum:  
 Sic mihi tarda † fluunt *ingrataque tempora*, quae spem  
 Consiliumque *morantur agendi gnaviter* \* id, quod  
 Aequè *pauperibus* prodest, *locupletibus* aequè,  
 Aequè neglectum *pueris senibusque* nocebit.

† *Restat*, ut his ego me ipse regam ♀ *solerque elementis*:

\* Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et ætates et res.

w Weak tho' I am of limb, and short of Sight,  
 Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite; 50  
 I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,  
 To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.  
 Not to \* go back is somewhat to advance,  
 And men must walk at least before they dance.

Say, does thy y blood rebel, thy bosom move 55  
 With wretched Av'rice, or as wretched Love?  
 Know, there are Words and Spells, which can controul.  
 z Betwen the Fits this Fever of the soul:  
 Know, there are Rhymes, which a fresh and fresh ap-  
 ply'd

Will cure the arrant'st Puppy of his Pride. 60  
 Be b furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,  
 c Slave to a Wife, or Vassal to a Punk,  
 A Switz, a High-dutch, or a Low-dutch d Bear;  
 All that we ask is but a patient Ear.

e 'Tis the first Virtue, Vices to abhor; 65  
 And the first Wisdom, to be fool no more.

w Non possis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus:  
 Non tamen ideo contempnas lippus iungi:  
 Nec, quia desperes invicti membra Glyconis,  
 Nodosa corpus nolis prohibere cheragra.  
 Est quadam prodire x tenus, si non datur ultra,  
 y Fervet avaritia, miserisque cupidine pectus?  
 Sunt verba et voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem  
 Possis et z magnam morbi deponere partem.  
 Laudis amore tumes? sunt a certa piacula, quae te  
 Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.

b Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinosus, c amator;  
 Nemo d adeo ferus est, ut non mitescere possit,  
 Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.  
 e Virtus est, vitium fugere; et sapientia prima,



But to the world no <sup>f</sup> bugbear is so great,  
 As want of figure, and a small Estate.  
 To either India see the Merchant fly,  
 Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty! 70  
 See him with pains of body, pangs of soul,  
 Burn thro' the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole!  
 Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,  
 Nothing to make Philosophy thy friend?  
 To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires, 75  
 And ease thy heart of all that it admires?  
<sup>h</sup> Here, Wisdom calls: <sup>i</sup> "Seek Virtue first, be bold!  
 "As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."  
 There, London's voice, <sup>k</sup> "Get Money, Money still!  
 "And then let Virtue follow, if she will." 80  
 This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,  
 From <sup>l</sup> low St James's up to high St Paul;  
 From him whose <sup>m</sup> quills stand quiver'd at his ear,  
 To him who notches sticks at Westminster.

Stultitia caruisse. vides, quae <sup>f</sup> maxima credis  
 Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,  
 Quanto devites animi capitisque labore.  
 Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,  
 Per <sup>g</sup> mare *pauperiem* fugiens, per saxa per ignes:  
 Ne cures <sup>h</sup> ea, quae *stulte* miraris et optas,  
 Discere et audire, et meliori credere non vis?  
 Quis circum pagos et circum compita pugnax  
 Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui spes,  
 Cui sit conditio dulcis sine pulvere palmae?  
 " <sup>i</sup> Vilius est auro argentum, virtutibus aurum  
 " <sup>k</sup> O cives, cives! quaerenda pecunia primum est;  
 Virtus post nummos: haec <sup>l</sup> *janus summus* ab *ino*  
 Prodocet: haec recinunt juvenes dictata senesque,  
<sup>m</sup> Laevo suspensi loculus tabulamque lacerto.

VER. 84. *notches sticks*] Exchequer Tailles.

Barnard <sup>n</sup> in spirit, sense, and truth abounds; 85  
 "Pray then, what wants he?" Fourscore thousand  
 pounds;

A pension, or such Harness for a slave  
 As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.  
 Barnard, thou art a <sup>o</sup> Cit, with all thy worth:  
 But Bug and D<sup>\*l</sup>, Their *Honours*, and so forth. 90

Yet ev'ry <sup>p</sup> child another song will sing,  
 "Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."  
 True, conscious Honour is to feel no sin,  
 He's arm'd without that's innocent within;  
 Be this thy <sup>q</sup> Screen, and this thy Wall of Brass; 95  
 Compar'd to this a Minister's an Ass.

<sup>r</sup> And say, to which shall our applause belong,  
 This new Court-jargon, or the good old song?  
 The modern language of corrupted Peers,  
 Or what was spoke at <sup>s</sup> CRESSY and POITIERS? 100  
<sup>t</sup> Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but great,  
 "With Praise or Infamy leave that to fate;

VOL. H.

B b

Est <sup>n</sup> animus tibi, sunt mores, est lingua fidesque:  
 Sed quadringentis sex septem millia desint  
<sup>o</sup> Plebs eris. <sup>p</sup> at pueri ludentes, Rex eris, aiunt,  
 Si recte facies. Hic <sup>q</sup> murus aeneus esto,  
 Nil ~~conferre~~ tibi, nulla pallefcere culpa.

<sup>r</sup> Roscia, dic sodes, melior lex, an puerorum est  
 Naenia, quae regnum recte facientibus offert,  
 Et *maribus* <sup>s</sup> *Caris* et decantata *Camillis*?

<sup>t</sup> Ille tibi melius suadet, qui, "Rem facias; rem,  
 "Si possis, recte; si non, quocunque modo rem."

"Get Place and Wealth, if possible, with grace ;  
 "If not by any means get Wealth and Place.  
 For what ? to have a <sup>u</sup> Box where Ennuuchs sing, 105  
 And foremost in the Circle eye a King.  
 Or <sup>w</sup> he, who bids thee face with steady view  
 Proud Fortune, and look shallow greatness thro :  
 And, <sup>x</sup> while he bids thee, sets th' Example too ?  
 If <sup>y</sup> such a doctrine, in St James's air, 110  
 Should chance to make the well-drest Rabble stare ;  
 If honest S\*<sup>z</sup> take scandal at a Spark,  
 That less admires the <sup>z</sup> Palace than the Park ;  
 Faith I shall give the answer <sup>a</sup> Reynard gave :  
 "I cannot like, dread Sir, your Royal Cave : 115  
 "Because I see, by all the tracks about,  
 "Full many a Beast goes in, but none come out."  
 Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a Slave :  
 Send her to court, you send her to her grave.  
 Well, if a King's a Lion, at the least 120  
 The <sup>b</sup> People are a many-headed Beast :

Ut <sup>u</sup> propius spectes lacrymosa poemata Pupi !  
 An, <sup>w</sup> qui fortunae te responsare superbae  
 Liberum et erectum, <sup>x</sup> *praesens* hortatur et aptat ?  
<sup>y</sup> Quod si me Populus Romanus forte roget, cur  
 Non, ut <sup>z</sup> porticibus, sic judiciis fruar isdem ;  
 Nec sequar aut fugiam, quae diligit ipse vel odit :  
 Olim quod <sup>a</sup> vulpes aegroto cauta leoni  
 Respondit, referam : Quia me vestigia terrent  
 Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.  
<sup>b</sup> *Bekia multorum es capitum.* nam quid sequar aut  
 quem ?



Can they direct what measures to pursue,  
 Who know themselves so little what to do?  
 Alike in nothing but one Lust of Gold,  
 Just half the land would buy, and half be sold: 125  
 Their <sup>c</sup> Country's wealth our mightier Misers drain,  
 Or cross, to plunder Provinces, the Main;  
 The rest, some farm the Poor-box, some the Pews;  
 Some keep Assemblies, and would keep the Stews,  
 Some <sup>d</sup> with fat Bucks on childless dotards fawn; 130  
 Some win rich Widows by their Chine and Brawn;  
 While with the silent growth of ten per cent,  
 In dirt and darkness, <sup>e</sup> hundreds stink content.

Of all these ways, if each <sup>f</sup> pursues his own,  
 Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone: 135  
 But shew me one who has it in his pow'r  
 To act consistent with himself an hour.

Sir Job <sup>g</sup> sail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and still,  
 "No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich hill!"

<sup>h</sup> Up starts a Palace, lo, th' obedient base 140  
 Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,  
 The silver Thames reflects its marble face,

Pars hominum gestit <sup>c</sup> conducere, *publica* : sunt qui

<sup>d</sup> Crustis et *pomis* viduas venientur avaras,

Excipiantque senes, quos in vivaria mittant:

<sup>e</sup> *Multis* occulto crescit res senore. <sup>f</sup> verum

Esto aliis alios rebus studiisque teneri :

Idem eadem possunt horam durare probantes ?

<sup>g</sup> Nullus in urbe finus *Baiis* præluget amœnis,

Si dixit *dives* ; <sup>h</sup> lacus et mare *sentit* amorem

Now let some whimsy, or that <sup>i</sup> Dev'l within  
Which guides all those who know not what they  
mean,

But give the Knight (or give his Lady) spleen;  
" Away, away! take all your scaffolds down, 146.

" For Snug's the word: My dear! we'll live in Town."

At am'rous Flavio is the <sup>k</sup> stocken thrown?  
That very night he longs to lie alone.

<sup>i</sup> The Fool, whose Wife elopes some thrice a quarter,  
For matrimonial solace dies a martyr, 151.

Did ever <sup>m</sup> Proteus, Merlin, any witch,  
Transform themselves so strangely as the Rich?  
Well, but the <sup>n</sup> Poor--The Poor have the same itch;  
They change their <sup>o</sup> weekly Barber, weekly News, 155.

Prefer a new Japanner, to their shoes,  
Discharge their Garrets, move their beds, and run  
(They know not whither) in a Chaise and one;  
They <sup>p</sup> hire their sculler, and when once aboard,  
Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a Lord. 160.

<sup>q</sup> You laugh, half Beau, half Sloven if I stand,  
My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;

*Festinantis heri: cui si <sup>i</sup> vitiosa libido  
Fecerit auspiciū; cras ferramenta Teanum  
Tolletis, fabri. <sup>k</sup> lectus genialis in aula est?  
Nil ait esse prius, melius nil coelibe vita  
<sup>i</sup> Si non est, jurat bene solis esse maritis.*

<sup>m</sup> Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?  
Quid <sup>n</sup> pauper? ride: mutat <sup>o</sup> coenacula, lectos,  
Balnea; <sup>p</sup> tonsores, conducto navigio aequē  
Nauseat, ac locuples quem ducit priva triremis.  
<sup>q</sup> Si curatus inaequali tonsore capillos

You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,  
 White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!  
 But when ' no Prelate's Lawn with hair-shirt lin'd,  
 Is half so incoherent as my Mind, 166  
 When (each opinion with the next at strife,  
 One ' ebb and flow of Follies' all my life)  
 I ' plant, root up; I build, and then confound;  
 Turn round to square, and square again to round;  
 " You never change one muscle of your face, 171  
 You think this Madness but a common case,  
 Nor w once to Chanc'ry, nor to Hale apply:  
 Yet hang your lip, to see a Seam awry!  
 Careless how ill I with myself agree, 175  
 Kind to my dress, my figure, not to Me.  
 Is this my x Guide, Philosopher and Friend?  
 This he, who loves me, and who ought to mend;  
 Who ought to make me (what he can, or none,)   
 That Man divine whom Wisdom calls her own; 180  
 Great without Title, without Fortune bless'd;  
 Rich y ev'n when plunder'd, z honour'd while op-  
 press'd;

Occurro; rides. si forte subueula pexae  
 Trita subest tunicae, vel si toga diffidet impar;  
 Rides. quid, ' mea cum pugnat sententia secum;  
 Quod petiit, spernit; repetit quod nuper omisit;  
 ' Aestuat, et vitae disconvenit ordine toto;  
 ' Diruit, aedificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?  
 " Insanire putas solennia me, neque rides,  
 Nec w medici credis, nec curatoris egere  
 A praetore dati; rerum x tutela mearum  
 Cum sis, et prave sectum stomacheris ob unguem,  
 De te pendentis, te respicientis amici.



Lov'd <sup>a</sup> without youth, and follow'd without power;  
 At home tho' exil'd; <sup>b</sup> free, tho' in the Tower;  
 In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal Thing, 185  
 Just <sup>c</sup> less than Jove, and <sup>d</sup> much above a King,  
 Nay, half in heav'n---<sup>e</sup> except (what's mighty odd)  
 A fit of Vapours clouds this Demy-God?

Ad summam, *sapiens* uno <sup>y</sup> minor est *Jove*, dives,  
<sup>z</sup> Liber, <sup>a</sup> honoratus, <sup>b</sup> pulcher, <sup>c</sup> rex denique regum;  
 Praecipue sanus, <sup>d</sup> nisi cum pituita molesta est.

THE  
Sixth Epistle of the First Book  
OF  
HORACE;

TO MR MURRAY.

“NOT to admire, is all the Art I know,  
“To make men happy, and to keep them so.”  
(Plain Truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flow’rs of  
speech,

So take it in the very words of Creech.)

<sup>b</sup> This Vault of Air, this congregated Ball, 5  
Self-center’d Sun, and Stars that rise and fall,  
There are, my Friend! whose philosophic eyes  
Look thro’, and trust the Ruler with his skies,  
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,  
And view <sup>c</sup> this dreadful All without a fear. 10

NIL *admirari*, prope res est una, Numici,  
Solaque quae possit facere et servare beatum.

<sup>b</sup> Hunc solem, et stellas, et decidentia certis  
Tempora momentis, sunt qui <sup>c</sup> formidine nulla.

Admire we then what <sup>d</sup> Earth's low entrails hold,  
Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold;

All the mad trade of <sup>e</sup> Fools and Slaves for Gold?

Or <sup>f</sup> Popularity? or Stars and Strings?

The Mob's applauses, or the gifts of Kings?

15

Say with what <sup>g</sup> eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,  
And pay the Great our homage of Amaze?

If weak the <sup>h</sup> pleasure that from these can spring,  
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:

Whether we dread, or whether we desire,

20

In either case, believe me, we admire;

Whether we <sup>i</sup> joy or grieve, the same the curse,

Surpriz'd at better, or surpriz'd at worse.

Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray

Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and snatch the Man away:

For <sup>k</sup> Virtue's self may too much zeal be had;

26

The worst of Madmen is a Saint run mad.

'Go then, and if you can, admire the state

Imbuti spectent. <sup>d</sup> quid censes, munera terrae?

Quid, maris extremos Arabas <sup>e</sup> ditantis et Indos?

Ludicra, quid, <sup>f</sup> plausus, et amici dona Quiritis?

Quo spectanda modo <sup>g</sup> quo sensu credis et ore?

<sup>h</sup> Qui timet his adversa, fere miratur eodem

Quo cupiens pacto: pavor est utrobique molestus:

Improvisa simul species exterret utrumque:

<sup>i</sup> Gaudeat, an doleat; cupiat, metuatne; quid ad rem,

Si quidquid videt melius pejusse sua spe,

Defixis oculis animoque et corpore torpet?

<sup>k</sup> Insani sapiens nomen ferat, aequus iniqui;

Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsum.

<sup>l</sup> I nunc, argentum et marmor <sup>m</sup> vetus aeraque et artes



Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;  
 Procure a TASTE to double the surprise, 30  
 And gaze on <sup>m</sup> Parian Charms with learned eyes:  
 Be struck with bright <sup>n</sup> Brocade, or Tyrian Dye,  
 Our Birth-day nobles' splendid Livery.  
 If not so pleas'd, at <sup>o</sup> Council-board rejoice,  
 To see their Judgments hang upon thy Voice; 35  
 From <sup>p</sup> morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,  
 Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.  
 But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?  
 For <sup>q</sup> Fame, for Riches, for a noble Wife?  
 Shall <sup>r</sup> One whom Nature, Learning, Birth conspir'd  
 To form, not to admire but be admir'd, 41  
 Sigh, while his Chloe blind to Wit and Worth  
 Weds the rich Dulness of some Son of earth?  
 Yet <sup>s</sup> Time ennobles, or degrades each Line;  
 It brighten'd CRAGGS's, and may darken thine: 45  
 And what is Fame? the Meanest have their day,  
 The Greatest can but blaze, and pass away.  
 Grac'd as thou art, <sup>t</sup> with all the Pow'r of Words,  
 So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords:

VOL. II.

C c

Suspice: cum gemmis <sup>n</sup> Tyrios mirare colores:  
 Gaude, quod spectant oculi te mille loquentem:  
 Gnavus <sup>p</sup> mane forum, et vespertinus pete tectum;  
<sup>q</sup> Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris  
 Mutus et (indignum; quod sit pejoribus ortus)  
<sup>r</sup> Hic tibi sit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi.  
<sup>s</sup> Quicquid sub terra est, in apricum proferet aetas;  
 Defodiet condetque nitentia. <sup>t</sup> cuni bene notum  
 Porticus Agrippae, et via te conspexerit Appi

Conspicuous Scene ! another yet is nigh,  
 (More silent far) where Kings and Poets lie ;  
 Where MURRAY (long enough his Country's pride)  
 Shall be no more than TULLY, or than HYDE !

    w Rack'd with Sciatics, martyr'd with the Stone,  
 Will any mortal let himself alone ? 55

See Ward by batter'd Beaus invited over,  
 And desp'rate Misery lays hold on Dover.

The case is easier in the Mind's disease :

There all Men may be cur'd, whene'er they please.

Would ye be x blest ; despise low Joys, low Gains ;

Disdain whatever CORNBURY disdains ; 61

Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

    y But art thou one, whom new opinions sway,

One who believes as Tindal leads the way,

Who Virtue and a Church alike disowns.

Thinks that but words, and this like brick and stones ?

Fly z then, on all the wings of wild desire,

Admire what're the madest can admire :

Is Wealth thy passion ? Hence ! from Pole to Pole,

Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll, 70

For Indian spices, for Peruvian Gold,

Prevent the greedy, and out-bid the bold :

*Ire tamen restat, Numa u quo devenit et Ancus.*

    w Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,

Quaere fugam morbi. x vis recte vivere ; quis non ?

Si virtus hoc una potest dare, fortis omissis

Hoc age *deliciis*

    y virtutem verba putes, et

Lucum ligna ; z cave ne portus occupet alter :

\* Advance thy golden Mountain to the skies;  
 On the broad base of fifty thousand rise,  
 Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair) 75  
 Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.  
 For, mark th' advantage; just so many score  
 Will gain a <sup>b</sup> Wife with half as many more,  
 Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,  
 And then such <sup>c</sup> Friends—as cannot fail to last. 80  
 A <sup>d</sup> Man of wealth is dubb'd a Man of worth,  
 Venus shall give him Form, and Anstis' Birth.  
 (Believe me, many a <sup>e</sup> German Prince is worse,  
 Who proud of Pedigree is poor of Purse)  
 His wealth brave <sup>f</sup> Timon gloriously confounds; 85  
 Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;  
 Or if three Ladies like a luckless Play,  
 Take the whole House upon the Poet's day.  
 § Now, in such exigencies not to need,  
 Upon my word, you must be rich indeed; 90

Ne Cibyratîca, ne Bithyna negotia perdas:  
 \*Mille talenta rotundentur, todidem altera, porro et  
 Tertia succedant, et quae pars quadret acervum,  
 Scilicet <sup>b</sup> uxorem cum dote, fidemque, et amicos.  
 Et genus et formam, regina <sup>d</sup> Pecunia donat;  
 Ac bene nummatum decorat Saudela, Venusque.  
 Mancipiis locuples, eget aeris <sup>e</sup> Capadocum rex.  
 Ne fueris hic tu. <sup>f</sup> chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt;  
 Si posset centum scenae praebere rogatus,  
 Qui possum tot? ait: tamen et quaeram, et quot  
 habebô

Mittam: post paulo scribit, sibi millia quinque  
 Esse domi chlamydum: partem, vel tolleret omnes.  
 § Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa *superfunt*,



A nobler superfluity it craves,  
 Not for yourself, but for your Fools and Knaves;  
 Something, which for your Honour they may cheat,  
 And which it much becomes you to forget.

<sup>h</sup> If Wealth alone then make and keep us blest, 95  
 Still, still be getting, never, never rest.

<sup>i</sup> But if to Pow'r and Place your passion lie,  
 If in the Pomp of Life consist the joy;  
 Then <sup>k</sup> hire a Slave, or (if you will) a Lord  
 To do the Honours, and to give the Word; 100  
 Tell at your Levee, as the Crouds approach,  
 To whom <sup>l</sup> to nod, whom take into your Coach,  
 Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,  
 Who <sup>m</sup> rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:  
 " This may be troublesome, is near the Chair: 105  
 " That makes three Members, this can chuse a  
 " May'r."

Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,  
 Adopt him <sup>n</sup> Son, or Cousin at the least,  
 Then turn about, and <sup>o</sup> laugh at your own Jest.

*Et dominum fallunt, et profunt furibus. <sup>h</sup> ergo,  
 Si res sola potest facere et servare beatum,  
 Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc postremus omittas.*

<sup>i</sup> Si fortunatum species et gratia praeſtat,  
<sup>k</sup> *Mercemur servum, qui dicet nomina, laevum  
 Qui fodicet latus, et <sup>l</sup> cogat trans pondera dextram  
 Porrigere: <sup>m</sup> Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille *Velina*:  
 Cui libet, is fasces dabit; eripietque curule,  
 Cui volet, *importunus* ebur: <sup>n</sup> Frater, Pater, adde:  
 Ut cuique est aetas, ita, quemque <sup>o</sup> *facetus* adopta.*

Or if your life be one continued Treat, 110  
 If *P* to live well means nothing but to eat ;  
 Up, up ! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,  
 Go drive the Deer, and drag the finny-prey ;  
 With hounds and horns go hunt an Appetite—  
 So *q* Ruffel did, but could not eat at night, 115  
 Call'd happy Dog! the Beggar at his door,  
 And envy'd Thirst and Hunger to the Poor.

Or shall we *r* ev'ry Decency confound,  
 Thro' Taverns, Stews, and Bagnio's take our round,  
 Go dine with Chartres, in each Vice out-do 120  
*s* K—l's lewd Cargo, or Ty—y's Crew,  
 From Latian Syrens, French Circæan Feasts,  
 Return well travell'd, and transform'd to Beasts,  
 Or for a titled Punk, or foreign Flame, 124  
 Renounce our *t* Country, and degrade our Name?

If, after all, we must with Wilmot own,  
 The Cordial Drop of Life is Love alone,  
 And SWIFT cry wisely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"  
 The Man that loves and laughs, must sure do well.

Si *P* bene qui coenat, bene vivit; lucet: eamus  
 Quo ducit gula: piscemur, venemur, ut *q* olim  
 Gargilius: qui mane plagas, vanebula, servos,  
 Differtum transire forum populumque jubebat,  
 Unus ut e multis populo spectante referret.  
 Entum mulus aprum. *r* crudi, tumidique lavemur,  
 Quid deceat, quid non, obliti; Caerite cera  
 Digni; *s* *remigium vitiosum* Ithacensis Ulyssæi;  
 Cui potior *t* patria fuit interdicta voluptas.

*u* Si, Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore jocisque

W Adieu—if this advice appear the worst,  
E'en take the Counsel which I gave you first:  
Or better Precepts if you can impart,  
Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

Nil est jucundum ; vivas in amore jocisque.

W Vive vale. si quid novisti rectius istis,  
Candidus imperti ; si non, his utere mecum.



T H E  
First Epistle of the Second Book  
O F  
H O R A C E.

Advertisement.

**T**H E Reflections of *Horace*, and the Judgments past in his Epistle to *Augustus*, seem'd so seasonable to the present Times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own Country. The Author thought them considerable enough to address them to his Prince; whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a Monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the Encrease of an *absolute Empire*. But to make the Poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the Happiness of a *Free People*, and are more consistent with the Welfare of our *Neighbours*.

The Epistle will shew the learned World to have fallen into Two mistakes: one, that *Augustus* was a *Patron of Poets in general*; whereas he not only prohibited all but the Best Writers to name him, but recommended that Care even to the Civil Magistrate; *Admonebat Praetores, ne paterentur Nomen suum obsolescere*, &c. The other, that this Piece was

## ADVERTISEMENT.

only a *general Discourse of Poetry*; whereas it was an *Apology of the Poets*, in order to render *Augustus* more their Patron. *Horace* here pleads the Cause of his Cotemporaries, first against the Taste of the *Town*, whose humour it was to magnify the Authors of the preceeding Age; secondly, against the *Court* and *Nobility*, who encouraged only the Writers for the Theatre; and lastly against the *Emperor* himself, who had conceived them of little Use to the Government. He shews (by a View of the Progress of Learning, and the Change of Taste among the Romans) that the Introduction of the Polite Arts of *Greece* had given the Writers of his Time great advantages over their Predecessors; that their *Morals* were much improved, and the licence of those ancient Poets restrained: that *Satire* and *Comedy* were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagance were left on the Stage were owing to the *Ill Taste* of the *Nobility*; that Poets, under due Regulations, were in many respects useful to the *State*; and concludes, that it was upon them the *Emperor* himself must depend for his Fame with Posterity.

We may farther learn from this Epistle, that *Horace* made his Court to this Great Prince by writing with a decent Freedom toward him, with a just Contempt of his low Flatterers, and with a manly Regard to his own Character.

## E P I S T L E I.

## TO AUGUSTUS.

**W**Hile you, great Patron of Mankind! <sup>a</sup> sustain  
 The balanc'd World, and open all the Main;  
 Your Country, chief in Arms, abroad defend,  
 At Home, with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend;  
 How shall the Muse, from such a Monarch, steal 5  
 An hour, and not defraud the Public Weal?  
<sup>c</sup> Edward and Henry, now the Boast of Fame,  
 And virtuous Alfred, a more <sup>d</sup> sacred Name,  
 After a Life of gen'rous toils endur'd,  
 The Gaul subdu'd, or Property secur'd, 10  
 Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,  
 Or Laws establish'd, and the world reform'd;

VOL. II.

D d

Cum tot <sup>a</sup> sustineas et tanta negotia solus,  
 Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,  
 Legibus emendes; in <sup>b</sup> publica commoda peccem,  
 Si longa sermone morer tua tempora, Caesar.  
<sup>c</sup> Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux,  
 Post ingentia facta, <sup>d</sup> Deorum in templa recepti,



e Clos'd their long Glories with a sigh, to find  
 Th'unwilling Gratitude of base mankind!  
 All human Virtue, to its latest breath, 15  
 f Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death.  
 The great Alcides, ev'ry Labour past,  
 Had still this Monster to subdue at last.  
 g Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray  
 Each star of meaner merit fades away! 20  
 Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat,  
 Those Suns of Glory please not till they set.  
 To thee, the World its present homage pays,  
 The Harvest early, <sup>h</sup> but mature the praise:  
 Great friend of LIBERTY! in *Kings* a Name 25  
 Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame\*:  
 Whose Word is Truth, as sacred and rever'd,  
 As Heaven's own Oracles from Altars heard.  
 Wonder of King! like whom, to mortal eyes  
 k None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise. 30

Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella  
 Componunt, agros assignant, oppida condunt;  
 e Ploravere suis non respondere favorem  
 Speratum meritis. diram qui contudit Hydram,  
 Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,  
 Comperit f invidiam supremo fine domari.  
 g Urit enim fulgore suo, qui praegravat artes  
 Infra se positas: extinctus amabitor idem.  
 h Præsenti tibi *maturos* largimur honores,  
 i Jurandasque tuum per numen ponimus aras,  
 k *Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.*  
 Sed tuus hoc populus sapiens et justus in uno.  
 \* *Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis anteferendo,*

Just in one instance, be yet confess  
 Your People, Sir, are partial in the rest:  
 Foes to all living worth except your own,  
 And Advocates for folly dead and gone.  
 Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old; 35  
 It is the rust we value, not the gold.

<sup>l</sup> Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,  
 And beastly Skelton Heads of houses quote:  
 One likes no language but the Fairy Queen;  
 A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green: 40  
 And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,  
<sup>m</sup> He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.

Tho' justly <sup>n</sup> Greece her eldest sons admires,  
 Why should not We be wiser than our fires?

Caetera nequaquam simili ratione modoque  
 Aestimant; et, nisi quae terris semota suisque  
 Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit et odit:  
<sup>l</sup> Sic fautor *veterum*, ut tabulas peccare vetantes  
 Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt, foedera regum,  
 Vel Gabiis vel cum ridigis aequata Sabinis,  
 Pontificum libros, annosa volumina Vatum,  
<sup>m</sup> Dictitet Albano Musas in monte locutas.

Si, quia <sup>n</sup> Graecarum sunt antiquissima quaeque  
 Scripta vel optima, Romani pensantur eadem  
 Scriptores trutina: non est quod multa loquamur:

VER. 38. *And beastly Skelton, &c.*] Skelton, Poet Laureat to Henry VIII. a volume of whose verses has been lately reprinted, consisting almost wholly of ribaldry, obscenity, and scurrilous language.

VER. 40. *Christ's Kirk o'the Green;*] A Ballad made by a King of Scotland.

VER. 42. *met him at the Devil*] The Devil Tavern, where Ben Johnson held his Poetical Club.

In ev'ry Public Virtue we excell: 45

We build, we paint,° we sing we dance as well,

And p learned Athens to our Art must stoop,

Could she behold us tumbling thro' a hoop.

If q Time improve our Wits as well as Wine,

Say at what age a Poet grows divine? 50

Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,

Who dy'd, perhaps an hundred years ago?

End all dispute; and fix the year precise?

When British bards begin t' immortalize?

“ Who lasts a r century can have no flaw, 55

“ I hold that Wit a Classic, good in law.

Suppose he wants a year, will you compound!

And shall we deem him s Ancient, right and sound,

Or damn to all eternity at once,

At ninety nine, a Modern and a Dunce? 60

“ We shall not quarrel for a year or two;

“ By t courtesy of England, he may do.

Nil intra est oleam, nil extra est in nuce duri.

Venimus ad summum fortunae: pingimus, atque

° Psallimus, et p luctamur Achivis doctius unctis.

Si q meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;

Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus.

Scriptor ab hinc annos centum qui decidit, inter

Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter

Viles atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.

Est vetus atque probus, r centum qui perficit annos.

Quid? qui deperiit minor uno mense vel anno,

Inter quos referendus erit? s veteresne poetas,

An quos et praesens et postera respuat aetas?

Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur t honeste,

Qui vel mense brevi, vel toto est junior anno.



Then by the rule that made the <sup>u</sup> Horse-tail bare,  
 I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,  
 And melt <sup>w</sup> down Ancients like a heap of snow: 65  
 While you, to measure merits, look in <sup>x</sup> Stowe,  
 And estimating authors by the year,  
 Bestow a Garland only on a <sup>y</sup> Bier.

<sup>z</sup> Shakespear (whom you and ev'ry Play-house bill  
 Style the divine, the matchless, what you will) 70  
 For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,  
 And grew immortal in his own despight.  
 Ben, old, and poor, as little seem'd to heed  
<sup>a</sup> The life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.  
 Who now reads <sup>b</sup> Cowley? if he pleases yet, 75  
 His Moral pleases, not his pointed wit;  
 Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric Art,  
 But still <sup>c</sup> I love the language of his heart.

Utor permissio, caudaeque pilos ut <sup>u</sup> equinae.  
 Paulatim vello; et demo unum, demo et item unum;  
 Dum cadat elusus ratione <sup>w</sup> ruentis acervi,  
 Qui redit in <sup>x</sup> fastos, et virtutem aestimat annis,  
 Miraturque nihil, nisi quod <sup>y</sup> Libitina sacrauit.

<sup>z</sup> Ennius et sapiens, et fortis, et alter Homerus,  
 Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur  
 Quo <sup>a</sup> promissa cadant, et somnia Pythagorea.  
<sup>b</sup> Nævius in manibus non est: at <sup>c</sup> mentibus hæret  
 Pene recens: <sup>d</sup> adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema.

VER. 69. *Shakespear,*] Shakespear and Ben Johnson may truly be said not much to have thought of this Immortality; the one in many pieces composed in haste for the Stage; the other in his later works in general which *Dryden* called his *Dotages*.

VER. 77. *Pindarick Art,*] Which has much more merit than his Epic, but very unlike the Character, as well as Numbers, of Pindar.

" Yet surely, <sup>d</sup> surely, these were famous men!  
 " What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben? 80  
 " In all <sup>e</sup> debates where Critics bear a part.  
 " Not one but nods, and talks of Johnson's Art,  
 " Of Shakespear's Nature and of Cowley's Wit:  
 " How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher  
     " writ;  
 " How Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow; 85  
 " But for the Passions, Southern sure and Rowe.  
 " These, <sup>f</sup> only these, support the crouded stage,  
 " From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age.  
     All this may be; <sup>g</sup> the People's Voice is odd,  
 It is, and it is not, the voice of God. 90

Ambigitur <sup>e</sup> quoties, uter utro sit prior; aufert  
 Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti:  
 Dicitur Afrani toga convenisse Menandro;  
 Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi,  
 Vincere Caecilius gravitate, Terentius arte:  
 Hos ediscit, et hos arcto stipato theatro  
 Spectat Roma potens; <sup>f</sup> habet hos numeratque poetas  
 Ad nostrum tempus, Livî scriptoris ab aevo.  
<sup>g</sup> Interdum vulgus rectum videt: est ubi peccat.

VER. 85. *Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow.*] Nothing was less true than this particular: but the whole paragraph has a mixture of Irony, and must not altogether be taken for Horace's own Judgment; only the common Chat of the pretenders to Criticism, in some things right, in others, wrong, as he tells us in his answer.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt: est ubi peccat.

To <sup>b</sup> Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,  
 And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,  
 Or say our Fathers never broke a rule;  
 Why then, I say, the Public is a fool.  
 But let them own, that greater Faults than we 95  
 They had, and greater Virtues, I'll agree.  
 Spenser himself affects the <sup>l</sup> Obsolete,  
 And Sydney's verse halts ill on <sup>k</sup> Roman feet:  
 Milton's strong pinion now not Heav'n can bound,  
 Now Serpent-like, in <sup>l</sup> prose he sweeps the ground,  
 In Quibbles, Angel and Archangel join, 101  
 And God the Father turns a school-divine.  
<sup>m</sup> Not that I'd lop the Beauties from his book,  
 Like <sup>n</sup> flashing Bentley with his desp'rate hook,  
 Or damn all Shakespear, like th'affected Fool 105  
 At Court, who hates whate'er he <sup>o</sup> read at school.

But for the Wits of either Charles's days,  
 The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Ease;

Si <sup>h</sup> veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,  
 Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet; errat;  
 Si quaedam nimis <sup>i</sup> antique, si pleraque <sup>k</sup> dure  
 Dicere cedit eos, <sup>l</sup> ignave multa fatetur;  
 Et sapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat aequo.  
<sup>m</sup> Non equidem infector, *delendaque carmina Livi*  
 Esse reor, memini quae <sup>n</sup> plagosum <sup>o</sup> mihi parvo  
*Orbilium* dictare;

sed emendata videri

Pulchraque, et exactis minimum distantia, miror :

VER. 91. *Gammer Gurton.*] A piece of very low humour, one of the first printed Plays in English, and therefore much valued by Antiquaries.



Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,  
 (Likè twinkling stars the Miscellanies o'er) 110  
 One Simile, that <sup>p</sup> solitary shines  
 In the dry desert of a thousand lines,  
 Or <sup>q</sup> lengthen'd Thought that gleams thro' many  
     a page,  
 Has sanctify'd whole poems for an age.

<sup>r</sup> I lose my patience, and I own it too, 115  
 When works are censur'd, not as bad but new-;  
 While if our Elders break all reason's laws,  
 These fools demand not pardon, but applause  
     <sup>s</sup> On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,  
 If I but ask, if any weed can grow? 120  
 One tragic sentence if I dare deride,  
 Which Betterton's grave action dignify'd,  
 Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims.  
 (Tho' but, perhaps, a muster-roll of Names)

Inter quae <sup>p</sup> *verbum* emicuit si forte decorum,  
 Si <sup>q</sup> *versus* paulo concinnior unus et alter;  
 Injuste *totum* ducit venitque poema.

<sup>r</sup> Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse  
 Compositum, illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper;  
 Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem et praemia posci.

<sup>s</sup> Recte necne *crocum floresque* perambulat *Attæ*  
*Fabula*, si dubitem; clamant periisse pudorem  
 Cuncti pene *patres*: ea cum reprehendere coner,

VER. 119. *On Avon's bank,*] At Stratford in Warwickshire,  
 where Shakespear had his birth.

VER. 124. *A muster-roll of Names,*] An absurd custom of  
 several Actors, to pronounce with emphasis the mere *Proper*  
*Names* of Greeks or Romans, which (as they call it) *fill the*  
*mouth* of the Player.

How will our Fathers rise up in a rage, 125

And swear all, shame is lost in George's Age !

You'd think " no Fools disgrac'd the former reign,

Did not some grave Examples yet remain,

Who scorn a Lad should teach his father skill,

And, having once been wrong, will be so still. 130

He, who to seem more deep than you or I,

Extols old Bards, " or Merlin's Prophecy,

Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,

And to debase the Sons, exalts the Sires.

\* Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow 135

What then was new, what had been ancient now ?

Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read

By learned Critics, of the mighty Dead ?

† In Days of Ease, when now the weary Sword  
Was sheath'd, and *Luxury* with *Charles* restor'd; 140

In ev'ry taste of foreign Courts improv'd,

" All, by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd."

VOL. II.

E e

Quae <sup>†</sup> *gravis Aesopus*, quae doctus *Roscius* egit.

Vel quia nil " rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt :

Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et quae

Imberbi didicere; senes perdenda fateri.

Jam " *Saliare Numae carmen* qui laudat, et illud,

Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri ;

Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,

Nostra sed impugnat, nos nostraque lividus odit.

\* Quod si tam Graecis *novitas* invisa fuisset,  
Quam nobis; quid nunc esset vetus! aut quid haberet,

Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus usus ?

† Ut primum positis nugari Graecia bellis

VER. 142. A verse of the Lord Lansdown.

Then Peers grew proud in <sup>a</sup> Horſmanſhip t'excell,  
 Newmarket's Glory roſe as Britain's fell;  
 The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France, 145  
 And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.  
 Then <sup>a</sup> Marble, ſofter'd into life, grew warm,  
 And yielding Metal flow'd to human form.  
 Lely on <sup>b</sup> animated Canvas ſtole  
 The ſleepy Eye, that ſpoke the melting ſoul. 150  
 No wonder then, when all was Love and ſport  
 The willing Muſes were debauch'd at Court;  
 On <sup>c</sup> each enervate ſtring they taught the note  
 To pant or tremble thro' a Eunuch's throat.  
 But <sup>d</sup> Britain, changeſul as a child at play, 155  
 Now calls in Princes, and now turns away.  
 Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;  
 Now all for Pleaſure, now for Church and State:

Cocpit, et in *vitium* fortuna labier aequa;  
 Nunc athletarum ſtudiis, nunc arſit <sup>a</sup> *equorum*  
<sup>a</sup> Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut aeris amavit;  
 Suspendit <sup>b</sup> *pieta* vultum mentemque tabella:  
 Nunc <sup>c</sup> *tibicinibus*, nunc eſt gaviſa tragoedis:  
<sup>d</sup> Sub nutrice puella velut ſi luderet infans,  
 Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.  
 Quid placet, aut odio eſt, quod non mutabile credas?  
 Hoc paces habuere bonae, ventique ſecundi.

VER. 143. In *Horſemanſhip* t'excell,] — And ev'ry flow'ry  
 Courtier writ Romance.] The Duke of Newcaſtle's Book of  
 Horſemanſhip: the Romance of *Partheniſſa*, by the Earl of  
 Orrery, and moſt of the French Romances tranſlated by per-  
 ſons of Quality.

VER. 153. On each enervate ſtring, etc.] The Siege of Rhodes  
 by Sir William Davenant, the firſt Opera ſung in England.



Now for Prerogative, and now for laws;  
Effects unhappy from a noble Cause. 160

• Time was, a sober Englishman would knock  
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,  
Instruct his Family in ev'ry rule,  
And send his Wife to church, his Son to School.  
To <sup>f</sup> worship like his Fathers, was his care; 165  
To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir;  
To prove, that Luxury could never hold;  
And place, on good & Security, his Gold.  
Now times are chang'd, and one Poetic Itch  
Has seiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich: 170  
Sons, Sires, and Grandfires, all will wear the bays,  
Our Wives read Milton, and our Daughters Plays,  
To theatres, and to Rehearsals throng,  
And all our Grace at table is a Song.  
I, who so oft renounce the Muses, <sup>i</sup> lye, 175  
Not—'s self e'er tells more *Fibbs* than I;  
When sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,  
And promise our best Friends to rhyme no more;  
We wake next morning in a raging fit,  
And call for pen and ink to shew our Wit. 180

• Romæ dulce diu fuit et solemne, reclusa  
Mane domo vigilare; <sup>i</sup> clienti promere jura;  
Scriptos <sup>f</sup> nominibus rectis expendere nummos;  
& *Majores* audire, *minori* dicere, per quae  
Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.  
Mutavit mentem populus levis, <sup>h</sup> et calet uno  
*Scribendi* studio: puerique patresque severi  
Fronde comas vineti cœnant, et carmina dictant.  
Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus,

\* He serv'd a 'Prenticeship, who sets up shop ;  
 Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop ;  
 Ev'n <sup>l</sup> Radcliff's Doctors travel first to France,  
 Nor dare to practise till they've learned to dance.  
 Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile? 185  
 (Should Ripely venture, all the world would smile)  
 But <sup>m</sup> those who cannot write, and those who can,  
 All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble to a man.

Yet, Sir, <sup>n</sup> reflect, the mischief is not great;  
 These Madmen never hurt the Church or State: 190  
 Sometimes the Folly benefits mankind ;  
 And rarely <sup>o</sup> Av'rice taints the tuneful mind.  
 Allow him but his <sup>p</sup> plaything of a Pen,  
 He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men :  
<sup>q</sup> Flight of Cashiers, or Mobs, he'll never mind ; 195  
 And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.

Invenior <sup>l</sup> Parthis *mendacior* ; et prius orto  
 Sole vigil, calamum et chartas et scrinia posco.  
 \* Navem agere *ignarus* navis timet : abrotonum ægro  
 Non audet, nisi qui *didicit*, dare : quod *medicorum* est,  
 Promittunt <sup>l</sup> medici : tractant fabrilis fabri :  
<sup>m</sup> Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.  
<sup>n</sup> Hic error tamen et levis haec insania, quantas  
 Virtutes habeat, sic collige : vatis <sup>o</sup> *avarus*  
 Non temere est animus : <sup>p</sup> versus amat, hoc studet  
 unum ;  
 Detrimenta, <sup>q</sup> *fugus* servorum, *incendia* videt ;

VER. 182. *Ward*] A famous Empiric, whose Pill and Drop had several surprising Effects, and were one of the principal subjects of writing and conversation at this time.

To cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter ;  
 The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,  
 Enjoys his Garden and his book in quiet ;  
 And then—a perfect Hermit in his diet. 200

Of little use the Man you may suppose,  
 Who says in verse what others say in prose ;  
 Yet let me show, a Poet's of some weight,  
 And (tho' no Soldier) useful to the State.

What will a Child learn sooner than a song ? 205  
 What better teach a Foreigner the tongue ?  
 What's long or short, each accent where to place,  
 And speak in publick with some sort of grace.  
 I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,  
 Unless he praise some Monster of a King ; 210  
 Or Virtue, or Religion turn to sport,  
 To please a lewd, or unbelieving Court.

Non fraudem socio, puerove incogitat ullam  
 Pupillo ; vivit filiquis, et pane secundo ;  
 Militiæ quanquam piger et malus utilis urbi ;  
 Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari ;  
 Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat :

VER. 204. *And (tho' no Soldier)*] Horace had not acquitted himself much to his credit in this capacity (*non bene relicta par-mula*) in the battle of Philippi. It is manifest he alludes to himself, in this whole account of a Poet's character ; but with an intermixture of irony : *Vivit filiquis et pane secundo*, has a relation to his Epicurism ; *Os tenerum pueri*, is ridicule : The nobler office of a Poet follows : *Torquet ab obscœnis—Mox etiam pectus—Recte facta refert*, &c. which the Imitator has apply'd where he thinks it more due than to himself. He hopes to be pardoned, if, as he is sincerely inclined to praise what deserves to be praised, he arraigns what deserves to be arraigned, in the 210, 211, and 212th Verses.



Unhappy Dryden! — In all Charles's days,  
 Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;  
 And in our own (excuse some Courtly stains) 215  
 No whiter page than Addison remains.  
 He, \* from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,  
 And sets the Passions on the side of Truth,  
 Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,  
 And pours each human Virtue in the heart. 220  
 Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her cause,  
 Her Trade supported, and supplied her Laws:  
 And leave on SWIFT this grateful verse ingrav'd,  
 "The Rights a Court attack'd, a Poet sav'd."  
 Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure, 225  
 Stretch'd to \* relieve the Idiot and the Poor,  
 Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn,  
 And † stretch the Ray to ages yet unborn.  
 Not but there are, who merit other palms;  
 Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with Psalms:

Torquet \* ab obscœnis jam nunc sermonibus aurem;  
 Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,  
 Asperitatis, et invidiæ corrector, et iræ;  
 Recte facta refert; † orientia tempora notis  
 Instruit exemplis; ‡ inopem solatur et ægrum.

VER. 226. *the Idiot and the Poor.*] A foundation for the maintenance of Idiots, and a Fund for assisting the Poor, by lending small sums of money on demand.

VER. 230. *Sternhold.*] One of the versifiers of the old singing psalms. He was a Courtier, and Groom of the Robes to Hen. VIII. and of the Bedchamber to Edward VI. Fuller, in his *Church History*, says he was esteemed an excellent Poet.

The <sup>z</sup> Boys and Girls whom charity maintains, 231  
 Implore your help in these pathetic strains :  
 How could Devotion <sup>b</sup> touch the country pews,  
 Unless the Gods bestow'd a proper Muse; 234  
 Verse cheers their leisure, Verse assists their work,  
 Verse prays for Peace, or sings down <sup>c</sup> Pope and Turk.  
 The silenc'd Preacher yields to potent strain,  
 And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain ;  
 The blessing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,  
 And <sup>d</sup> Heav'n is won by Violence of Song. 240

Our <sup>e</sup> rural Ancestors, with little blest,  
 Patient of labour when the end was rest,  
 Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,  
 With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain :  
 The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,  
 Ease of their toil, and part'ners of their care: 246  
 The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,  
 Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul :

Castis cum <sup>z</sup> pueris ignara puella mariti  
 Disceret unde <sup>b</sup> *preces*, vatem ni Musa dedisset ?  
 Poscit opem chorus, et *praesentia numina* sentit;  
 Coelestes implorat aquas, docta prece blandus ;  
 Avertit morbos, <sup>c</sup> *metuenda pericula* pellit;  
 Impetrat et *pacem*, et locupletem frugibus annum.  
<sup>d</sup> Carmine Dî superi placantur, carmine Manes.

<sup>e</sup> Agricolae prisca, fortes, parvaeque beati,  
 Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo  
 Corpus et ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,  
 Cum sociis operum pueris et conjuge fida,  
 Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,  
 Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis aevi.  
 Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem

With growing years the pleasing Licence grew,  
And <sup>f</sup> Taunts alternate innocently flew. 250

But Times corrupt, and <sup>z</sup> Nature, ill-inclin'd,  
Produc'd the point that left a sting behind;  
Till friend with friend and families at strife,  
Triumphant Malice rag'd thro' private life.  
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,  
Appeal'd to Law, and Justice lent her arm. 256

At length, by wholsome <sup>h</sup> dread of statutes bound,  
The Poets learn'd to please and not to wound:  
Most warp'd to <sup>i</sup> Flatt'ry's side; but some, more nice,  
Preserv'd the freedom and forbore the vice. 260

Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,  
And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.

\* We conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's  
charms;

Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms;  
Britain to soft refinements less a foe, 265  
Wit grew polite, and <sup>i</sup> Numbers learn'd to flow.

<sup>f</sup> Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit;  
Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos.  
Lusit amabiliter: <sup>z</sup> donec jam laevus apertam  
In rabiem coepit verti jocus et per honestas  
Ire domos impune minax. doluere cruento  
Dente lacessiti: fuit intactis quoque cura  
Conditione super communi: <sup>h</sup> quin etiam lex  
Poenaeque lata, malo quae nollet carmine quemquam  
Describi. vetere modum, formidine fustis  
Ad <sup>i</sup> bene dicendum, delectandumque redacti.

\* Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes  
Intulit agresti Latio. sic horridus ille  
Defluxit <sup>i</sup> numerus Saturnius, et grave virus



Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join  
 The varying verse, the full-resounding line,  
 The long majestic March and Energy divine.  
 Tho' still some traces of our <sup>m</sup> rustic vein  
 And splay-foot verse remain'd, and will remain,  
 Late, very late, correctness grew our care,  
 When the tir'd Nation <sup>n</sup> breath'd from civil war.  
 Exact • Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,  
 Show'd us that France had something to admire. 275  
 Not but the <sup>p</sup> Tragic spirit was our own,  
 And full in Shakespear, fair in Otway shone:  
 But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,  
 And <sup>q</sup> fluent Shakespear scarce effac'd a line.  
 Ev'n copious Dryden wanted or forgot, 280  
 The last and greatest Art, the Art to blot.  
 Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire  
 The <sup>r</sup> humbler Muse of Comedy require.

VOL. II.

F f

*Munditiæ pepulere: sed in longum tamen ævum  
 Manserunt, hodieque manent, <sup>m</sup> vestigia ruris.  
 Serus enim Graecis admovit acumina chartis;  
 Et post <sup>n</sup> Punica bella quietus quaerere coepit.  
 Quid, <sup>o</sup> Sophocles et Thespis et Aeschylus utile ferrent:  
 Tentavit quoque rem, si digne vertere posset:  
 Et placuit sibi, natura sublimis et acer:  
 Nam <sup>p</sup> ispirat tragicum satis, et feliciter audet:  
 Sed <sup>q</sup> turpem putat inscite metuitque *lituram*.  
 Creditur, ex <sup>r</sup> medio quia res arcessit, habere*

VER. 267. *Waller was smooth;*] Mr Waller, about this time, with the Earl of Dorset, Mr Godolphin, and others, translated the Pompey of Corneille; and the more correct French Poets began to be in reputation.

But in known Images of life, I guess  
 The labour greater, as th' indulgence less \*. 285  
 Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed:  
 Tell me if † Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed?  
 What pert, low Dialogue has Farqu'ar writ!  
 How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!  
 The stage how ‡ loosely does Astrea tread, 290  
 Who fairly puts all Characters to bed!  
 And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,  
 To make poor Pinky § eat with vast applause!  
 But fill their ¶ purse, our Poet's work is done,  
 Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun. 295

O you! whom † Vanity's light bark conveys  
 On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,  
 With what a shifting gale your course you ply,  
 For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!  
 Who pants for glory finds but short repose, 300  
 A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.

Sudoris minimum; sed habet *Comædia* tanto  
 Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus. \* aspice, Plautus  
 Quo pacto † *partes tutetur* amantis ephēbi,  
 Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut insidiosi:  
 Quantus sit Dossennus ‡ *edacibus in parasitis*;  
 Quam § *non astricto* percurrat pulpita *focco*.  
 Gestit enim ¶ nummum in loculos demittere; post hoc  
 Securus, cadat an recto stet fabula talo.  
 Quem tulit ad scenam † ventoso gloria curru,  
 Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat:  
 Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum

VER. 290. *Astrea*,] A name taken by Mrs Behn, Authoress  
 of several obscene Plays, &c.

<sup>z</sup> Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play,  
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.

<sup>a</sup> There still remains, to mortify a Wit,  
The many headed Monster of the Pit: 305  
A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd croud;  
Who, <sup>b</sup> to disturb their betters mighty proud,  
Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,  
Call for the Farce, <sup>c</sup> the Bear, or the Black-joke,  
What dear delight to Britons Farce affords! 310  
Ever the taste of Mobs, but now <sup>d</sup> of Lords;  
(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies  
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)  
The play stands still; damn action and discourse,  
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot <sup>e</sup> and horse; 315  
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,  
Peers, Herald, Bishops, Ermin, Gold and Lawn:  
The Champion too! and, to complete the jest,  
Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breast.

Subruit, ac reficit: <sup>z</sup> valeat res ludicra, si me  
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.  
<sup>a</sup> Saepe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam  
Quod numero plures, virtute et honore minores  
Indocti, stolidique, et <sup>b</sup> depugnare parati  
Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt  
Aut <sup>c</sup> *ursum* aut *pugiles*: his nam plebecula gaudet.  
Verum <sup>d</sup> *equitis* quoque jam migravit ab *aure* voluptas  
Omnis, ad *incertos oculos*, et gaudia vana.  
Quatuor aut plures aulæa premuntur in horas;  
Dum fugiunt <sup>e</sup> *equitum* turmae, peditumque catervae:

VER. 319, *Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breast.*]  
The Coronation of Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boylen, in  
which the Playhouses vied with each other to represent all the



'With <sup>f</sup> laughter sure Democritus had dy'd, 320  
 Had he beheld an Audience gape so wide.  
 Let Bear or <sup>g</sup> Elephant be e'er so white,  
 The people, sure, the people are the sight!  
 Ah luckless <sup>h</sup> Poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,  
 That Bear or Elephant shall heed the more; 325  
 While all its <sup>i</sup> throats the gallery extends,  
 And all the Thunder of the Pit ascends!  
 Loud as the Wolves, on <sup>k</sup> Orcas' stormy steep,  
 Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.  
 Such is the shout, the long-applauding note, 330  
 At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's <sup>l</sup> petticoat;  
 Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestow'd,  
 Sinks the <sup>m</sup> lost Actor in the tawdry load.

Mox trahitur manibus *regum* fortuna retortis;  
 Effeda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves;  
 Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.  
<sup>f</sup> Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; seu  
 Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo,  
 Sive <sup>g</sup> *elephas albus* vulgi converteret ora.  
 Spectaret *populum* ludis attentius ipsis,  
 Ut sibi-praebentem mimo spectacula plura:  
 Scriptores autem <sup>h</sup> narrare putaret *asello*  
*Fabellam surda*. nam quae <sup>i</sup> pervincere voces  
 Evaluere sonum, referunt quem nostra theatra?  
<sup>k</sup> *Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuscum.*  
 Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes.  
<sup>l</sup> *Divitiaeque peregrinae: quibus <sup>m</sup> oblitus actor*

pomp of a Coronation. In this noble contention, the Armour of one of the Kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dress the Champion.

VER. 328. *Orcas' stormy steep.*] The farthest Northern Promontory of Scotland, opposite to the Orcades.

Booth enters—hark! the Universal peal!

“But has he spoken?” Not a syllable. 335

What shook the stage, and made the people stare?

“Cato’s long wig, flow’r’d gown, and lacquer’d chair.

Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,

Or praise malignly Arts I cannot reach,

Let me for once presume t’ instruct the times, 340

To know the Poet from the man of rhymes:

’Tis he, ° who gives my breast a thousand pains,

Can make me feel each Passion that he feigns;

Inrage, compose, with more than magic Art,

With Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart; 345

And snatch me, o’er the earth, or thro’ the air,

To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

¶ But not this part of the Poetic state

Alone, deserves the favour of the Great:

Think of those Authors, Sir, who would rely 350

More on a Reader’s sense, than Gazer’s eye.

Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?

Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?

*Com stetit in scena, concurrat dextera laevae.*

*Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil sane. Quid placet ergo?*

¶ *Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.*

*Ac ne forte putes me, quae ficere ipse recusem,*

*Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;*

*Ille per extentum tunem mihi posse videtur*

*Ire poeta; ° meum qui pectus inaniter angit,*

*Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,*

*Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.*

¶ *Verum age, et his, qui se lectori credere malunt.*

*Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi,*

'With <sup>f</sup> laughter sure Democritus had dy'd, 320  
 Had he beheld an Audience gape so wide.  
 Let Bear or <sup>g</sup> Elephant be e'er so white,  
 The people, sure, the people are the sight!  
 Ah luckless <sup>h</sup> Poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,  
 That Bear or Elephant shall heed the more; 325  
 While all its <sup>i</sup> throats the gallery extends,  
 And all the Thunder of the Pit ascends!  
 Loud as the Wolves, on <sup>k</sup> Orcas' stormy steep,  
 Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.  
 Such is the shout, the long-applauding note, 330  
 At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's <sup>l</sup> petticoat;  
 Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestow'd,  
 Sinks the <sup>m</sup> lost Actor in the tawdry load.

Mox trahitur manibus *regum* fortuna retortis;  
 Effeda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves;  
 Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.  
<sup>f</sup> Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; seu  
 Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo,  
 Sive <sup>g</sup> *elephas albus* vulgi converteret ora.  
 Spectaret *populum* ludis attentius ipsis,  
 Ut sibi praebentem mimo spectacula plura:  
 Scriptores autem <sup>h</sup> narrare putaret *afello*  
*Fabellam surda*. nam quae <sup>i</sup> pervincere voces  
 Evaluere sonum, referunt quem nostra theatra?  
<sup>k</sup> *Garganum* mugire putes *nemus*, aut *mare Tuscum*.  
 Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes.  
<sup>l</sup> *Divitiaeque peregrinae*: quibus <sup>m</sup> oblitus actor

pomp of a Coronation. In this noble contention, the Armour of one of the Kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dress the Champion.

[VER. 328. *Orcas' stormy steep*.] The farthest Northern Promontory of Scotland, opposite to the Orcades.



Booth enters—hark! the Universal peal!

“But has he spoken?” Not a syllable. 335

What shook the stage, and made the people stare?

“Cato’s long wig, flow’r’d gown, and lacquer’d chair—

Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,

Or praise malignly Arts I cannot reach,

Let me for once presume t’ instruct the times, 340

To know the Poet from the man of rhymes:

’Tis he, ° who gives my breast a thousand pains,

Can make me feel each Passion that he feigns;

Inrage, compose, with more than magic Art,

With Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart; 345

And snatch me, o’er the earth, or thro’ the air,

To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

¶ But not this part of the Poetic state

Alone, deserves the favour of the Great:

Think of those Authors, Sir, who would rely 350

More on a Reader’s sense, than Gazer’s eye.

Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?

Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?

*Cum stetit in scena, concurrat dextera laevae.*

*Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil sane. Quid placet ergo?*

“Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.

Ac ne forte putes me, quae ficere ipse reculem,

Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;

Ille per extantum tunem mihi posse videtur

Ire poeta; ° meum qui pectus inaniter angit,

Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,

Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.

¶ Verum age, et his, qui se lectori credere malunt.

Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi,

How shall we fill a Library with Wit,  
 When Merlin's Cave is half unfurnish'd yet? 355  
 My Liege! why Writers little claim your thought,  
 I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:  
 We Poets are (upon a Poet's word)  
 Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd:  
 The season, when to come, and when to go, 360  
 To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;  
 And if we will recite nine hours in ten,  
 You lose your patience, just like other men.  
 Then too, we hurt ourselves, when to defend  
 A single verse, we quarrel with a friend; 365  
 Repeat unask'd; lament, the Wit's too fine  
 For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.  
 But most, when straining with too weak a wing,  
 We needs will write Epistles to the King;

Curam impende brevem: si munus Appolline dignum  
 Vis *complere libris*; et vatibus addere calcar,  
 Ut studio majore petant Helicon virentem.

‡ Multa quidem nobis facimus mala saepe poetae,  
 (Ut vineta egomet caedam mea) cum tibi librum  
 † *Sollicito* damus, aut *fesso*: cum laedimur, † *unum*  
 Si quis *amicorum* est ausus reprehendere *versum*:  
 Cum loca jam † recitata revolvimus *irrevocati*:  
 Cum † lamentamur non *apparere* labores  
 Nostros, et *tenui* deducta poemata *filis*;

VER. 354. a Library] *Munus Appolline dignum*. The Palatine Library then building by Augustus.

VER. 355. Merlin's Cave] A Building in the Royal Gardens of Richmond, where is a small, but choice Collection of Books.

And <sup>x</sup> from the moment we oblige the town, 370  
 Expect a place, or pension from the Crown;  
 Or dubb'd Historians by express command,  
 T' enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land,  
 Be call'd to Court to plan some work divine,  
 As once for LOUIS, Boileau and Racine. 375

Yet <sup>y</sup> think, great Sir! (so many Virtues shown)  
 Ah think, what Poet best may make them known?  
 Or chuse at least some Minister of Grace,  
 Fit to bestow the <sup>z</sup> Laureat's weighty place.

<sup>a</sup> Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair, 380  
 Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;  
 And great <sup>b</sup> Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed  
 To fix him graceful on the bounding Steed;

Cum <sup>x</sup> speramus eo rem venturam, ut, simul atque  
*Carmina* rescietis nos fingere, commodus ultro  
*Arcessas*, et egere vetes, et scribere cogas.  
 Sed tamen est <sup>y</sup> operae pretium cognoscere, quales  
 Aedituos habeat belli spectata domique  
 Virtus, <sup>z</sup> indigno non committenda poetae.

<sup>a</sup> Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille  
 Choerilus, incultis qui versibus & male natis  
 Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.  
 Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt  
 Atramenta, fere scriptores carmine foedo  
 Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poema  
 Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,  
 Edicto vetuit, ne quis se praeter Appellem  
 Pingeret, aut alius Lysippo duceret aera  
 Fortis <sup>b</sup> *Alexandri vultum simulantia*. quod si  
 Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud



So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit:  
 But Kings in Wit may want discerning Spirit. 285  
 The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,  
 One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles;  
 Which made old Ben, and sully Dennis swear,  
 "No Lord's anointed, but a <sup>c</sup> Russian Bear."

Not with such <sup>d</sup> majesty, such bold relief, 390  
 The Forms august, of King, or conqu'ring Chief,  
 E'er swell'd on marble; as in verse have shin'd  
 (In polish'd verse) the Manners and the Mind.  
 Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing, 394  
 Your <sup>e</sup> Arms, your Actions, your Repose to sing!  
 What <sup>f</sup> seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!  
 Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought!  
 How <sup>g</sup> barb'rous rage subsided at your word,  
 And Nations wonder'd while they drop'd the sword!  
 How, when you nod'd, o'er the land and deep, 400  
<sup>h</sup> Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep;

Ad libros et ad hæc Musarum dona vocares;  
<sup>c</sup> Boeotum in crasso jurares aere natum.

[At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque  
 Munera, quæ multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,  
 Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variusque poetæ;]

Nec magis expressi <sup>d</sup> vultus per ahenea signa,  
 Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum  
 Clarorum apparent. nec sermones ego mallet  
 Repentes per humum, <sup>e</sup> quam res componere gestas,  
 Terrarumque <sup>f</sup> situs et flumina dicere, et arces  
 Montibus impositas, et <sup>g</sup> barbara regna, tuisque  
 Auspiciis totum <sup>h</sup> confecta duella per orbem,  
 Claustraque custodem pacis cohibentia Janum,

'Till earth's extremes your mediation own,  
 And <sup>i</sup> Asia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne—  
 But <sup>k</sup> Verse, alas! your Majesty disdains;  
 And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains: 405  
 The Zeal of <sup>l</sup> Fools offends at any time,  
 But most of all, the Zeal of Fools in rhyme;  
 Besides, a fate attends on all I write,  
 That when I aim at praise, they say <sup>m</sup> I bite.  
 A vile <sup>n</sup> Encomium doubly ridicules: 410  
 There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.  
 If true, a <sup>o</sup> woful likeness; and if lyes,  
 "Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise:"  
 Well may he <sup>p</sup> blush, who gives it, or receives;  
 And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves 415  
 (Like <sup>q</sup> Journals, Odes, and such forgotten things  
 As Eusden, Philip, Settle, writ of Kings)

## VOL. II.

## G g

Et <sup>i</sup> formidatam *Parthis*, te principe, *Romam*:  
 Si quantum cuperem, possem quoque. sed neque par-  
 vum

<sup>k</sup> Carmen *majestas* recipit *tua*; nec meus audet  
 Rem tentare pudor, quem vires ferre recusent  
 Sedulitas autem <sup>l</sup> *stulte*, quem *diligit*, urget;  
 Praecipue cum se *numeris* commendat et arte.  
 Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud  
 Quod quis <sup>m</sup> *deridet*, quam quod *probat* et *veneratur*.  
 Nil moror <sup>n</sup> officium, quod me gravat: ac neque *ficto*  
 In <sup>o</sup> *pejus* vultu proponi cereus usquam,  
 Nec prave factis decorari versibus opto:  
 Ne <sup>p</sup> rubeam *pingui* donatus *munere*, et una  
 Cum <sup>q</sup> *scriptore* meo capsa porrectus aperta,

Cloath spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,  
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,  
Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.







*O Sacred Weapon, left for Truth's Defence*  
*Sole Dread of Holly, Vice and Insolence!*  
*To all but Heaven directed Hands denied*  
*The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide.*  
*Ep. 2. to the Satires*

T H E

## Second Epistle of the Second Book

O F

H O R A C E.

*Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur.* HOR.

**D**EAR Col'nel, COBHAM's and your country's  
Friend!

You love a Verse, take such as I can send.

A Frenchman comes, presents you with his Boy,

Bows and begins—"This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:

"Observe his shape how clean! his locks how curl'd!

"My only son, I'd have him see the world:

*Flore, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni.*

Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum

Tibure vel Gabiis, et tecum sic agat: "Hic et

"Candidus, et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos,

"Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo;

"Verna ministeriis ad nutus aptus heriles;

VER. 4. *This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:]* A Town in Beauce,  
where the French tongue is spoken in great purity.



" His French is pure; his Voice too—you shall hear.

" Sir, he's your slave, for twenty pound a year.

" Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,

" Your Barber, Cook, Upholst'rer, what you please:

" A perfect genius at an Op'ra-Song—

" To say too much, might do my honour wrong.

" Take him with all his virtues, on my word;

" His whole ambition was to serve a Lord:

" But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part? 15

" Tho' faith, I fear, 'twill break his Mother's heart.

" Once (and but once) I caught him in a lye,

" And then unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:

" The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,

" (Could you o'erlook but that) it is to steal. 20

If, after this, you took the graceless lad,  
 Could you complain, my Friend, he prov'd so bad?  
 Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,  
 I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit;

" Litterulis Græcis imbutus, indoneus arti

" Culibet: argilla quidvis imitaberis uda:

" Quin etiam canet indoctum, sed dulce bibenti.

" Multa fidem promissa levant, ubi plenius aequo

" Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, inerces.

" Res urget me nulla: meo sum pauper in aere.

" Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi: non temere  
 a me

" Quivis ferret idem: semel hic cessavit, et (ut fit)

" In scalis latuit metuens pendentis habenae:

" Des nummos, excepta nihil te si fuga laedit.

VER. 24. *I think Sir Godfrey*] An eminent Justice of Peace,  
 who decided much in the manner of Sancho Pancha.----Sir  
 Godfrey Kneller.

Who sent the Thief that stole the Cash, away, 25  
And punish'd him that put it in his way.

Consider then, and judge me in this light ;  
I told you when I went, I could not write ;  
You said the same ; and are you discontent  
With laws to which you gave your own assent ? 30  
Nay worse, to ask for Verse at such a time !  
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme ?

In ANNA'S Wars, a Soldier poor and old  
Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold :  
Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckless night, 35  
He slept, poor dog ! and lost it, to a doit.  
This put the man in such a desp'rate mind,  
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd  
Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,  
He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a Castle-wall, 40  
Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all.  
"Prodigious well ;" his great Commander cry'd,  
Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.

Ille ferat pretium, poenae securus, opinor.  
Prudens emisti vitiosum : dicta tibi est lex.  
Insequeris tamen hunc, et lite moraris iniqua.

Dixi me pigrum proficiscenti tibi, dixi  
Talibus officiis prope mancum : ne mea saevus  
Jurgares ad te quod epistola nulla veniret.  
Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura  
Si tamen attentas ? quereris super hoc etiam, quod  
Expectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.

Luculli miles collecta viatica multis  
Aerumnis, lassus dum noctu stertit, ad assem  
Perdiderat : post hoc vehemens lupo, et sibi et hosti.

Next pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter;  
(Its name I know not, and it's no great matter) 45

"Go on my Friend (he cry'd) see yonder walls!

"Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!

"More honours, more rewards attend the brave."

Don't you remember what reply he gave?

"D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral such a Sot? 50

"Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."

† Bred up at home, full early I begun

To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.

Besides, my Father taught me from a lad,

The better art to know the good from bad : 55

(And little sure imported to remove,

To hunt for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove )

*Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,*

*Præsidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,*

*Summe munito, et multarum divite rerum.*

*Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honestis,*

*Accipit et bis dena super sestertia nummum.*

*Forte sub hoc tempus castellum evertere praetor*

*Nescio quod cupiens, hortari coepit eundem*

*Verbis, quae timido quoque possent addere mentem :*

*I, bone, quo virtus tua te vocat : i pede fausto,*

*Grandia laturus meritorum praemia : quid stas?*

*Post haec ille catus, quantumvis rusticus, "Ibit,*

*"Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit, inquit.*

† *Romae nutriri mihi contigit atque doceri,*

*Iratus Graiis quantum nocuisset Achilles,*

*Adjecere bonae paulo plus artis Athenae :*

*Scilicet ut possem curvo dignoscere rectum,*

*Atque inter silvas Academi quaerere verum.*

*Dura sed emovere loco me tempora grato ;*



But knottier points we knew not half so well,  
 Depriv'd us soon of our paternal Cell;  
 And certain laws by suff'ers thought unjust, 60  
 Deny'd all posts of profit or of trust:  
 Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd  
 While mighty WILLIAM's thund'ring arm prevail'd.  
 For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd,  
 He stuck to poverty with peace of mind; 65  
 And me, the Muses help'd to undergo it;  
 Conviçt a Papist he, and I a Poet.  
 But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,  
 Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,  
 Sure I should want the art of ten Monroes, 70  
 If I would scribble, rather than repose.

3 Years foll'wing years, steal something ev'ry day,  
 At last they steal us from ourselves away;  
 In one our Frolics, one Amusements end,  
 In one a Mistress drops, in one a Friend: 75  
 This subtle Thief of life, this paltry Time,  
 What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme?

*Civilisque rudem belli tulit aestus in arma,  
 Caesaris Augusti non responsura lacertis.  
 Unde simul primum me dimisere Philippi,  
 Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni  
 Et laris et fundi, paupertas impulit audax  
 Ut versus facerem: sed, quod non desit, habentem;  
 Quae poterunt unquam satis expurgare cicutas,  
 Ni melius dormire putem, quam scribere versus?*

3 Singula de nobis anni praedantur euntes;  
 Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum;

VER. 70. Monroes.] Dr Monroe, Physician to Bedlam Hospital.

If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd Mill,  
That turn'd ten thousand verses now stands still?

<sup>h</sup> But after all, what would you have me do? 80  
When out of twenty I can please not two;  
When this Heroics only deigns to praise,  
Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?  
One likes the Pheasant's wing, and one the leg;  
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg; 85  
Hard task! to hit the palate of such guests,  
When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf detests.

<sup>i</sup> But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,  
Again to rhyme; can London be the place?  
Who there his Muse, or self, or soul attends, 90  
In crouds and courts, law, business, feasts and friends!  
My counsel sends to execute a deed:  
A Poet begs me, I will hear him read:  
In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—  
At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomsb'ry square— 95

Tendunt extorquere poemata. quid faciam vis;

<sup>h</sup> Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.  
Carminē tu gaudes: hic delectatur iambis:  
Ille Bionēis sermonibus, et sale nigro,  
Tres mihi convivae prope dissentire videntur,  
Poscentes vario multum diverso palato.  
Quid dem, quid non dem? renuis quod tu, jubet alter:  
Quod petis, id fane est invisum acidumque duobus.

<sup>i</sup> Praeter caetera me Romaene poemata censes  
Scribere posse, inter tot curas totque labores?  
Hic sponsum vocat, hic auditum scripta, relictis  
Omnibus officiis; cubat hic in colle Quirini,  
Hic extremo in Aventino; visendus uterque.

Before the Lords at twelve my Cause comes on—  
 There's a Rehearſal, Sir, exact at one.—  
 “Oh but a Wit can ſtudy in the ſtreets,  
 “ And raiſe his mind above the mob he meets.”  
 Not quite ſo well however as one ought; 100  
 A hackney coach may chance to ſpoil a thought;  
 And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,  
 God knows, may hurt the very ableſt head.  
 Have you not ſeen at Guildhall's narrow paſs,  
 Two Aldermen diſpute it with an Aſs? 105  
 And Peers give way, exalted as they are,  
 Ev'n to their own S-r-v-nce in a Car?  
 “Go, lofty Poet! and in ſuch a crowd,  
 Sing thy ſonorous verſe—but not aloud.  
 Alas! to Grotto's and to Groves we run, 110  
 To eaſe and ſilence, ev'ry Muſe's ſon:  
 Blackmore himſelf, for any grand effort,  
 Would drink and doſe at Tooting or Earl's-Court.

VOL. II.

H h

Intervalla vides humanæ commoda. “Verum  
 “ Puræ ſunt plateæ, nihil ut meditantibus obſtet.”  
 Feſtinat calidus mulis geruliſque redemptor:  
 Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:  
 Triftia robuſtis luſtantur funera plauſtris:  
 Hac rabioſa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit ſus.  
 \* I nunc, et verſus *tecum* meditare canoros.  
 Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes,  
 Rite cliens Bacchi, ſomno gaudentis et umbra,  
 Tu me inter ſtrepitus nocturnos atque diurnos  
 Viſ canere, et contracta ſequi veſtigia vatum?

VER. 113. Tooting—Earl's-Court.] Two villages within a few miles of London.



How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar?

How match the bards whom none e'er match'd be-  
fore? 115

<sup>1</sup> The Man who stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,  
To books and study gives sey'n years compleat,  
See! strow'd with learned dust, his night-cap on,  
He walks, an object new beneath the sun! 119

The boys flock round him, and the people stare:  
So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear,  
Stept from its pedestal to take the air! }

And here, while town, and court, and city roars,  
With mobs, and duns, and soldiers at their doors;  
Shall I, in London, act this idle part? 125

Composing songs for fools to get by heart?

<sup>m</sup> The Temple late two brother Sergeants law,  
Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;  
With equal talents, these congenial souls 129

One tall'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls;  
Each had a gravity would make you split,  
And shook his head at Murray, as a Wit.

" 'Twas, Sir, your law" and " Sir, your eloquence."

" Yours, Cowper's manner--and yours, Talbot's sense,

<sup>1</sup> Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas desumpsit *Athenas*,  
Et studios annos *septem* dedit, insenuitque  
Libris et curis, *statua taciturnius exit*  
Plerumque, et risu populum quatit; hic ego rerum  
Fluctibus in mediis, et tempestatibus urbis,  
Verba lyrae motura sonum connectere digner?

<sup>m</sup> Frater erat Romae consulti rhetor; ut alter  
Alterius sermone meros audiret honores:  
Gracchus ut hic illi foret, huic ut Mucius ille.

" Thus we dispose of all poetic merit, 135  
 Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.  
 Call Tibbald Shakespear, and he'll swear the Nine,  
 Dear Cibber! never match'd one Ode of thine.  
 Lord! how we strut thro' Merlin's Cave to see  
 No Poets there, but Stephen, you and me. 140  
 Walk with respect behind, while we at ease  
 Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we please,  
 " My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,  
 " Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:  
 " Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains, 145  
 " And you shall rise up Otway for your pains."  
 Much do I suffer, much to keep in peace  
 This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;  
 And much must flatter, if the whim should bite  
 To court applause by printing what I write: 150

Qui minus argutos vexat furor iste poetas?

" Carmina compono, hic elegos; mirabile visu,  
 Cælatumque novem Musis opus. aspice primum,  
 Quanto cum fastu, quanto molimine circum-  
 —spectemus *vacuam Romanis vatibus aedem*.  
 Mox etiam (si forte vacas) sequere et *procul* audi,  
 Quid ferat, et quare sibi nectat uterque coronam,  
 Cædimur et totidem plagis consumimus hostem,  
 Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.  
 Discedo Alcaeus puncto illius; ille meo quis?  
 Quis, nisi Callimachus? si plus adpolcere visus,  
 Fit Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine crescit.  
 Multa fero, ut placem *genus irritabile vatum*,  
 Cum scribo, et supplex populi suffragia capto:  
 Idem, finitis studiis, et mente recepta,

But let the fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough,  
To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

° In vain, bad Rhymers all mankind reject,  
They treat themselves with most profound respect;  
'Tis to small purpose that you hold your Tongue, 155  
Each prais'd within, is happy all day long :  
But how severely with themselves proceed  
The men, who write such Verse as we can read?  
Their own strict Judges, not a word they spare,  
That wants, or force, or light, or weight, or care,  
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place, 161  
Nay tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace;  
Such they'll degrade; and sometimes in its stead,  
¶ In downright charity revive the dead!  
Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears, 165  
Bright thro' the rubbish of some hundred years;  
Command old words that long have slept, to wake,  
Words that wise Bacon, or brave Rauleigh spake ;

*Obturem patulas impune legentibus aures.*

° Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina: verum  
Gaudent scribentes, et se venerantur, et ultro,  
Si taceas, laudant; quidquid scripsere, beati.  
At qui *legitimum* cupiet fecisse poema,  
Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti:  
Audebit quaecunque parum splendoris habebunt,  
Et *sine pondere* erunt, et *honore indigna* ferentur,  
Verba movere loco; quamvis *invita* recedant,  
Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestae:  
¶ *Obscurata* diu populo bonus eruet, atque  
Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,  
Quae priscae memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,  
Nunc situs informis premit et deserta vetustas:  
Adsciset nova, quae genitor produxerit usus:



Or bid the new be English, ages hence,  
(For Use will father what's begot by Sense) 270

Pour the full tide of eloquence along,  
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,  
Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;  
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,  
But show no mercy to an empty line: 175

Then polish all with so much life and ease,  
You think 'tis Nature and a knack to please:

"But ease in writing flows from Art not Chance;

"As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.

¶ If such the plague and pains to write by rule, 180

Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool;

Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,

It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.

There liv'd *in primo Georgii* (they record)

A worthy member, no small fool, a Lord; 185

Who tho' the House was up, delighted fate,

Hear'd, noted, answer'd, as in full debate;

In all but this, a man of sober life,

Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wife;

Not quite a madman, tho' a pasty fell, 190

And much too wise to walk into a well.

*Vehemens et liquidus, puroque simillimus amni,*

*Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua:*

*Luxuriantia compescet: nimis aspera sano*

*Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet:*

*Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquetur, ut qui*

*Nunc Satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyclopa movetur*

¶ *Praetulerim scriptor delirus inersque videri,*

*Dum mea delectent mala me, vel denique fallant,*

*Quam sapere, et ringi. Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,*

Him, the damn'd Doctors and his Friends immur'd,  
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in short they  
cur'd;

Whereat the gentleman began to stare—  
My Friends! he cry'd, p-x take you for your care! 195  
That from a Patriot of distinguish'd note,  
Have bled and purg'd me to a simple Vote.

Well on the whole, plain prose must be my fate:  
Wisdom (curse on it) will come soon or late,  
There is a time when Poets will grow dull: 200  
I'll ev'n leave verses to the boys at school:

To rules of Poetry no more confin'd,  
I learn to smooth and harmonize my Mind,  
Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,  
And keep the equal measure of the 'Soul. 205

Soon as I enter at my country door,  
My mind resumes the thread it dropt before;

Qui se credebat miros audire tragoedos  
In vacuo laetus sessor plausorque *theatro*:  
Caetera qui vitae servaret munia recto  
More: bonus sane vicinus, *amabilis* hospes,  
*Comis* in uxorem; *posset* qui ignoscere servis,  
Et signo laeso *non insanire* lagenae:  
*Posset* qui rupem, et puteum vitare patentem.  
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque refectus,  
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,  
Et redit ad sese: Pol me occidistis, amici,  
Non servastis, ait; cui sit extorta voluptas,  
Et demtus per vim, mentis gratissimus error.

Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis,  
Et tempestivum *pueris* concedere ludum;  
Ac non verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,

Thoughts which at Hyde park-corner I forgot;  
Meet and rejoin me, in the pensive Grot.  
There all alone, and compliments apart 210  
I ask these sober questions of my heart.

‘ If, when the more you drink, the more you crave  
You tell the Doctor; when the more you have,  
The more you want, why not with equal ease  
Confess as well your Folly, as Disease? 215  
The heart resolves this matter in a trice,  
“ Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice.”

‘ When golden Angels cease to cure the Evil,  
You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil:  
When servile Chaplains cry, that birth and place 220  
Indue a Peer with honour, truth, and grace,  
Look in that breast, most dirty D---! be fair,  
Say, can you give out one such lodger there?  
Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,  
You go to church to hear these Flatt’ers preach. 225

Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,  
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,

*Sed verae numerosque modosque ediscere vitae.  
Quocirca mecum loquor haec, tacitusque recordor*

‘ Si tibi nulla sitim finiret copia lymphae,  
Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura parasti,  
Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes?

‘ Si vulnus tibi monstrata radice vel herba  
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herba  
Proficiente nihil curarier: audieras, cui  
Rem di donarint, illi decedere pravam

VER. 220. When servile Chaplains cry,] Dr K---



The wisest man might blush, I must agree,  
If D\*\*\* lov'd sixpence, more than he.

Or If there be truth in Law, and Use can give 230

A Property, that's yours, on which you live.

Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford

Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord :

All \* Worldly's hens, nay, partridge, sold to town,

His Ven'son too, a guinea makes your own : 235

He bought at thousands, what with better wit

You purchase as you want, and bit by bit ;

Now, or long since, what diff'rence will be found ?

You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.

Stultitiam ; et, cum sis nihilo sapientior, ex quo  
Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus isdem ?

At si divitiae prudentem reddere possent

Si cupidum timidumque minus te ; nempe ruberes,

Viveret in terris, te liquis avarior uno.

\* Si *proptium* est, quod quis libra mercatus, et acre  
est,

Quaedam (si credas *consultis*) mancipat *usus* :

Qui te pascit ager, tuus est ; et villicus Orbî,

Cum segetes occat tibi mox frumenta datures,

Te dominum sentit.

\* das nummos ; accipis uvam,

Pullos, ova, cadum temeti : nempe modo isto

Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortasse tricentis,

Aut etiam supra nummorum millibus emtum.

Quid refert, vivas *numerata nuper*, an *olim* ?

VER. 232. *delightful Abs-court,*] A farm over-against  
Hampton-Court.

Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men, 240  
 Lords of fat Esham, or of Lincoln fen,  
 Buy ev'ry slick of wood that lends them heat,  
 Buy ev'ry Pullet they afford to eat.  
 Yet these are Wights who fondly call their own  
 Half that the Dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln town. 245  
 The Laws of God, as well as of the land,  
 Abhor, a Perpetuity should stand:  
 Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r  
 2 Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,  
 Ready, by force, or of your own accord, 250  
 By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.

Man? and for ever? wretch! what wouldst thou have.  
 Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.  
 All vast possessions (just the same the case  
 Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chase)  
 Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail? 256  
 Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale

VOL. II.

I

Emtor Aricini quondam, Veientes et arvi,  
 Emtum coenat olus, quamvis aliter putat; emtis  
 Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.  
 Sed vocat usque suum, qua populus adlita certis  
 Limitibus vicina refigit jurgia: tanquam  
 2 Sit propriam quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horae,  
 Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc morte suprema  
 Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.  
 Sic, quia perpetuus nulli datur usus, et haeres  
 Haeredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam:  
 Quid vici prosunt, aut horrea!

Let rising Granaries and Temples here,  
 There mingled farms and pyramids appear,  
 Link towns to towns with avenues of oak, 260  
 Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!  
 Inexorable Death shall level all,  
 And trees, and stones, and farms and farmer fall.

<sup>a</sup> Gold, Silver, Iv'ry, Vases sculptur'd high,  
 Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Persian dye, 265  
 There are who have not--and thank heaven there are,  
 Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.

<sup>b</sup> Talk what you will of Taste, my friend, you'll  
 find,  
 Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.

Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one 270  
 Plows, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun:  
 The other flights, for women, sports, and wines,  
 All Townshend's turnips, and all Grovenor's mines:

*Saltibus adjecti Lucani; si metit Orcus*

*Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?*

<sup>a</sup> Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena sigilla, tabellas,  
 Argentum, vestes Gaetulo murice tinctas,  
 Sunt qui non habeant; est qui non curat habere.

<sup>b</sup> Cur alter fratrum cessare, et ludere, et ungi  
 Praeferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter  
 Dives et importunus, ad umbram lucis ab ortu  
 Silvestrem flammis et ferro mitiget agrum:  
 Scit *Genius* natale comes qui temperat astrum:  
 NATURE DEUS HUMANÆ, mortalis in unum-  
 Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus, et ater.

VER. 273. *All Townshends Turnips*] Lord Townshend, Secretary of State to George the First and Second.—When this great Statesman retired from business, he amused himself in Hofs



Why one like Bu— with pay, and scorn content,  
 Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament; 275  
 One driv'n by strong Benevolence of soul,  
 Shall fly, like Oglethorpe from pole to pole:  
 Is known alone to that Directing Pow'r,  
 Who forms the Genius in the natal hour;  
 That God of Nature, who, within us still, 280  
 Inclines our action, not constrains our will,  
 Various of temper, as of face or frame,  
 Each individual: His great End the same.  
 c Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,  
 A part I will enjoy, as well as keep, 285  
 My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace  
 A man so poor would live without a place:  
 But sure no statute in his favour says,  
 How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days:

c Utar, et ex modico, quantum res poscet, acervo  
 Tollam: nec metuum, quid de me judicet haeres,  
 Quod non *plura datis* invenerit. et tamen idem  
 Scire volam, quantum simplex hilarisque nepoti  
 Discrepet, et quantum discordet parcus avaro.  
 Distat enim, spargas tua prodigus, an neque sumtum  
 Invitus facias, nec plura parare labores;  
 Ac potius, puer ut festis Quinquatribus olim,  
*Exiguo gratoque* fruaris tempore *raptim*.

bandry; and was particularly fond of that kind of rural improvement which arises from Turnips; it was the favourite subject of his conversation.

VER. 277. *fly, like Oglethorpe,*] Employed in settling the Colony of Georgia.

VER. 288. *But sure no Statute*] Alluding to the statutes made in England and Ireland, to regulate the Succession of Papists, etc.

I, who at some times spend, at others spare;  
Divided between carelessness and care.

'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store:  
Another, not to heed to treasure more;  
Glad, like a Boy, to snatch the first good day,  
And pleas'd, if sordid want be far away.

What is't to me (a passenger God wot)  
Whether my vessel be first-rate or not?  
The ship itself may make a better figure,  
But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger.  
I neither strut with ev'ry fawning breath,  
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth.  
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd  
Behind the foremost, and before the last.

“ But why all this of Avarice? I have none.”

I wish you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone;  
But does no other lord it at this hour,  
As wild and mad? the Avarice of pow'r?  
Does neither rage inflame, nor Fear appall?  
Not the black fear of death, that saddens all?

Pauperies immunda procul procul absit: ego, utrum  
Nave ferar magna an parva; ferar unus et idem.  
Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone secundo;  
Non tamen adversis aetatem ducimus Austris  
Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re,  
Extremi primorum, extremis usque priores.

Non es avarus: abi. quid? caetera jam simul isto  
Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani  
Ambitione? caret mortis formidine et ira?  
Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,  
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides?

With terrors round, can Reason hold her throne, 310.

Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?

Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,

In spite of witches, devils, dreams and fire;

Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,

And count each birth-day with a grateful mind? 315.

Has life no fourness, drawn so near its end?

Can'st thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?

Has age but melted the rough parts away,

As winter-fruits grow mild, ere they decay?

Or will you think, my friend, your business done,

When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one? 321

<sup>h</sup> Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;

You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat and drank your fill:

Walk sober off; before a sprightlier age

Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage:

Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease, 326

Whom Folly pleases, and whose Follies please.

*Natales grate numeras? ignoscis amicis?*

*Lenior et melior sis accedente senecta?*

*Quid te exemta levat spinis de pluribus una?*

<sup>h</sup> *Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis.*

*Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti:*

*Tempus abire tibi est: ne potum largius æquo*

*Rideat, et pulset lasciva decentius ætas.*



Whom folly pleases, and whole follies please.  
 Leave him to waste with idle grace and ease.  
 Comes stirring on, and shoves you from the stage;  
 Will dober off, beside a brightlier age.  
 You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat and drunk your fill;  
 I earn to live well, or fairly make your will;  
 When, of a hundred things, you fall not short;  
 Or will you think, my friend, your bellies short?  
 As winter-foggy grows mild, as day does long;  
 This age but melts the tough parts away.  
 Can't thou endure a few things more a friend?  
 Has life no faults, never to near its end?  
 And count each birthday with a grateful mind?  
 I should to look forward, please to look behind;  
 In spite of witches, devils, dreams and lies;  
 Survey both worlds, inspect and criticise.  
 Despite the known, not tremble at the unknown;  
 With terror sound, can Reason hold her throne.

SATIRE II.  
THE  
SATIRES

Dr JOHN DONNE,

Dean of St PAUL's,

VERSIFIED.

Quid vetat et nosmet *Lucili* scripta legentes.  
Quaerere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit  
Versiculos natura magis factos, & euntes  
Mollius? Hor.

## S A T I R E II.

YES, thank my stars! as early as I knew  
 This Town, I had the sense to hate it too :  
 Yet here, as ev'n in Hell, there must be still  
 One Giant-vice, so excellently ill,  
 That all beside, one pities, not abhors ;  
 As who knows Sappho, smiles at other whores. 5  
 I grant that Poetry's a trying sin ;  
 It brought (no doubt) th'*Excise* and *Army* in :  
 Catch'd like the Plague, or Love, the Lord knows  
 how,  
 But that the cure is starving, all allow. 5  
 Yet like the Papist's is the Poet's state,  
 Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate !  
 Here a lean Bard, whose wit could never give  
 Himself a dinner, makes an Actor live :

SIR, though (I thank God for it) I do hate  
 Perfectly all this town ; yet there's one state  
 In all ill things, so excellently best,  
 That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the rest.  
 Though Poetry indeed be such a sin,  
 As I think, that brings dearth and Spaniards in ;  
 Though like the pestilence, and old-fashion'd love,  
 Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove  
 Never, till it be starv'd out ; yet their state  
 Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists not worth hate.

One (like a wretch, which at barre judg'd as dead.  
 Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,  
 And saves his life) gives Idiot Actors means,  
 (Starving himself) to live by's labour'd scenes.



The Thief condemn'd, in law already dead, 15  
 So prompts, and saves a rogne who cannot read.  
 Thus as the pipes of some carv'd Organ move,  
 The gilded puppets dance and mount above.  
 Heav'd by the breath th' inspiring bellows blow,  
 Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below. 20

One sings the Fair; but songs no longer move;  
 No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:  
 In love's, in nature's spite, the siege they hold,  
 And scorn the flesh, the dev'l, and all but gold.  
 These write to Lords, some mean reward to get,  
 As needy beggars sing at doors for meat, 26  
 Those write because all write, and so have still  
 Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.  
 Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet  
 Is he who makes his meal on others wit: 30  
 'Tis chang'd no doubt, from what it was before,  
 His rank digestion makes it wit no more:

VOL. II.

K k

As in some Organs, Puppits dance above,  
 And bellows pant below, which them do move.  
 One would move love by rythmes; but witchcraft's  
 charms

Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms;  
 Rams and slings now are silly battery,  
 Pistolets are the best artillery.

And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,  
 Are they not like fingers at doors for meat?  
 And they who write, because all write, have still  
 That 'scuse for writing, and for writing ill.

But he is worst, who beggarly doth chew  
 Other wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw

Sense, past thro' him, no longer is the same;  
For food digested takes another name.

I pass o'er all those Confessors and Martyrs,  
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,  
Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,  
Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear;  
Wicked as Pages, who in early years  
Aſt ſins which Priſca's Confessor ſcarce bears;  
Ev'n thoſe I pardon, for whoſe ſinful ſake  
Schoolmen new tenements in hell muſt make;  
Of whoſe ſtrange crimes no Canonist can tell  
In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.  
One, one man only breeds my juſt offence;  
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave Impu-  
dence:

Time that at laſt matures a clap to pox,  
Whoſe gentle progreſs makes a calf an ox,

Rankly digeſted, doth thoſe things out-ſpue,  
As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true,  
For if one eat my meat, tho' it be known  
The meat was mine, the excrement's his own.

But theſe do me no harm, nor they which uſe,  
----- to out-uſure Jews,  
T' out-drink the ſea, t' out-ſwear the Letanie,  
Who with ſins all kinds as familiar be  
As Confessors, and for whoſe ſinful ſake  
Schoolmen new tenements in hell muſt make;  
Whoſe ſtrange ſins Canonists could hardly tell  
In which Commandment's large receipt they dwell.

But theſe puniſh themſelves. The insolence  
Of *Cofcars*, only, breeds my juſt offence,  
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,  
And plodding on, muſt make a calf an ox)

And brings all natural events to pass  
 Hath made him an Attorney of an Ass. 50  
 No young divine, new-benefic'd, can be  
 More pert, more proud, more positive than he.  
 What further could I with the fop to do,  
 But turn a wit, and scribble verses too;  
 Pierce the soft lab'rinth of a Lady's ear 55  
 With rhymes of *this per cent.* and that *per year?*  
 Or court a Wife, spread out his wily parts,  
 Like nets or lime-twigs, for rich Widows hearts;  
 Call himself Barrister to ev'ry wench,  
 And wooe in language of the Pleas and Bench? 60  
 Language, which Boreas might to Auster hold  
 More rough than forty Germans when they scold.

Curs'd be the wretch, so venal and so vain:  
 Paltry and proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.  
 'Tis such a bounty as was never known, 65  
 If PETER deigns to help you to your own;

Hath made a Lawyer; which (alas) of late;  
 But scarce a Poet; jollier of this state,  
 Than are new benefic'd Ministers, he throws  
 Like nets or lime-twigs wherefoe'er he goes  
 His title of Barrister on ev'ry wench,  
 And wooes in language of the Pleas and Bench. \* \*

Words, words which would tear  
 The tender labyrinth of a Maid's soft ear:  
 More, more than ten Slavonians scolding, more  
 Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbeys roar.  
 Then sick with Poetry, and possess'd with Muse  
 Thou wast, and mad I hop'd; but men which chuse



What thanks, what praise, if *Peter* but supplies,  
 And what a solemn face if he denies!  
 Grave, as when pris'ners shake the head, and swear  
 'Twas only Suretiship that brought 'em there, 70  
 His *Office* keeps your Parchment fates entire,  
 He starves with cold to save them from the fire:  
 For you he walks the streets thro' rain or dust,  
 For not in Chariots *Peter* puts his trust;  
 For you he sweats and labours at the laws, 75  
 Takes God to witness he affects your cause,  
 And lies to ev'ry Lord in ev'ry thing,  
 Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.  
 These are the talents that adorn them all,  
 From wicked Waters ev'n to godly \* \* 80  
 Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,  
 Nor more of bastardy in heirs to Crowns.  
 In shillings and in pence at first they deal;  
 And steal so little, few perceive they steal;

Law practice for, meer gain; bold soul repute  
 Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.  
 Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk,  
 His hand still at a bill; now he must talk  
 Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear,  
 That only suretyship hath brought them there,  
 And to every sutor lye in every thing,  
 Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.  
 Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,  
 Bearing like asses, and more shameless farre,  
 Than carted whores, lye to the grave Judge; for  
 Bastardy abounds not in King's titles, nor  
 Simony and Sodomy in Church-men's lives,  
 As these things do in him; by these he thrives.

Till like the Sea, they compass all the land, 85  
 From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand: 90  
 And when rank Widows purchase luscious nights, 95  
 Or when a Duke to *Jansen* punts at *White's*,  
 Or City-Heir in mortgage melts away;  
*Satan* himself feels far less joy than they. 100  
 Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,  
 Glean on, and gather up the whole estate.  
 Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,  
 Indentures, Cov'nants, Articles they draw;  
 Large as the fields themselves, and larger far 95  
 Than Civil Codes, with all their Glosses, are;  
 So vast, our new Divines, we must confess,  
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.  
 But let them write for you, each rogue impairs  
 The deeds, and dextrously omits, *ses heires*: 1002

Shortly (as th' sea) he'll compass all the land,  
 From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand.  
 And spying heirs melting with Luxury,  
*Satan* will not joy at their sins as he:  
 For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen-stuffe,  
 And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe  
 Of wasting candles, which in thirty year,  
 Relikely kept, perchance buys wedding chear)  
 Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time  
 Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.  
 In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws  
 Assurances, big as gloss'd civil laws,  
 So huge that men (in our times forwardness)  
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.  
 These he writes not; nor for these written payes,  
 Therefore spares no length (as in those first dayes

No Commentator can more sily pass  
 O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place;  
 Or, in quotation, shrew'd Divines leave out  
 Those words, that would against them clear the doubt.  
 So Luther thought the Pater-noster long, 105  
 When dom'd to say his beads and Even-song;  
 But having cast his cowle, and left those laws,  
 Adds to Christ's pray'r, the *Power and Glory* clause.

The lands are bought; but where are to be found  
 Those ancient woods, that shaded all the ground?  
 We see no new-built palaces aspire, 111  
 No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.  
 Where are those troops of Poor, that throng'd of yore  
 The good old landlord's hospitable door?  
 Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes 115  
 Some beasts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs;

When Luther was profess, he did desire  
 Short *Pater-nosters*, saying as a Fryer  
 Each day his Beads; but having left those laws,  
 Adds to Christ's prayer, the power and glory clause)  
 But when he sells or changes land, h'impaires  
 The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, *ses beires*,  
 As sily as any Commenter goes by  
 Hard words, or sense; or, in Divinity  
 As controverters in vow'd Texts, leave out  
 Shrew'd words, which might against them clear the  
 doubt.

Where are these spread woods which cloath'd heretofore  
 Those bought lands? not built, not burnt within door.  
 Where the old landlords troops, and almes? In halls  
 Carthusian Fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals  
 Equally I hate. Mean's blest. In rich men's homes  
 I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs;



That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,  
 Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals ;  
 And all mankind might that just Mean observe,  
 In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.  
 These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow ; 120  
 But oh? these works are not in fashion now :  
 Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,  
 Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I've said, I trust, without offence,  
 Let no Court Sycophant pervert my sense, 125  
 Nor sly Informer watch these words to draw  
 Within the reach of Treason, or the Law.

None starve, none surfeit so. But (oh) we allow  
 Good works as good, but out of fashion now,  
 Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws  
 Within the vast reach of th' huge statutes' jaws.

## SATIRE IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the stage,  
Adieu to all the follies of the age!

I die in charity with fool and knave,  
Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.

I've had my Purgatory here betimes,

And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes,

The Poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,

To this were trifles, toys and empty names,

With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd,

Nor the vain itch t'admire, or be admir'd;

I hop'd for no commission from his Grace;

I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;

Had no new verses, nor new suit to show;

Yet went to Court!—the Dev'l would have it so.

Well; I may now receive, and die. My sin  
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in  
A Purgatory, such as fear'd hell is  
A recreation, and scant map of this.

My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor hath been  
Poyson'd with love to see or to be seen,  
I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,  
Yet went to Court; but as Glare which did go

But, as the Fool that in reforming days      15  
 Would go to Mass in jest (as story says)  
 Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,  
 Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God;  
 So was I punish'd, as if full as proud  
 As prone to ill, as negligent of good,      20  
 As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,  
 As vain, as idle, and as false, as they  
 Who live at Court, for going once that way! }  
 Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came  
 A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name;      25  
 Noah had refus'd it lodging in his Ark,  
 Where all the Race of Reptiles might embark;  
 A verier monster, than on Africk's shore  
 The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,

VOL. II.

L 1

To Mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse  
 Two hundred marks, which is the Statutes curse,  
 Before he 'scap'd; so it pleas'd my destiny  
 (Guilty of my sin of going) to think me  
 As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-  
 full, as proud, lustfull, and as much in debt,  
 As vain, as witless, and as false, as they  
 Which dwell in Court, for once going that way.

Therefore I suffer'd this; towards me did run  
 A thing more strange, than on Nile's slime the Sun  
 E'er bred, or all which into Noah's Ark came:  
 A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:  
 Stranger than seven Antiquaries studies,  
 Than Africk Monsters, Guanaes rarities,  
 Stranger than strangers: one who, for a Dane,  
 In the Danes Massacre had sure been slain,



Or Sleane or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain,  
Nay, all that lying Travellers can feign. 31

The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,  
At night, would swear him dropt out of the Moon. 32

One whom the mob, when next we find or make  
A popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take, 33

And the wise Justice starting from his chair  
Cry, by your Priesthood tell me what you are? 34

Such was the wight: Th' apparel on his back,  
Tho' coarse, was rev'rend, and tho' bare was black: 35

The suit, if by the fashion one might guess,  
Was velvet in the youth of good Queen *Best*, 40

But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;  
So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd! 41

Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,  
First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away. 42

This thing has travel'd, speaks each language too,  
And knows what's fit for ev'ry state to do; 43

If he had liv'd then; and without help dies,  
When next the Prentices' gainst strangers rise; 44

One whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by;  
One, to whom the examining Justice sure would cry 45

Sir, by your Priesthood tell me what you are?  
His cloaths were strange, tho' coarse, and black, 46

though bare,  
Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been 47

Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)  
Become Tuffaffaty; and our children shall 48

See it plain rash a while, then nought at all.  
The thing hath travaill'd, and, faith, speaks all 49

And only knoweth what to all States belongs,

Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,  
 He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.  
 Talkers I've learn'd to bear: Motteux I knew, 50  
 Henly himself I've heard, and Budget too.  
 The Doctor's Wormwood style, the Hash of tongues  
 A Pedant makes, the storm of Gougeon's lungs,  
 The whole Artill'ry of the terms of War,  
 And (all those plagues in one) the bawling Bar: 55  
 These I could bear; but not a rogue so civil,  
 Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil.  
 A tongue, that can cheat Widows, cancell stores,  
 Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,  
 With royal Favourites in flatt'ry vie, 60  
 And Oldmixon and Burnet both out-lie.

He spies me out: I whisper Gracious God!  
 What sin of mine could merit such a rod?  
 That all the shot of dulness now must be  
 From this thy blunderbuss discharg'd on me: 65

Made of th' accents, and best phrase of all these,  
 He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,  
 Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste;  
 But pedants motly tongue, soldiers bumbast,  
 Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,  
 Are strong enough preparatives to draw  
 Me to hear this, yet I must be content  
 With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement:  
 In which he can win widows, and pay scores,  
 Make men speak treason, couzen subtlest whores,  
 Out-flatter favourites, or out-lie either,  
 Jovius, or Surlus, or both together.

He names me and comes to me: I whisper, God,  
 How have I sinn'd, that thy wrath's furious Rod,

Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame  
 To crave your sentiment if —'s your name.  
 What *Speech* esteem you most; "The King's," said I.  
 But the best *words*? — "O Sir, the *Dictionary*.  
 You miss my aim; I mean the most acute  
 And perfect *Speaker*! — "Onslow, past dispute."  
 But, Sir, of writers! "Swift for closer style;  
 "But Ho\*\*y for a period of a mile."  
 Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass:  
 Good common linguists, and so Panurge was;  
 Nay troth th' Apostles (tho' perhaps too rough)  
 Had once a pretty gift of Tongues enough:  
 Yet these were all poor Gentlemen! I dare  
 Affirm, 'twas Travel made them what they were.

Thus others talents having nicely shown,  
 He came by sure transition to his own:  
 Till I cry'd out, You prove yourself so able,  
 Pity! you was not Druggerman at Babel;

This fellow, chuseth me! He saith, Sir,  
 I love your Judgment, whom you do prefer  
 For the best Linguist? and I feelily  
 Said that I thought Calepine's Dictionary.  
 Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir? Beza then,  
 Some Jesuits, and two reverend men  
 Of our two academies I nam'd: here  
 He stopt me, and said, Nay your Apostles were  
 Good pretty Linguists; so Panargus was,  
 Yet a poor Gentleman; all these may pass  
 By travail. Then, as if he would have sold  
 His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told,  
 That I was fain to say, if you had liv'd, Sir,  
 Time enough to have been Interpreter



For had they found a linguist half so good  
I make no question but the Tow'r had stood. 85

"Obliging Sir! for Courts you sure were made;

"Why then for ever bury'd in the shade?

"Spirits like you, should see and should be seen;

"The King would smile on you—at least the Queen.

Ah gentle Sir! your Courtiers so cajole us— 90

But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus solus* :

And as for Courts, forgive me, if I say

No lessons now are taught the Spartan way,

Tho' in his pictures Lust be full display'd,

Few are the Converts Aretine has made : 95

And tho' the Court show Vice exceeding clear,

None should, by my advice, learn Virtue there.

At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,

Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lute-string, and replies,

"Oh 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things 100

"To gaze on Princes and to talk of Kings!

To Babel's Bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood.

He adds, If of Court life you knew the good,

You would leave loneness. I said, Not alone

My loneness is; but Spartanes fashion

To teach by painting drunkards doth not last

Now, Aretines pictures have made few chaste;

No more can Princes Courts (though there be few

Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue.

He like to a high-stretcht Lute-string squeaks, O Sir,

'Tis sweet to talk of Kings. At Westminster,

Said I the man that keeps the Abbey tombs,

And for his price, doth with whoever comes

Of all our Harrys, and our Edwards talk,

From King to King, and all their kin can walk:

Then, happy Man who shows the Tombs † said I  
 He dwells amidst the royal Family;  
 He ev'ry day from King to King can walk,  
 Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk,  
 And get by speaking truth of monarchs dead,  
 What few can of the living, Ease and Bread.  
 "Lord, Sir, a mere Mechanic; strangely low,  
 "And coarse of phrase,—your English all are so.  
 "How elegant your Frenchmen?" Mine d'ye mean?  
 I have but one I hope the fellow's clean.  
 "Oh! Sir, politely so! nay, let me die,  
 "Your only wearing is your Padua-foy."  
 Not, Sir, my only, I have better still,  
 And this you see is but my dishabille—  
 Wild to get loose, his patience I provoke,  
 Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke.  
 But as coarse iron sharpen'd, mangles more,  
 And itch most hurts when anger'd to a sore,

Your ears shall hear nought but Kings; your eyes meet  
 Kings only: the way to it is Kings-street.  
 He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base mechanic, coarse,  
 So are all your Englishmen in their discourse,  
 Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you see,  
 I have but one, Sir, look he follows me.  
 Certes they are neatly cloth'd. I of this mind am,  
 Your only wearing is your Grogaram.  
 Not so, Sir, I have more. Under this pitch  
 He would not fly; I chaff'd him: but as Itch  
 Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt Iron ground  
 Into an edge hurts worse: So, I (fool) found,

So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse, 120  
You only make the matter worse and worse.

He pass't it o'er; affects an easy smile  
At all my peevishness, and turns his style.

He asks, "What News? I tell him of new Plays,  
New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas. 125

He hears, and as a Still with simples in it  
Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute,

Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,  
By little, and by little, drops his lies. 129

Mere household trash! of birth-nights, ball, and shows,  
More than ten Hollinsheads, or Halls, or Stows.

When the *Queen* frown'd, or smil'd, he knows; and  
what

A subtle Minister may make of that:

Who sins with whom: who got his pension rug,

Or quicken'd a Reversion by a drug: 135

Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness,

He to another key his style doth dress;

And asks what news; I tell him of new plays,

He takes my hand, and as a Still which stays

A Semibrief, 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,

As loth to enrich me, so tells many a lye.

More than ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stows,

Of trivial household trash: He knows, he knows

When the *Queen* frown'd or smil'd, and he knows

what

A subtle Statesman may gather of that;

He knows who loves whom; and who by poison

Hasts to an office's reversion;



Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,  
 And whether to a Bishop, or a Whore:  
 Who having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,  
 Is therefore fit to have a Government:  
 Who in the secret, deals in Stocks secure, 140  
 And cheats th' unknowing Widow and the Poor:  
 Who makes the Trust of Charity a Job,  
 And gets an Act of Parliament to rob:  
 Why Turnpikes rise, and now no Cit or Clown  
 Can gratis see the country or the town; 145  
 Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,  
 But some excising Courtier will have toll.  
 He tells what strumpet places sells for life,  
 What 'Squire his lands, what citizen his wife:  
 At last (which proves him wiser still than all) 150  
 What Lady's face is not a whited wall.  
 As one of Woodward's patients, sick, and sore,  
 I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more:

Who wastes in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes,  
 Who loveth whores . . . . .  
 He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth beg  
 A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egge-  
 Shells to transport;  
 . . . . . shortly boys shall not play  
 At span-counter, or blow point, but shall pay  
 Toll to some Courtier; and wiser than all us,  
 He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus  
 He with home-meats cloyes me. I belch, spue, spit,  
 Look pale and sickly, like a Patient, yet  
 He thrusts on more, and as he had undertook,  
 To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,

Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,  
 And talks Gazettes and Post-boys o'er by heart. 155  
 Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat  
 Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh and sweat.  
 Then as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can  
 Silence or hurt, he libels the great Man;  
 Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come, 160  
 In sure succession to the day of doom:  
 He names the price, for ev'ry office paid,  
 And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd:  
 Nay, hints 'tis by connivance of the Court,  
 That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a Port. 165  
 Not more amazement seiz'd on Circe's guests,  
 To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,  
 Than mine, to find a subject stay'd and wife  
 Already half-turn'd traitor by surprize.

Vol. II,

M m

Speaks of all States and deeds that have been since  
 The Spaniards came to th' loss of Amiens.  
 Like a big wife at sight of loathed meat,  
 Ready to travail: so I sigh, and sweat  
 To hear this Makaron talk: in vain, for yet,  
 Either my humour, or his own to fit.  
 He like a priviledg'd spie, whom nothing can  
 Discredit, libels new 'gainst each great man.  
 He names the price of every Office paid;  
 He saith our wars thrive ill because delaid;  
 That Offices are intail'd, and that there are  
 Perpetuities of them, lasting as far  
 As the last day; and that great Officers  
 Do with the Spaniards share, and Dunkirkers.

I felt the infection slide from him to me, 170  
 As in the pox, some give it to get free;  
 And quick to swallow me, methought I saw  
 One of our Giant Statutes ope its jaw.

In that nice Moment, as another Lye  
 Stood just a-tilt, the Minister came by, 175  
 To him he flies and bows, and bows again,  
 Then close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.  
 Not Fannius' self more impudently near,  
 When half his nose is in his Prince's ear.  
 I quack'd at heart; and still afraid, to see 180  
 All the Court fill'd with stranger things than he,

I more amaz'd than Circe's prisoners, when  
 They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then  
 Becoming Traytor, and me thought I saw  
 One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw  
 To suck me in for hearing him: I found  
 That as burnt venomous Leachers do grow sound  
 By giving others their sores, I might grow  
 Guilty, and he free; Therefore I did show  
 All signs of loathing; but since I am in,  
 I must pay mine, and my Forefathers sin  
 To the last farthing. Therefore to my power  
 Toughly and stubbornly I bear! but th' hower  
 Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring  
 Me to a fine to 'scape a torturing,  
 And says, Sir, can you spare me—? I said, Willingly;  
 Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crown? Thankfully I  
 Gave it, as ransom; but as fidlers, still,  
 Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will  
 Thrust one more jig upon you: so did he  
 With his long complimentary thanks vex me.  
 But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,  
 And the Prerogative of my Crown; I cant



Ran out as fast, as one that pays his bail,  
 And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.  
 Bear me, some God! oh quickly bear me hence  
 To wholesome Solitude, the nurse of sense: 185  
 Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,  
 And the free soul looks down to pity Kings!  
 There sober thought pursu'd th' amusing theme,  
 Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.  
 A Vision hermits can to Hell transport; 190  
 And forc'd ev'n me to see the damn'd at Court.  
 Not Dante dreaming all th' infernal state,  
 Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.  
 Base Fear becomes the guilty, not the free;  
 Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but suits not me: 195  
 Shall I the Terror of this sinful town,  
 Care if a liv'ry'd Lord or smile or frown?

His thanks were ended, when I (which did see  
 All the Court fill'd with more strange things than he)  
 Ran from thence with such, or more hast than one  
 Who fears more actions, doth hast from prison.

At home in wholesome solitariness  
 My piteous soul began the wretchedness  
 Of suiters at court to mourn, and a trance  
 Like his, who dreamt he saw hell, did advance  
 It self o'er me: such men as he saw there  
 I saw at court, and worse and more. Low fear  
 Becomes the guilty, not th' accuser: Then,  
 Shall I, none's slave, of high-born or rais'd men  
 Fear frowns; and my mistress Truth, betray thee  
 For th'huffing, bragart, puffed nobility?

• Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,  
 Tremble before a noble Serving-man?  
 O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee 200  
 For huffing, braggart, puffed Nobility?  
 Thou, who since yesterday hast roll'd o'er all  
 The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,  
 Hast thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier sort,  
 Than such as swell this bladder of a court! 205  
 Now pox on those who shew a *court in wax!*  
 It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs:  
 Such painted puppets! such a varnish'd race  
 Of hollow gew-gaws, only dress and face!  
 Such waxen noses, stately staring things— 210  
 Now wonder some folks bow, and think them Kings.  
 No, no, thou which since yesterday hast been,  
 Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,  
 O sun in all thy journey, vanity,  
 Such as swells the bladder of our court? I  
 Think he which made your <sup>h</sup> Waxen garden, and  
 Transported it from Italy, to stand  
 With us at London, flouts our Courtiers; for  
 Just such gay painted things, which no sap, nor  
 Taste have in them, ours are; and natural  
 Some of the flocks <sup>c</sup> are; their fruits bastard all.

'Tis ten a Clock and past; all whom the maues,  
 Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the stews  
 Had all the morning held, now the second  
 Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found  
 In the *Presence*, and I (God pardon me)  
 As fresh and sweet their Apparels be as be

<sup>h</sup> A show of the Italian Garden in Wax-work, in the Time of  
 King James the First.

<sup>c</sup> That is, of wood.

VER. 206. *Court in wax!* A famous show of the Court of  
 France, in Wax-work.

See! where the British youth, engag'd no more,  
 At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,  
 Pay their last duty to the Court, and come,  
 All fresh and fragrant, to the drawing-room;      215  
 In hues as gay, and odours as divine,  
 As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.

"That's velvet for a King?" the flatt'rer swears;  
 'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.  
 Our Court may justly to our stage give rules,      220  
 That helps it both to fools-coats and to fools  
 And why not players strut in courtiers cloaths?  
 For these are actors too, as well as those:  
 Wants reach all states; they beg but better drest,  
 And all is splendid poverty at best.      225

Painted for sight, and essenc'd for the smell,  
 Like frigates fraught with spice and cochine'l,

Their fields they sold to buy them. For a King  
 Those hose are, cry the flatterers: and bring  
 Them next week to the theatre to sell.  
 Wants reach all states: me seems they do as well  
 At stage, as courts; all are players. Whoe'er looks  
 (For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books  
 Shall find their wardrobes inventory. Now  
 The Ladies come. As pirates (which do know  
 That there came weak ships fraught with Cutchanel)  
 The men board them; and praise (as they think)  
 well,

VER. 213. *At Fig's, at White's,*] White's was a noted gaming-house: Fig's a prize-fighter's Academy, where the young Nobility received instruction in those days: It was also customary for the nobility and gentry to visit the condemned criminals in Newgate.



Sail in the Ladies: how each pyrate eyes  
 So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize!  
 Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim, 236  
 He boarding her, she striking sail to him:  
 "Dear Countess! you have charms all hearts to hit!"  
 And "Sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much wit!"  
 Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,  
 For both the beauty and the wit are bought, 235  
 'Twould burst ev'n Heraclitus with the spleen,  
 To see those anticks, Foplin and Courtin:  
 The Presence seems, with things so richly odd,  
 The mosque of Mahound, or some queer Pa-god,  
 See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules, 240  
 Of all beau-kind the best proportion'd fools!

Their beauties; they the mens wits; both are bought.  
 Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns, I thought  
 This cause, These men, mens wits for speeches buy,  
 And women buy all red which scarlets dye.  
 He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:  
 She fears her drugs ill-lay'd, her hair loose set  
 Wouldn't Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine  
 From hat to shoe, himself at door refine,  
 As if the Presence wore a Mosque: and lift  
 His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to thrift,  
 Making them confess not only mortal  
 Great stains and holes in them, but venial  
 Feathers and dust wherewith they fornicate:  
 And then by Durer's rules survey the state  
 Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries  
 Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs.

Adjust their cloaths, and to confession draw  
Those venial sins an atom or a straw;  
But oh! what terrors must distract the soul  
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole; 245  
Or should one pound of powder less bespread  
Those monkey tails that wag behind their head.  
Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,  
They march, to prate their hour before the Fair.  
So first to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes, 250  
With band of Lily, and with cheek of Rose,  
Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,  
Neatness itself impertinent in him.  
Let but the Ladies smile, and they are blest:  
Prodigious! how the things *protest, protest*:  
Peace, fools, or Gonson will for Papists seize you,  
If once he catch you at your *Jesu! Jesu!*

Nature made ev'ry Fop to plague his brother,  
Just as 'one Beauty mortifies another 159

So in immaculate clothes, and Symmetry  
Perfect as Circles, with such nicety  
As a young Preacher at his first time goes  
To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes  
Him not so much as good-will, he arrests,  
And unto her protests, protests, protests,  
So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown  
Ten Cardinals into the *Inquisition*;  
And whispers by *Jesu* so oft, that a  
Pursuevant would have ravish'd him away  
For saying our Lady's Psalter. But 'tis fit  
That they each other plague, they merit it.  
But here comes Glorious that will plague them both,  
Who in the other extreme only doth

But here's the Captain that will plague them both,  
 Whose air cries Arm! whose very look's an oath:  
 The Captain's honest, Sirs, and that's enough,  
 Tho' his soul's bullet, and his body buff.  
 He spits fore-right; his haughty chest before,  
 Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door: 265  
 And with a face as red, and as awry,  
 As Herod's hang-dogs in old Tapestry,  
 Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,  
 Has yet a strange ambition to look worse;  
 Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe, 270  
 Jest's like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so  
 As men from Jays to execution go;  
 For hung with deadly sins I see the wall,  
 And lin'd with Giants deadlier than 'em all: 275

Call a rough carelessness, good fashion:  
 Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,  
 He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm  
 To him; he rushes in, as if Arm, arm,  
 He meant to cry; and though his face be as ill  
 As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still  
 He strives to look worse; he keeps all in awe;  
 Jest's like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Tir'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so  
 As men from goals to execution go,  
 Go, through the great chamber (why it is hung  
 With the seven deadly sins?) being among

VER. 27x. *For hung with deadly sins*] The Room hung with  
 old Tapestry, representing the seven deadly sins.



Each man an *Askapart*, of Strength to tofs  
 For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-cross.  
 Scar'd at the grizly forms, I sweat, I fly,  
 And shake all o'er like a discover'd spy. 279

Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine:  
 Charge them with Heaven's Artill'ry, bold Divine!  
 From such alone the Great rebukes endure,  
 Whose Satire's sacred, and whose rage secure:  
 'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs  
 To deluge sin, and drown a Court in tears. 285  
 Howe'er, what's now *Apocrypha*, my Wit,  
 In time to come, may pass for holy writ.

VOL. II.

N n

Those *Askaparts*<sup>b</sup>, men big enough to throw  
*Charing-Cross*, for a bar, men that do know  
 No token of worth, but Queens man, and fine  
 Living; barrels of beef, flaggons of wine.  
 I shook like a spied Spie—Preachers which are  
 Seats of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,  
 Drown the sins of this place, but as for me  
 Which am but a scant brook, enough shall be  
 To wash the stains away: Although I yet  
 (With *Maccabees* modesty) the known merit  
 Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,  
 I hope, esteem my Writs Canonical.

<sup>b</sup> A Giant famous in Romances.

The first of these is the fact that the  
 Government has been unable to secure  
 the necessary funds to carry out its  
 policy of non-interference. This is  
 due to the fact that the Government  
 has been unable to secure the necessary  
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 to secure the necessary funds to carry  
 out its policy of non-interference.

# EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

Written in MDCCXXXVIII.

## DIALOGUE I.

FR. **N**OT twice a twelve-month you appear in  
 Print,  
 And when it comes, the Court see nothing in't.  
 You grow correct, that once with Rapture writ,  
 And are, besides, too *moral* for a Wit.

After ver. 2. in the MS.

You don't, I hope, pretend to quit the trade;  
 Because you think your reputation made:  
 Like good \* \* of whom so much was said,  
 That when his name was up, he lay a-bed.  
 Come, come, refresh us with a livelier song,  
 Or like \* \* you'll lie a bed too long.

VER. 1. *Not twice a twelve-month, &c.*] These two lines  
 are from Horace; and the only lines that are so in the whole  
 Poem; being meant to give a handle to that which follows in  
 the Character of an impertinent Censurer,

*'Tis all from Horace; &c.*



Decay of Parts, alas! we all must feel— 5  
 Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?  
 'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye  
 Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"  
 And taught his Romans, in much better metre,  
 "To laugh at Fools who put their trust in Peter."

But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice; 11  
 Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of Vice:  
 Horace would say, Sir Billy serv'd the Crown,  
 Blunt could *do Bus'ness*, H-ggins knew the Town;  
 In Sappho touch the *Failings of the Sex*,  
 In rev'rend Bishops note some *small Neglects*,  
 And own, the Spaniard did a *waggish thing*  
 Who cropt our Ears, and sent them to the King.  
 His sly, polite, insinuating style  
 Could please at Court, and make AUGUSTUS smile:  
 An artful Manager, that crept between 21  
 His Friend and Shame, and was a kind of Screen.

P. Sir, what I write, should be correctly writ.

F. Correct! 'tis what no genius can admit.

Besides, you grow too moral for a Wit.

VER. 14. H-ggins] Formerly Jaylor of the Fleet prison, enrich'd himself by many exactions, for which he was tried and expelled.

VER. 18. *Who cropt our Ears,*] Said to be executed by the Captain of a Spanish ship on one Jenkins, a Captain of an English one. He cut off his ears, and bid him carry them to the King his master.

VER. 22. *Screen.*]

Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico  
 Tangit, et admissus circum prae cordia ludit.

Perf.

But 'faith your very Friends will soon be sore:

*Patrists* there are, who wish you'd jest no more—

And where's the Glory! 'twill be only thought, 25

The Great man never offer'd you a groat,

Go see Sir ROBERT——

P. See Sir ROBERT!—hum—

And never laugh—for all my life to come!

Seen him I have but in his happier hour

Of Social Pleasure, ill-exchang'd for Pow'r; 30

Seen him, uncumber'd with the Venal tribe,

Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe.

Would he oblige me? let me only find,

He does not think me what he thinks mankind.

Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt; 35

The only diff'rence is, I dare laugh out.

F. Why yes: with *Scripture* still you may be free;

A Horse-laugh, if you please, at *Honesty*;

A Joke on JEKYL, or some odd *Old Whig*

Who never chang'd his Principle, or Wig: 40

A Patriot is a Fool in ev'ry age,

Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage:

These nothing hurts: they keep their Fashion still,

And wear their strange old Virtue, as they will.

VER. 39. *A Joke on Jekyl*] Sir Joseph Jekyl, Master of the Rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmost probity. He sometimes voted against the Court, which drew upon him the laugh here described of ONE who bestowed it equally upon Religion and Honesty. He died a few months after the publication of this poem.

If any ask you, "Who's the Man, so near" 45  
 "His Prince, that writes in Verse, and has his ear?"  
 Why, answer, *LYTTLTON*, and I'll engage  
 The worthy Youth shall ne'er be in a rage:  
 But were his Verses vile, his Whisper base,  
 You'd quickly find him in Lord *Fanny's* case. 50  
*Sejanus*, *Wolsey*, hurt not honest *FLEURY*,  
 But well may put some Statesmen in a fury.  
 Laugh then at any, but at Fools or Foes;  
 These you but anger, and you mend not those. 54  
 Laugh at your friends, and if your Friends are sore,  
 So much the better, you may laugh the more;  
 To Vice and Folly to confine the jest,  
 Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest;  
 Did not the Sneer of more impartial men  
 At Sense and Virtue, balance all agen. 60  
 Judicious Wits spread wide the Ridicule,  
 And charitably comfort Knave and Fool.  
 P. Dear Sir, forgive the Prejudice of Youth:  
 Adieu Distinction, Satire, Warmth, and Truth?

VER. 47. *Why, answer, Lyttelton.*] George Lyttelton, Secretary to the Prince of Wales, distinguished both for his writings and speeches in the spirit of Liberty.

VER. 51. *Sejanus, Wolsey.*] The one, the Wicked minister of Tiberius: the other, of Henry VIII. The writers against the Court usually bestowed these and other odious names on the Minister, without distinction, and in the most injurious manner. See Dial. II. ver. 137.

Ibid. *Fleury.*] Cardinal; and Minister to Louis XV. It was a Patriot-fashion, at that time, to cry up his wisdom and honesty.



Come, harmless Characters that no one hit; 65  
 Come, Henly's Oratory, Osborn's Wit!—  
 The Honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,  
 The Flow'rs of Bubo, and the Flow of Y—ng!  
 The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,  
 And all the well-whipt Cream of Courtly Sense 70  
 That First was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then  
 The S—te's, and then H—vy's once agen.  
 O come, that easy Ciceronian style,  
 So Latin, yet so English all the while,  
 As, tho' the pride of Middleton and Bland, 75  
 All Boys may read, and Girls may understand!  
 Then might I sing, without the least offence,  
 And all I sung should be the *Nation's Sense*;  
 Or teach the melancholly Muse to mourn,  
 Hang the sad Verse on CAROLINA's Urn, 80  
 And hail her passage to the Realms of Rest,  
 All Parts perform'd, and all her Children blest!  
 So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—  
 No *Gazetteer* more innocent than I—  
 And let, a God's-name, ev'ry Fool and Knave 85 ]  
 Be grac'd thro' Life, and flatter'd in his Grave.

F. Why so? if Satire knows its Time and Place,  
 You still may last the greatest—in Disgrace:  
 For Merit will by turns forsake them all;  
 Would you know when? exactly when they fall. 90

VER. 66. *Henly—Osborn.*] See them in their places in the  
 Dunciad.

But let all Satire in all Changes spare  
 Immortal S—k, and grave De——re!  
 Silent and soft, as Saints remove to Heav'n,  
 All Tyes dissolv'd, and ev'ry Sin forgiv'n,  
 These may some gentle ministerial Wing 95  
 Receive, and place for ever near a King!  
 There, where no Passion, Pride, or Shame transport,  
 Lull'd with the sweet Nepenthe of a Court;  
 There, where no Father's, Brother's, Friend's disgrace  
 Once break their rest, or stir them from their Place:  
 But past the Sense of human Miseries,  
 All Tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;  
 No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,  
 Save when they lose a Question, or a Job.

P. Good Heav'n forbid, that I should blast their  
 glory, 105  
 Who know how like Whig Ministers to Tory,  
 And when three Sov'reigns dy'd, could scarce be vex't,  
 Confid'ring what a *gracious Prince* was next.  
 Have I in silent wonder, seen such things  
 As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings;  
 And at a Peer, or Peerefs, shall I fret,  
 Who starves a Sister, or forswears a Debt? 110

VER. 92. *Immortal S—k, and grave De—re!*] A title given  
 that Lord by King James II. He was of the Bedchamber to  
 King William; he was so to King George I. he was so to King  
 George II. This Lord was very skilful in all the forms of the  
 House, in which he discharged himself with great gravity.

VER. 112. in some editions,  
 Who starves a Mother,

*Virtue*, I grant you, is an empty boast ;  
 But shall the Dignity of *Vice* be lost ?  
 Ye Gods ! shall Cibber's Son, without rebuke, 115  
 Swear like a Lord, or Rich out-whore a Duke ?  
 A Fav'rite's Porter with his Master vie,  
 Be brib'd as often, and as often lie ?  
 Shall Ward draw Contracts with a Statesman's skill ?  
 Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a Will ? 120  
 Is it for Bonds, or Peter, (paltry things)  
 To pay their Debts, or keep their Faith, like Kings ?  
 If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,  
 And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran !  
 But shall a Printer, weary of his life, 125  
 Learn, from their Books, to hang himself and Wife ?  
 This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear ;  
 Vice thus abus'd, demands a Nations care :

VOL. II.

O O

VER. 115. *Cibber's Son*.—*Rich*] Two players : look for them in the *Dunciad*.

VER. 123. *If Blount*.] Author of an impious and foolish Book called *the Oracles of Reason*, who being in love with a near kinswoman of his, and rejected, gave himself a stab in the arm, as pretending to kill himself, but in consequence of which he really died.

VER. 124. *Passeran* !] Author of another book of the same stamp, called, *A philosophical discourse on death*, being a defence of suicide. He was a nobleman of Piedmont, banished from his country for his impieties, and lived in the utmost misery, yet feared to practise his own precepts. --This unhappy man at last died a penitent.

VER. 125. *But shall a Printer, &c.*] A Fact that happened in London a few years past. The unhappy man left behind him a paper justifying his action, by the reasonings of some of these authors.



This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,  
And hurls the Thunder of the Laws on *Gin*. 130  
Let modest FOSTER, if he will, excell  
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;  
A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,  
Out-do Landaffe in Doctrine,—yea in Life:  
Let humble ALLEN, with an aukward Shame, 135  
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame.  
*Virtue* may choose the high or low Degree,  
'Tis just alike to *Virtue*, and to me;  
Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,  
She's still the same, belov'd, contented thing. 140  
*Vice* is undone, if she forgets her Birth,  
And stoops from Angels to the Dregs of Earth:  
But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a Whore;  
Let *Greatness* own her, and she's mean no more, 145  
Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts confess,  
Chaste Matrons praise her, and grave Bishops bless;  
In golden Chains the willing World she draws,  
And hers the Gospel is, and hers the Laws,  
Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,  
And sees pale *Virtue* carted in her stead. 150  
Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal Car,  
Old England's Genius, rough with many a Scar,  
Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,  
His Flag, inverted, trails along the ground!  
Our Youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign Gold, 155  
Before her dance: behind her, crawl the Old!

See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,  
 And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son !  
 Hear her black Trumpet thro' the Land proclaim,  
 That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME. 160  
 In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r,  
 'Tis Av'rice all, Ambition is no more !  
 See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves !  
 See, all our Fools aspiring to be Knaves !  
 The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore, 165  
 Are what ten thousand envy and adore ;  
 All, all look up, with reverential Awe,  
 At Crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the Law :  
 While Truth, Worth, Wisdom, daily they decry—  
 " Nothing is Sacred now but Villainy." 170  
 Yet may this Verse (if such a Verse remain)  
 Show, there was one who held it in disdain.

## EPILOGUE

TO THE

## SATIRES.

Written in MDCCXXXVIII.

## DIALOGUE II.

FR.

**T**IS all a Libel—Paxton (Sir) will say  
 P. Not yet, my Friend! to morrow 'faith  
 it may;

And for that very cause I print to day.

How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line,

In rev'rence to the Sins of *Thirty nine!*

Vice with such Giant strides comes on amain,

Invention strives to be before in vain;

Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,

Some rising Genius sins up to my Song.

VER. 1. Paxton.] Late Sollicitor to the Treasury.



F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash: 10  
Ev'n Guthry saves half Newgate by a Dash.

Spare then the Person, and expose the Vice.

P. How, Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?  
Come on then, Satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,  
Spread thy broad wing, and souce on all the kind.

Ye Statesmen, Priests, of one Religion all! 16

Ye Tradesmen vile, in Army, Court, or Hall;

Ye Rev'rend Atheists. F. Scandal! name them, Who?

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.  
Who starv'd a Sister, who forswore a Debt, 20  
I never nam'd; the Town's enquiring yet.

The pois'ning Dame—F. You mean—P. I don't.

F. You do.

P. See, now I keep the Secret, and not you!  
The bribing Statesman—F. Hold, too high you go.

P. The brib'd Elector—F. There you stoop to  
low. 25

P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what;  
Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?

Must great Offenders, once escap'd the Crown,

Like Royal Harts, be never more run down?

Admit your Law to spare the Knight requires, 30

As Beasts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?

VER. 11. *Ev'n Guthry.*] The Ordinary of Newgate, who publishes the memoirs of the Malefactors, and is often prevailed upon to be so tender of their reputation, as to set down no more than the initials of their name.

VER. 29. *Like Royal Harts, &c.*] Alluding to the old Game-laws, when our Kings spent all the time they could spare from human slaughter, in Woods and Forests.

Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—

To save a Bishop, may I name a Dean!

F. A Dean, Sir! no: his Fortune is not made,  
You hurt a man that's rising in the Trade. 35

P. If not the Tradesman who set up to day,  
Much less the Prentice who to morrow may,  
Down, down, proud Satire! tho' a Realm be spoil'd,  
Arraign no mightier Thief than wretched *Wild*;  
Or, if a Court or Country's made a job, 40  
Go drench a Pick-pocket, and join the Mob.

But, Sir, I beg you (for the Love of Vice!)  
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice;  
Have you less pity for the needy cheat,  
The poor and friendless Villain, than the Great; 45  
Alas! the small Discredit of a Bribe  
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.  
Then better sure it Charity becomes  
To tax Directors, who (thank God) have Plums;  
Still better, Ministers; or, if the thing 50  
May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a King.

F. Stop! Stop!

P. Must Satire, then, nor rise nor fall?  
Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogues at all.

F. Yes, strike that *Wild*, I'll justify the blow.

P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:

VER. 39. *wretched Wild*.] Jonathan Wild, a famous Thief,  
and Thief-Impeacher, who was at last caught in his own train  
and hanged.

Who now that obsolete Example fears? 56  
 Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.

F. What always Peter? Peter thinks you mad,  
 You make men desp'rate, if they once are bad:  
 Else might he take to Virtue some years hence— 60

P. As S—k, if he lives, wil love the PRINCE.

F. Strange spleen to S—k!

P. Do I wrong the Man?

God knows, I praise a Courtier where I can.  
 When I confess, there is who feels for Fame,  
 And melts to Goodness, need I SCARB'ROW name? 65  
 Pleas'd let me own, in *Esher's* peaceful Grove  
 (Where *Kent* and Nature vye for *PELHAM's* Love)  
 The Scene, the Master, opening to my view,  
 I sit and dream I see my CRAGGS anew!

Ev'n in a Bishop I can spy Desert; 70  
*Secker* is decent, *Rundel* has a Heart,  
 Manners with Candour are to *Benson* giv'n,  
 To *Berkly*, ev'ry Virtue under Heav'n.

VER. 57. *Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears.*] Peter had, the year before this, narrowly escaped the Pillory for forgery: and got off with a severe rebuke only from the bench.

VER. 65. *Scarb'row*] Earl of, and Knight of the Garter, whose personal attachments to the king appeared from his steady adherence to the royal interest, after his resignation of his great employment of Master of the Horse; and whose known honour and virtue made him esteemed by all parties.

VER. 66. *Esher's peaceful Grove.*] The house and gardens of *Esher* in *Surry*, belonging to the Honourable Mr. *Pelham*, Brother of the Duke of *Newcastle*. The author could not have given a more amiable idea of his Character than in comparing him to Mr *Craggs*.



But does the Court a worthy Man remove?  
 That instant I declare, he has my Love: 75  
 I shun his Zenith, court his mild Decline;  
 Thus SOMMERS once, and HALIFAX, were mine.  
 Oft, in the clear, still Mirrour of Retreat,  
 I study'd SHREWSBURY, the wise and great:  
 CARLETON's calm Sense, and STANHOPE's noble  
 Flame, 80  
 Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous End the same:  
 How pleasing ATTERBURY's softer hour!  
 How shin'd the Soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r!  
 How can I PULT'NEY, CHESTERFIELD forget,  
 While Roman Spirit - charms, and Attic Wit: 85  
 ARGYLL, the State's whole Thunder born to wield,  
 And shake alike the Senate and the Field:

VER. 77. *Sommers*] John Lord Sommers died in 1716. He had been Lord Keeper in the reign of William III. who took from him the seals in 1700. The author had the honour of knowing him in 1706. A faithful, able, and incorrupt minister; who, to the qualities of a consummate Statesman, added those of a man of Learning and Politeness.

VER. 77. *Halifax*] A peer, no less distinguished by his love of letters than his abilities in Parliament. He was disgraced in 1710, on the change of Queen Anne's ministry.

VER. 79. *Shrewsbury*] Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, had been Secretary of State, Ambassador in France, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Treasurer. He several times quitted his employments, and was often recalled. He died in 1718.

VER. 80. *Carleton*] Hen. Boyle, Lord Carleton (nephew of the famous Robert Boyle) who was Secretary of state under William III. and President of the council under Q. Anne.

*Ibid. Stanhope*] James Earl Stanhope. A Nobleman of equal courage, spirit, and learning. General in Spain, and Secretary of State.

Or WYNDHAM, just to Freedom and the Throne,  
 The Master of our Passions, and his own.  
 Names which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,  
 Rank'd with their Friends, not number'd with their  
 Train;

91

And if yet higher the proud List should end,  
 Still let me say! No Follower but a Friend.

Yet think not, Friendship only prompts my lays;

I follow *Virtue*; where she shines, I praise:

95

Point she to Priest or Elder, Whig or Tory,

Or round a Quaker's Beaver, cast a glory.

I never (to my sorrow I declare)

Din'd with the Man of Ross, or my LORD MAY'R.

Some, in their choice of Friends (nay, look not grave)

Have still a secret Byas to a Knave:

101

To find an honest man I beat about,

And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.

F. Then why so few commended!

P. Not so fierce;

Find you the *Virtue*, and I'll find the Verse.

105

But random Praise—the task can ne'er be done;

Each mother asks it for her booby Son,

Each Widow asks it for *the Best of Men*,

For him she weeps, and him she weds agen.

Praise cannot stoop like Satire, to the ground:

110

The Number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.

VOL. II.

P p

VER. 87. *Wyndham*] Sir William Wyndham, Chancellor of  
 the Exchequer under Queen Anne.

Enough for half the Greatest of these days,  
 To 'scape my Censure, not expect my Praise.  
 Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?  
 Dare they to hope a Poet for their Friend? 115  
 What RICHLIEU wanted, LOUIS scarce could gain,  
 And what young AMMON wish'd, but wish'd in vain.  
 No Pow'r the Muse's Friendship can command;  
 No Pow'r, when Virtue claims it, can withstand:  
 To *Cato*, *Virgil* pay'd one honest line; 120  
 O let my Country's Friends illumine mine!  
 —What are you thinking: F. Faith the thought's no  
 sin,

I think your Friends are out, and would be in.

P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,  
 The way they take is strangely round about. 125

F. They too may be corrupted you'll allow!

P. I only call those Knaves who are so now.

Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—  
 Spirit of *Arnall*? aid me while I lie.

COBHAM's a Coward, POLWARTH is a Slave, 130  
 And LITTLETON a dark, designing Knave,  
 ST JOHN has ever been a wealthy Fool —  
 But let me add, Sir ROBERT's mighty dull,  
 Has never made a Friend in private life,  
 And was besides a Tyrant to his Wife. 135

VER. 129. *Spirit of Arnall*] Look for him in his place,  
 Dunc. B. II. ver. 313.

VER. 130. *Polworth*] The Hon. Hugh Hume, Son of Alex-  
 ander Earl of Marchmont, Grandson of Patrick Earl of March-  
 mont.



But, pray, when others praise him, do I blame?  
Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name?

Why rail they then, if but a Wreath of mine,  
Oh All-accomplish'd ST JOHN! deck thy shrine?

What? shall each spurgall'd Hackney of the day,  
When Paxton gives him double Pots and Pay, 141

Or each new-pension'd Sycophant, pretend  
To break my Windows if I treat a Friend?

Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,  
But 'twas my Guest at whom they threw the dirt?

Sure if I spare the Minister, no rules 146  
Of honour bind me not to maul his Tools;

Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said

His Saws are toothless, and his Hatchet's Lead.

It anger'd TURENNE, once upon a day, 150  
To see a Footman kick'd that took his pay:

But when he heard th' Affront the Fellow gave,  
Knew one a Man of honour, one a Knave;

The prudent Gen'ral turn'd it to a jest,

And begg'd he'd take the pains to kick the rest: 155

Which not at present having time to do—

F. Hold Sir! for God's-sake where's th' Affront to  
you?

Against your worship when had S—k writ?

Or P—ge pour'd forth the Torrent of his Wit?

Or grant the Bard whose Distich all commend 160

[*In Pow'r a Servant; out of Pow'r a friend*]

VER. 160. *the Bard*] A verse taken out of a poem to Sir]  
R. W.

To W—le guilty of some venial sin;

What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?

The Priest whose Flattery be-dropt the Crown,  
How hurt he you? he only stain'd the Gown. 165

And how did, pray, the florid Youth offend,  
Whose Speech you took and gave it to a Friend!

P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;  
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,  
Since the whole House did afterwards the same. }

Let Courtly Wits to Wits afford supply, 171

As Hog to Hog in huts of Westphaly;

If one, thro' Nature's Bounty or his Lord's  
Has what the frugal, dirty soil affords,  
From him the next receives it, thick or thin, 175

As pure a mess almost as it came in;

The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,  
Drops to the third who nuzzles close behind;

From tail to mouth they feed and they carouse:

The last full fairly gives it to the *House*. 180

F. This filthy smile, this beastly line  
Quite turns my stomach —

P. So does Flatt'ry mine;  
And all your courtly Civet-cats can vent,

Perfume to you, to me is Excrement.

But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed, 185

Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read,

V. & R. 185. in the MS.

I grant it, Sir; and further, 'tis agreed,

Japhet writ not, and Chartres scarce could read.

Ibid. Japhet ---- Chartres] See the Epistle to Lord Bathurst.

In all the Courts of Pindus guiltless quite;  
 But Pens can forge my Friend, that cannot write;  
 And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,  
 Because the Deed he forg'd was not my own? 190

Must never Patriot then declaim at Gin,  
 Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?  
 No zealous Pastor blame a failing Spouse,  
 Without a staring reason on his brows?  
 And each Blasphemer quite escape the rod, 195  
 Because the insult's not on Man, but God?

Ask you what Provocation I have had!

The strong Antipathy of Good to Bad.

When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures,  
 Th' Affront is mine, my friend, and should be your's,  
 Mine, as a Foe profess'd to false Pretence, 201  
 Who thinks a Coxcomb's Honour like his Sense;  
 Mine as a Friend to ev'ry worthy mind;  
 And mine as Man, who feel for all mankind.

F. You're strangely proud.

P. So proud, I am no Slave:

So impudent, I own myself no knave: 206

So odd, my country's Ruin makes me grave.

Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see

Men not afraid of God, afraid of me;

Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne,

Yet touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone. 211

O sacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,

Sole Dread of Folly, Vice and Insolence!

To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,

The muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide;



Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal; 216  
 To rouse the Watchmen of the Publick Weal,  
 To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,  
 And goad the Prelate slumbring in his Stall.  
 Ye tinsel Insects! whom a Court maintains, 220  
 That counts your Beauties only by your Stains,  
 Spin all your Cobwebs o'er the Eye of Day!  
 The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:  
 All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings, 224  
 All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of Kings.  
 All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the Press,  
 Like the last Gazzette, or the last Address.

When black Ambition stains a public Cause,  
 A Monarch's Sword when mad Vain-glory draws,  
 Not Waller's Wreath can hide the Nation's Scar,  
 Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star. 231

Not so, when diadem'd with rays divine,  
 Touch'd with the Flame that breaks from *Virtue's*  
 Shrine,

After ver. 227. in the MS.

Where's now the Star that lighted Charles to rise?

—With that which follow'd Julius to the skies.

Angels, that watch'd the Royal Oak so well,

How chanc'd ye nod, when luckless Sorrel fell?

Hence, lying miracles! reduc'd so low

As to the regal touch, and papal-toe;

Hence haughty Edgar's title to the Main,

Britain's to France, and thine to India, Spain.

VER. 231. *Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star.* See his  
 Ode on Namur; where (to use his own words) "*il a fait un*  
 "*Astre de la Plume blanche que le Roy porte ordinairement à*  
 "*son Chapeau, et qui est en effet une espece de Comete, fatale*  
 "*à nos ennemis.*"

Her Priestess Muse forbids the Good to die,  
And opes the Temple of *Eternity*. 235

There, other Trophies deck the truly brave,  
Than such as Anstis casts into the Grave:

Far other Stars than \* and \* \* wear,

And may descend to Mordington from STAIR:

{Such as on HOUGH's unfully'd Mitre shine, 240

Or beam, good DIGBY, from a heart like thine)

Let *Envy* howl, while Heav'n's whole Chorus sings,

And bark at Honour not confer'd by Kings;

Let *Flatt'ry* lick'ning see the Incense rise,

Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies: 245

Truth guards the Poet, sanctifies the line,

And makes immortal, Verse as mean as mine.

Yes, the last Pen for Freedom let me draw,

When Truth stands trembling on the edge of Law;

Here, Last of Britons? let your Names be read; 250

Are none, none living? let me praise the Dead,

And for that Cause which made your Fathers shine,

Fall by the Votes of their degen'rate Line,

Fr. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,

And write next winter more *Essays on Man*. 255

VER. 237. *Anstis*] The chief Herald at arms. It is the custom, at the funeral of great Peers, to cast into the grave the broken staves and ensigns of honour.

VER. 239. *Stair*;) John Dalrymple Earl of Stair, Knight of the Thistle; served in all the wars under the Duke of Marlborough; and afterwards as Ambassador in France.

VER. 240, 241. *Hough and Digby*] Dr John Hough Bishop of Worcester, and the Lord Digby.

VER. 255. in the MS.

Quit, quit these themes, and write *Essays on Man*.

O N

Receiving from the Right Hon. the Lady

**FRANCES SHIRLEY**

**A STANDISH and TWO PENS.**

**Y**ES, I beheld th'Athenian Queen  
Descend in all her sober charms;

“ And take (she said, and smil'd serene)

“ Take at this hand celestial arms:

“ Secure the radiant weapons wield;

“ This golden lance shall guard Desert,

“ And if a Vice dares keep the field,

“ This steel shall stab 'it to the heart.”

Aw'd on my bended knees I fell,

Receiv'd the weapons of the sky;

And dipt them in the fable Well,

The fount of Fame or Infamy.

*The Lady Frances Shirley]* A Lady whose great Merit Mr Pope  
took a great pleasure to celebrate.



" What *Well?* what *Weapon?* (Flavia cries)

" A standish, steel and golden pen !

" It came from Bertrand's, not the skies ;

" I gave it you to write again.

" But, Friend, take heed whom you attack ;

" You'll bring a house (I mean of Peers)

" Red, Blue, and Green, nay white and black,

" L — and all about your ears.

" You'd write as smooth again on glass,

" And run, on ivory, so glib,

" As not to stick at fool or ass,

" Nor stop at Flattery or Fib.

*Athenian Queen ! and sober charms !*

" I tell ye, fool, there's nothing in't :

" 'Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms :

" In Dryden's Virgil see the print.

" Come, if you'll be a quiet soul,

" That dares tell neither Truth nor Lies,

" I'll list you in the harmless roll

" Of those that sing of these poor eyes."



EPISTLE VII.

IMITATIONS

O F

H O R A C E.



IMITATIONS

OF

HORACE.

## EPISTLE VII.

Imitated in the Manner of Dr. SWIFT.

**T**IS true, my Lord, I gave my word,  
 I would be with you June the third;  
 Chang'd it to August, and (in short)  
 Have kept it—as you do at Court.  
 You humour me when I am sick,  
 Why not when I am splenetick?  
 In town, what Objects could I meet?  
 The shops shut up in ev'ry street,  
 And Fun'rals black'ning all the Doors,  
 And yet more melancholy Whores:  
 And what a dust in every place?  
 And a thin Court that wants your Face,  
 And Fevers raging up and down,  
 And W\* and H\*\* both in Town?

Quinque dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,  
 Sextilem totum mendax desideror. atqui,  
 Si me vivere vis sanum recteque valentem;  
 Quam mihi das aegro, dabis aegrotare timenti,  
 Maecenas, veniam: dum fies prima calorque  
 Designatorem decorat lictoribus atris:  
 Dum pueris omnis pater, et matercula pallet;  
 Officiosaque sedulitas, et opella forensis  
 Adducit febris, et testamenta resignat.

"The Dog-days are no more the case."

15

'Tis true, but Winter comes apace:

Then southward let your Bard retire,

Hold out some Months 'twixt Sun and Fire,

And you shall see the first warm Weather,

Me and the Butterflies together.

20

My Lord your Favours well I know;

'Tis with Distinction you bestow;

And not to ev'ry one that comes,

Just as a Scotsman does his Plums,

"Pray take them, Sir—Enough's a Feast:"

25

"Eat some, and pocket up the rest."—

What rob your Boys? those pretry rogues!

"No, Sir you'll leave them to the Hogs."

Thus Fools with Compliments besiege ye,

Contriving never to oblige ye.

30

Scatter your Favours on a Fop,

Ingratitude's the certain crop;

And 'tis but just, I'll tell ye wherefore,

You give the things you never care for.

Quod si bruma nives Albanis illinet agris;

Ad mare descendet vates tuus, et sibi parcet,

Contractusque leget; te, dulcis, amice, reviset

Cum Zephyris, si concedes, et hirundine prima.

Non, quo more pyris vesci Calaber jubet hospes,

Tu me fecisti locupletem. Vescere sodes.

Jam satis est. At tu quantumvis tolle. Benigne.

Non invisa feres pueris munuscula parvis.

Tam teneor dono, quam si dimittar onustus.

Ut libet: haec porcis hodie comedenda relinques.

Prodigus et stultus donat quae spernit et odit:



A wise man always is, or shou'd 35  
 Be mighty ready to do good:  
 But makes a difference in his thought  
 Betwixt a Guinea and a Groat.

Now this I'll say, you'll find in me  
 A safe Companion, and a free;  
 But if you'd have me always near—  
 A word, pray, in your Honour's ear.  
 I hope it is your Resolution  
 To give me back my Constitution!  
 The sprightly Wit, the lively Eye, 45  
 Th' engaging Smile, the Gaiety,  
 That laugh'd down many a Summer Sun,  
 And kept you up so oft till one:  
 And all that voluntary Vein,  
 As when Belinda rais'd my Strain. 50

A Weasel once made shift to sink  
 In at a Corn-loft thro' a Chink;  
 But having amply stuff'd his skin,  
 Could not get out as he got in;

Haec seges ingratos tulit et feret omnibus annis.  
 Vir bonus et sapiens, dignis ait esse paratus!  
 Nec tamen ignorat, quid distent aera lupinis?  
 Dignum praestabo me, etiam pro laude merentis.  
 Quod si me noles usquam discedere: reddes  
 Forte latus, nigros angusta fronte capillos:  
 Reddes dulce loqui; reddes ridere decorum, et  
 Inter vina fugam Cynarae moerere protervae.

Forte per angustam tenuis vulpecula rimam  
 Repserat in cumeram frumenti: pastaque, rursus  
 Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore frustra,

Which one belonging to the House 55  
 ('Twas not a Man, it was a Mouse)  
 Observing, cry'd, "You scape not so,  
 "Lean as you came, Sir, you must go."

Sir, you may spare your Application,  
 I'm no such Beast, nor his Relation; 60  
 Nor one that Temperance advance,  
 Cramm'd to the Throat with Ortolans:  
 Extremely ready to resign  
 All that may make me none of mine.  
 South-sea Subscriptions take who please, 65  
 Leave me but Liberty and Ease.  
 'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,  
 Who prais'd my Modesty, and smil'd.  
 Give me, I cry'd, (enough for me)  
 My Bread, and Independency! 70  
 So bought an Annual Rent or two,  
 And liv'd——just as you see I do;  
 Near fifty, and without a Wife,  
 I trust that sinking Fund, my Life.

Cui mustela procul, Si vis, ait, effugere istinc;  
 Macra cavum repetes arcum, quem macra subisti.  
 Hac ego si compellor imagine, cuncta resigno:  
 Nec somnum plebis laudo satur altitium, nec  
 Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.  
 Saepe verecundum laudasti: Rexque, Paterque  
 Audisti coram, nec verbo parcus absens:  
 Inspice, si possum donata reponere laetus.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,

75

Shrink back to my Paternal Cell,

A little House, with Trees a-row,

And, like its Master, very low.

There dy'd my Father, no man's Debtor,

And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.

80

To set this matter full before ye,

Our old Friend Swift will tell his Story.

“Harley, the Nation's great support,”—

But you may read it, I stop short.

VOL. II.

R r

Parvum parva decent. mihi jam non regia Roma,

Sed vacuum Tibur placet, aut imbellis Tarentum.

Strenuus et fortis, causisque Philippus agendis  
Clarus, &c.



## SATIRE VI.

The First Part imitated in the Year 1714, by Dr.  
SWIFT; the latter Part added afterwards.

I'VE often wish'd that I had clear  
For life, six hundred pounds a year,  
A handsome House to lodge a Friend,  
A River at my garden's end,  
A Terras-walk, and half a Rood  
Of Land, set out to plant a Wood.  
Well, now I have all this and more,  
'I ask not to encrease my store;  
' But here a Grievance seems to lie,  
' All this is mine but till I die;  
' I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,  
' To me and to my Heirs for ever.  
' If I ne'er got or lost a groat,  
' By any Trick or any Fault;

10

Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,  
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquae fons,  
Et paulum silvae super his foret. auctius, atque  
Di melius fecere. bene est. nil amplius oro,  
Maia nate, nisi ut propria haec mihi munera faxis.  
Si neque majorem feci ratione mala rein,

' And if I pray by Reason's rules, 15  
 ' And not like Forty other Fools:  
 ' As thus, " Vouchsafe, oh Gracious Maker!  
 " To grant me this and no other Ace:  
 " Or, if it be thy Will and Pleasure,  
 " Direct my Plow, to find a Treasure:" 20  
 ' But only what my Station fits,  
 ' And to be kept in my right wits,  
 ' Preserve, Almighty Providence!  
 ' Just what you gave me, Competence:  
 ' And let me in these shades compose 25  
 ' Something in Verse as true as Prose;  
 ' Remov'd from all th' Ambitious Scene,  
 ' Nor puff'd by Pride, nor sunk by Spleen,

In short, I'm perfectly content,  
 Let me but live on this side Trent; 30  
 Nor cross the Channel twice a year,  
 To spend six Months with Statesmen here.

Nec sum facturus vitio culpave minorem:  
 Si veneror stultus nihil horum, O si angelus ille  
 Proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum!  
 O si urnam argenti fors quæ mihi monstret! ut illi,  
 Thesauro invento qui mercenarius agrum  
 Illum ipsum mercatus aravit, dives amico  
 Hercule, si, quod adest, gratum juvat! hac prece te oro,  
 Pingue pecus domino facias, et caetera praeter  
 Ingenium; utque soles, custos mihi maximus ad sis.  
 Ergo ubi me in montes et in arcem ex Urbe removi,  
 Quid prius illustrem Satiris Musaque pedestri?  
 Nec mala me ambitio perdit, nec plumbeus Auster,  
 Autumnusque gravis, Libitinae quaestus acerbae.

I must by all means come to town,  
'Tis for the service of the Crown.

"Lewis, the Dean will be of use," 35

"Send for him up, take no excuse."

The toil, the danger of the Seas,

Great Ministers ne'er think of these;

Or let it cost five hundred pound,

No matter where the money's found, 40

It is but so much more in debt,

And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

"Good Mr Dean, go change your gown,

"Let my Lord know you're come to town." 45

I hurry me in haste away,

Not thinking it is Levee-day;

And find his Honour in a Pound,

Hemm'd by a triple Circle round,

Chequer'd with Ribbons blue and green:

How should I thrust myself between! 50

Some Wag observes me thus perplex't,

And smiling, whispers to the next,

"I thought the Dean had been too proud,

"To juggle here among a croud."

Matutine pater, seu Jane libentius audis,

Unde homines operum primos vitaeque labores.

Instituunt, (sic Dis placitum) tu carminis esto.

Principium: Romae sponsorem me rapis: Eia,

Ne prior officio quisquam respondeat, argue:

Sive Aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem

Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.

Postmodo, quod mi obsit, clare certumque locuto,

Luctandum in turba, et facienda injuria tardis.



Another in a surly fit, 55  
 Tells me I have more Zeal than Wit,  
 "So eager to express your love,  
 "You ne'er consider whom you shrove,  
 "But rudely press before a Duke."  
 I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke. 60  
 And take it kindly meant to show  
 What I desire the World should know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw ;  
 When twenty Fools I never saw  
 Come with Petitions fairly penn'd, 65  
 Desiring I would stand their friend.

This, humbly offers me his Case—  
 That, begs my int'rest for a Place—  
 A hundred other Men's affairs,  
 Like bees, are humming in my ears. 70  
 "To-morrow my Appeal comes on,  
 "Without your help the Cause is gone—  
 The Duke expects my Lord and you,  
 About some great affair at Two—

Quid tibi vis, insane? et quas res agis? improbus  
 urguet.

Iratis precibus. tu pulses omne quod obstat,  
 Ad Maecenatem memori si mente recurras.  
 Hoc juvat, et melli est; ne mentiar. at simul atras  
 Ventum est Esquilias; aliena negotia centum  
 Per caput, et circa saliant latus. Ante secundam  
 Rostius orabat sibi adesses ad Puteal cras.  
 De re communi scribae magna atque nova te  
 Orabant hodie meminisses, Quinte, reverti.

" Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind, 75

" To get my Warrant quickly sign'd:

" Consider, 'tis my first request.—

Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best:—

Then presently he falls to teize,

" You may for certain if you please; 80

" I doubt not, if his Lordship knew—

" And, Mr Dean, one word from you—

'Tis (let me see) three years and more,

(October next it will be four)

Since HARLEY bid me first attend, 85

And chose me for an humble friend:

Would take me in his Coach to chat,

And question me of this and that;

As, " What's o'clock?" And, " How's the Wind?"

" Who's Chariot's that we left behind? 90

Or gravely try to read the lines

Writ underneath the Country Signs;

Or, " Have you nothing new to-day

" From Pope, from Parnel, or from Gay?

*Imprimat his cura Maecenas signa tabellis.*

*Dixeris, Experiari: Si vis, potes, addit; et instat.*

*Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,*

*Ex quo Maecenas me coepit habere suorum*

*In numero: duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda*

*Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concedere nugae*

*Hoc genus, Hora quota est? Threx est Gallina*

*Syro par.*

Such tattle often entertains 95  
 My Lord and me as far as Stains,  
 As once a week we travel down  
 To Windsor, and again to Town,  
 Where all that passes, *inter nos*,  
 Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Cross. 100

Yet some I know with envy swell,  
 Because they see me us'd so well :  
 " How think you of our Friend the Dean ?  
 " I wonder what some people mean ;  
 " My Lord and he are grown so great, 105  
 " Always together, *tote a tete*,  
 " What, they admire him for his jokes—  
 " See but the fortune of some Folks !  
 There flies about a strange report  
 Of some express arriv'd at Court ; 110  
 I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,  
 And catechis'd in every street.  
 " You, Mr Dean, frequent the Great ;  
 " Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat ?

Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent :  
 Et quae rimosa bene deponuntur in aure.  
 Per totum hoc tempus, subiectior in diem et horam  
 Invidiae noster ludos spectaverit una ;  
 Luferit in campo : Fortunae filius, omnes.  
 Frigidus a Rostriis manat per compita rumor :  
 Quicumque obvius est, me consulit ; O bone (nam te  
 Scire, Deos quoniam proprius contingis, oportet)



"Or do the Prints and Papers lye?" 115

Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.

"Ah Doctor, how you love to jest?"

"'Tis now no secret"—I protest

'Tis one to me—"Then tell us, pray,

"When are the Troops to have their pay?" 120

And tho' I solemnly declare

I know no more than my Lord Mayor,

They stand amaz'd, and think me grown

The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly toss'd, 125

My choicest Hours of life are lost;

Yet always wishing to retreat,

Oh, could I see my Country-seat!

There leaning near a gentle Brook

Sleep, or peruse some antient Book, 130

And there in sweet oblivion drown

Those Cares that haunt the Court and Town,

Num quid de Dacis audisti? Nil equidem. Ut tu

Semper eris derisor! At omnes Di exagitent me,

Si quicquam. Quid? militibus promissa Triquetra

Praedia Caesar, an est Itala tellure daturus?

Jurantem me scire nihil miratur, ut unum

Scilicet egregii mortalem atque silenti.

Perditur haec inter misero lux; non sine votis,

O rus, quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit,

Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,

Ducere sollicitae jucunda obliviae vitae!

O quando faba Pythagorae cognata, simulque

Uncta satis pingui ponentur oluscula lardo?

O charming Noons ! and Nights divine !  
 Or when I sup, or when I dine,  
 My Friends above, my Folks below, 135  
 Chatting and laughing all-a-row,  
 The Beans and Bacon set before 'em,  
 The Grace-cup serv'd with all decorum :  
 Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,  
 And ev'n the very Dogs at ease ! 140  
 Here no man prates of idle things,  
 How this or that Italian sings,  
 A Neighbour's Madness, or his Spouse's  
 Or what's in either of their Houses :  
 But something much more our concern, 145  
 And quite a scandal not to learn :  
 Which is the happier, or the wiser,  
 A man of Merit, or a Miser ?  
 Whether we ought to chuse our Friends,  
 For their own Worth, or our own ends ? 150

VOL. II.

S s

O noctes coenaeque Deum ! quibus ipse meique,  
 Ante Larem proprium vescor, vernaſque procaces  
 Paſco libatis dapibus : cum, ut cuique libido eſt,  
 Siccat inaequales calices conviva, ſolutus  
 Legibus inſanis : ſeu quis capit acria fortis  
 Pocula ; ſeu modicis uveſcit laetius. ergo  
 Sermo oritur, non devillis domibuſve alienis,  
 Nec male necne Lepos ſaltet : ſed quod magis ad nos  
 Pertinet, et neſcire malum eſt, agitaſmus ; utrumne  
 Divitiis homines, an ſint virtute beati :  
 Quidve ad amicitias, uſus rectumne, trahat nos :

What good, or better, we may call,  
And what, the very best of all?

Our Friend Dan Prior, told (you know)

A Tale extremely *a propos*:

Name a Town Life, and in a trice, 155

He had a Story of two Mice.

Once on a time (so runs the Fable)

A country Mouse, right hospitable,

Receiv'd a Town Mouse at his Board,

Just as a Farmer might a Lord. 160

A frugal Mouse upon the whole,

Yet lov'd his Friend, and had a Soul,

Knew what was handsome, and would do't,

On just occasion, *coute qui coute*.

He brought him Bacon (nothing lean) 165

Pudding, that might have pleas'd a Dean;

Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,

But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;

Et quae sit natura boni, summumque quid ejus.

Cervius haec inter vicinus garrit aniles

Ex re fabellas. si quis nam laudat Arelli

Solicitas ignarus opes; sic incipit: Olim

Rusticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur,

Accepisse cavo, veterem vetus hospes amicum;

Asper, et attentus quaesitis; ut tamen arctum

Solveret hospitii animum. quid multa? neque ille

Sepositi cicëris, nec longae invidit avenae:

Aridem et ore ferens acinum, semesaque lardi

Frustra dedit, cupiens varia fastidia coena

Vincere tangentis male lingua dente superbo:

Cum pater ipse domus palea porrectus in horna



Yet, to his Guest tho' no way sparing,  
He eat himself the rind and paring. 170

Our Courtier scarce could touch a bit,  
But show'd his Breeding and his Wit;

He did his best to seem to eat,  
And cry'd, "I vow you're mighty neat."

"But Lord, my Friend, this savage Scene!" 175

"For God's sake, come and live with Men:

"Consider, Mice, like Men, must die,

"Both small and great, both you and I:

"Then spend your life in Joy and Sport,

"(This doctrine, Friend, I learnt at Court.)" 180

The veriest Hermit in the Nation

May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.

Away they come, thro' thick and thin,

To a tall house near Lincoln's-Inn;

('Twas on the night of a Debate, 185

When all their Lordships had fate late.)

Behold the place, where if a Poet

Shin'd in Discription, he might show it;

*Esset ador loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.*

*Tandem urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat, inquit,*  
*amice,*

*Praerupti nemoris patientem vivere dorso!*

*Vin' tu homines urbemque feris praeponere sylvis?*

*Carpe viam (mihi crede) comes: terrestria quando*

*Mortales animas vivunt fortita, neque ulla est,*

*Aut magno aut parvo, leti fuga. quo, bone, circa,*

*Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus:*

*Vive memor quam sis aevi brevis. Haec ubi dicta*

*Agrestem pepulere, domo levis exsilit: inde*

Tell how the Moon-beam trembling falls,  
 And tips with silver all the walls; 190  
 Palladian walls, Venetian doors,  
 Grottesco roofs, and Stucco floors:  
 But let it (in a word) be said,  
 The Moon was up, and Men a bed,  
 The Napkins white, the Carpet red: 195  
 The Guests withdrawn had left the Treat,  
 And down the Mice sate *tête à tête*.

Our Courtier walks from dish to dish,  
 Tastes for his Friend of Fowl and Fish;  
 Tells all their names, lays down the law, 200  
 “*Que ça est bon? Ah goutez ça!*”  
 “That Jelly’s rich, this Malmsey healing,  
 “Pray, dip your Whiskers and your Tail in.”  
 Was ever such a happy Swain?  
 He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again. 205  
 “I’m quite asham’d—’tis mighty rude  
 “To eat so much—but all’s so good,

Ambo propositum peragunt iter, urbis aventes  
 Moenia nocturni subrepere. jamque tenebat  
 Nox medium coeli spatium, cum ponit uterque  
 In locuplete domo vestigia: rubro ubi cocco  
 Tincta super lectos canderet vestis eburnos;  
 Multaque de magna supereffent fercula coena,  
 Quae procul exstructis inerant hesternae canistris,  
 Ergo ubi purpurae porrectum in veste locavit  
 Agrestem; veluti succinctus curstat hospes,  
 Continuatque dapes: nec non verniliter ipsis  
 Fungitur officiis, praelibans omne quod affert.

"I have a thousand thanks to give—

"My Lord alone knows how to live."

No sooner said, but from the Hall

210

Rush Chaplain, Butler, Dogs and all:

"A Rat, a Rat! clap to the door—

The Cat comes bouncing on the floor.

O for the heart of Homer's Mice,

Or Gods to save them in a trice!

215

(It was by Providence they think,

For your damn'd Stucco has no chink.)

"An't please your Honour, quoth the Peasant,

"This same Dessert is not so pleasant:

"Give me again my hollow Tree,

220

"A Crust of Bread, and Liberty!

Ille cubans gaudet mutata forte, bonisque

Rebus agit laetum convivam: cum subito ingens

Valvarum strepitus lectis excussit utrumque.

Currere per totum pavidum conclave; magisque

Exanimes trepidare, simul domus alta Molossis

Personuit canibus. tum rusticus, Haud mihi vita

Est opus hae, ait, et valeas: me sylva, cavusque

Tutus ab insidiis tenui solabitur ervo.



## B O O K IV.

## O D E I.

## T O V E N U S.

**A** GAIN? new Tumults in my breast?  
 Ah spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest!  
 I am not now, alas! the man  
 As in the gentle Reign of My Queen Anne.  
 Ah sound no more thy soft alarms,  
 Nor circle sober fifty with thy Charms.  
 Mother too fierce of dear Desires!  
 Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.  
 To *Number five* direct your Doves,  
 There spread round MURRAY all your blooming  
 Loves;

Intermissa, Venus, diu  
 Rursus bella moves? parce precor, precor.  
 Non sum qualis eram bonae  
 Sub regno Cynarae. define, dulcium  
 Mater saeva Cupidinum,  
 Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus  
 Jam durum imperiis: abi  
 Quo blandae juvenum te revocant preces.  
 Tempestivius in domum  
 Paulli, purpureis ales oloribus,

Noble and young, who strikes the heart  
With ev'ry sprightly, ev'ry decent part :  
Equal, the injur'd to defend,  
To charm the Mistress, or to fix the Friend.  
He, with a hundred Arts refin'd,  
Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind :  
To him each Rival shall submit,  
Make but his Riches equal to his Wit.  
Then shall thy Form the Marble grace,  
(Thy Grecian Form) and Chloe lend the Face.  
His House, embosom'd in the Grove,  
Sacred to social life and social love,  
Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,  
Where Thames reflects the visionary scene:  
Thither, the silver-sounding lyres  
Shall call the smiling Loves, and young Desires ;

Commislabere Maximi;

Si torrere jecur quaeris idoneum.

Namque et nobilis, et decens,

Et pro sollicitis non tacitus reis,

Et centum puer artium,

Late signa feret militiae tuae.

Et, quandoque potentior

Largi muneribus riserit aemuli,

Albanos prope te lacus

Ponet marmoream sub trabe citrea.

Illic plurima naribus

Duces thura ; lyraque et Berecynthia

Delectabere tibia

Mixtis carminibus, non sine fistula.

There, ev'ry Grace and Muse shall throng,  
 Exalt the dance, or animate the song;  
 There Youths and Nymphs, in consort gay,  
 Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.  
 With me, alas! those joys are o'er;  
 For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.  
 Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,  
 The still-believing, still renew'd desire;  
 Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,  
 And all the kind Deceivers of the soul!  
 But why? ah tell me, ah too dear!  
 Steals down my cheek th' involuntary Tear?  
 Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,  
 Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?  
 Thee, drest in Fancy's airy beam,  
 Absent I follow thro' th' extended Dream;  
 Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,  
 And now you burst (ah cruel!) from my arms;

Illic bis pueri die  
 Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum  
 Laudantes, pede candido  
 In morem Salium ter quatient humum.  
 Mec nec femina, nec puer  
 Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,  
 Nec certare juvat mero,  
 Nec vincere novis tempora floribus.  
 Sed cur, heu! Ligurine, cur  
 Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?  
 Cur facunda parum decoro  
 Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?



And swiftly shoot along the Mall,  
 Or softly glide by the Canal,  
 Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,  
 And now, on rolling waters snatch'd away.

Nocturnis ego somniis

Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor

Te per gramina Martii

Campi te, per aquas, dure, volubiles,

## Part of the NINTH ODE

## Of the FOURTH BOOK.

**L**EST you should think that verse shall die,  
Which sounds the Silver Thames along,  
Taught on the wings of Truth to fly  
Above the reach of vulgar song;

Tho' daring Milton sits sublime,  
In Spenser native Muses play;  
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,  
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay——

Ne forte credas interitura, quae  
Longe sonantem natus ad Ausidum  
Non ante vulgatas per artes  
Verba loquor socianda chordis;

Non, si priores Maeonius tenet  
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricae latent  
Caeque, et Alcaei minaces  
Stesichorique graves Camenae:

Sages and Chiefs long since had birth  
Ere Cæsar was, or Newton nam'd;  
These rais'd new Empires o'er the Earth,  
And Those, new Heav'ns and Systems fram'd:

Vain was the Chief's, the Sage's pride!  
They had no Poet, and they died.  
In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled!  
They had no Poet, and are dead.

*Nec, si quid olim lussit Anacreon,  
Delevit aetas: spirat adhuc amor,  
Vivuntque commissi calores  
Aeoliae fidibus puellae.*

*Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona  
Multi; sed omnes illacrymabiles  
Urguentur ignotique longa  
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.*



And those new Heavens and Systems stand,  
The Earth's new Empire of the Land,  
For Christ was, or Newton said,  
Sages and Chiefs long since had birth

FOURTH BOOK

Vain was the Chief, the Sage's pride!  
They had no Power, and they died,  
In vain they bled, in vain they died!  
They had no Power, and they died,  
Nec, it did olim, Iust, Antea,  
Delit, set, set, set, set, set,  
Vivunt, set, set, set, set, set,  
Acquis, set, set, set, set, set,  
Vivunt, set, set, set, set, set,  
Miles, set, set, set, set, set,  
Vivunt, set, set, set, set, set,  
Miles, set, set, set, set, set,

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# MISCELLANIES.

## EPISTLE TO

ROBERT Earl of OXFORD, and  
Earl MORTIMER.

**S**UCH were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet sung,  
'Till Death untimely stop'd his tuneful tongue.

Oh just beheld! and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!

With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!

Blest in each science, blest in ev'ry strain!

Dear to the Muse! to HARLEY dear—in vain!

For him, thou oft had bid the World attend,

Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;

For SWIFT and him, despis'd the farce of state,

The sober follies of the wise and great;

Dextrous the craving, fawning crowd to quit,

And pleas'd to 'scape from Flattery to Wit.

*Epist. to Robert Earl of Oxford.] This Epistle was sent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr Parnell's poems published by our Author, after the said Earl's Imprisonment in the Tower, and Retreat into the Country, in the year 1721*

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,  
 (A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)  
 Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days, 15  
 Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,  
 Who, careless now of Int'rest, Fame, or Fate,  
 Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great ;  
 Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,  
 Beholds thee glorious only in thy Fall. 20

And sure, if aught below the seats divine  
 Can touch Immortals, 'tis a Soul like thine:  
 A Soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,  
 Above all Pain, all Passion, and all Pride,  
 The rage of Pow'r, the blast of public breath, 25  
 The lust of Lucre, and the dread of Death.

In vain to Deserts thy retreat is made ;  
 The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade ;  
 'Tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,  
 Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace. 30  
 When Int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,  
 And all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain ;  
 She waits, or to the Scaffold, or the cell,  
 When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.  
 Ev'n now, she shades thy Ev'ning-walk with bays,  
 (No hireling she, no prostitute to praise) 36  
 Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,  
 Eyes the calm Sun-set of thy various Day,  
 Thro' Fortuen's cloud one truly great can see,  
 Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he. 40



## E P I S T L E

TO JAMES CRAGGS, Esq;  
SECRETARY OF STATE.

**A** Soul as full of Worth, as void of Pride,  
Which nothing seeks to shew, or needs to hide,  
Which nor to Guilt nor Fear, its Caution owes,  
And boasts a warmth that from no Passion flows.  
A Face untaught to feign; a judging Eye, 5  
That darts severe upon a rising Lye,  
And strikes a blush thro' frontless Flattery.  
All this thou wert, and being this before,  
Know, Kings and Fortune cannot make thee more.  
Then scorn to gain a Friend by servile ways, 10  
Nor wish to lose a Foe these Virtues raise;  
But candid, free, sincere, as you began,  
Proceed—a Minister, but still a Man.  
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)  
Asham'd of any Friend, not ev'n of Me: 15  
The Patriot's plain, but untrod, path pursue;  
If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of You.

[Secretary of State] In the year 1720,

## E P I S T L E

To Mr J E R V A S,

With Mr DRYDEN's Translation of FRESNOY's  
Art of Painting.

**T**HIS Verse be thine, my friend, nor thou  
refuse

This, from no venal or ungrateful Muse,

Whether thy hand strike out some free design,

Where Life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line:

Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass,

And from the canvas call the mimic face:

Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire

Fresnoy's close Art, and Dryden's native Fire:

And reading wish, like theirs, our fate and fame,

So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name;

Like them to shine thro' long succeeding age,

So just thy skill, so regular my rage.

Smit with the love of Sister-Arts we came,

And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;

*Epist. to Mr Jervas.] This Epistle, and the two following  
were written some years before the rest, and originally print-  
ed in 1717.*

Like friendly colours found them both unite, 15  
 And each from each contract new strength and light.  
 How oft in pleasing talks we wear the day,  
 While summer-suns roll unperceiv'd away?  
 How oft' our slowly-growing works impart,  
 While Images reflect from art to art? 20

How oft review; each finding like a friend  
 Something to blame, and something to commend!

What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy  
 wrought,

Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!  
 Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly, 25  
 Fir'd with Ideas of fair Italy.

With thee, on Raphael's Monument I mourn,  
 Or wait inspiring Dreams at Maro's Urn:  
 With thee repose, where Tully once was laid,  
 Or seek some Ruin's formidable shade: 30

While fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,  
 And builds imaginary Rome a-new,  
 Here thy well-study'd marbles fix our eye;  
 A fading Fresco here demands a sigh:

Each heav'nly piece unwearied we compare, 35  
 Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,  
 Caracci's strength, Correggio's softer line,  
 Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

How finish'd with illustrious toil appears  
 This small, well-polish'd Gem, the \* work of years?

VOL. II.

U u

\* Fresnoy employed above twenty years in finishing his Poem.



Yet still how faint by precept is exprest 41

The living image in the painter's breast?

Thence endless streams of fair Ideas flow,

Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;

Thence beauty, waking all her forms, supplies 45

An Angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.

Muse! at that Name thy sacred sorrows shed,

Those tears eternal, that embalm the dead:

Call round her Tomb each object of desire,

Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire: 50

Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,

The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife:

Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;

Then view this Marble, and be vain no more!

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage; 55

Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.

Beauty, frail flow'r that ev'ry season fears,

Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.

Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprize,

And other Beauties envy Worley's eyes; 60

Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,

And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.

Oh lasting as those Colours may they shine,

Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line;

New graces yearly like thy works display, 65

Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;

Led by some rule, that guides, but not constrains;

And finish'd more thro' happiness than pains.

The kindred Arts shall in their praise conspire,

One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre. 70

Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,  
 And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;  
 Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll  
 Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;  
 With 'Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie, 75  
 And these be sung 'till Granvill's Myra dye:  
 Alas! how little from the grave we claim!  
 Thou but preserv'st a Face, and I a Name.

## E P I S T L E

To Miss BLOUNT.

With the WORKS of VOITURE.

**I**N these gay thoughts the Loves and Graces shine,  
 And all the Writer lives in ev'ry line;  
 His easy Art may happy Nature seem,  
 Trifles themselves are elegant in him.  
 Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate, 5  
 Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair and great:  
 Still with esteem no less convers'd than read;  
 With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred:  
 His heart, his mistress, and his friend did share,  
 His time, the Muse, the witty and the fair. 10

Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,  
 Chearful he play'd the trifle, Life, away;  
 'Till fate scarce felt his gentle breath suppress,  
 As smiling Infants sport themselves to rest.  
 Ev'n rival Wits did Voiture's death deplore, 15  
 And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;  
 The truest hearts for Voiture heav'd with sighs,  
 Voiture was wept by all the brightest Eyes:  
 The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in Voiture's death,  
 But that for ever in his lines they breathe. 20

Let the strict life of graver mortals be  
 A long, exact, and serious Comedy;  
 In ev'ry scene some Moral let it teach,  
 And, if it can, at once both please and preach.  
 Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear, 25  
 And more diverting still than regular,  
 Have Humour, Wit, a native Ease and Grace,  
 Though not too strictly bound to Time and Place:  
 Critics in Wit, or Life, are hard to please,  
 Few write to those, and none can live to these. 30

Too much your Sex is by their forms confin'd,  
 Severe to all, but most to Womankind;  
 Custom, grown blind with Age, must be your guide;  
 Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride;  
 By Nature yielding, stubborn but for fame; 35  
 Made Slaves by honour, and made Fools by shame.  
 Marriage may all those petty Tyrants chase,  
 But sets up one, a greater in their place;  
 Well might you wish for change by those accurst,  
 But the last Tyrant ever proves the worst. 40



Still in constraint your suff'ring Sex remains,  
Or bound in formal, or in real chains:  
Whole years neglected, for some months ador'd;  
The fawning Servant turns a haughty Lord.  
Ah quit not the free innocence of life, 45  
For the dull glory of a virtuous Wife;  
Nor let false Shews, nor empty Titles please:  
Aim not at Joy, but rest content with Ease.

The Gods, to curse Pamela with her pray'rs,  
Gave the gilt Coach and dappled Flanders Mares, 50  
The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,  
And, to compleat her bliss, a Fool for mate:  
She glares in Balls, front Boxes, and the Ring,  
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched Thing!  
Pride, Pomp, and State but reach her outward part;  
She sighs, and is no Duchess at her heart. 56

But, Madam, if the fates withstand, and you  
Are destin'd Hymen's willing Victim too;  
Trust not too much your now resistless charms,  
Those, Age or Sicknefs, soon or late disarms: 60  
Good humour only teaches charms to last,  
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past;  
Love, rais'd on Beauty, will like that decay,  
Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day;  
As flow'ry bands in wantonness are worn, 65  
A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn;  
This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,  
The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus \* Voiture's early care still shone the same,  
 And Monthausier was only chang'd in name:  
 By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,  
 Their Wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.  
 Now crown'd with Myrtle, on th' Elysian coast,  
 Amid those Lovers, joys his gentle Ghost:  
 Pleas'd, while with smiles his happy lines you view,  
 And finds a fairer Rambouillet in you.  
 The brightest eyes of France inspir'd his Muse;  
 The brightest eyes of Britain now peruse;  
 And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride  
 Still to charm those who charm the world beside.

## E P I S T L E

To the same.

On her leaving the Town after the CORONATION.

**A**S some fond Virgin, whom her mother's care  
 Drags from the Town to wholesome Country  
 air;

Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,  
 And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;

\* Mademoiselle Paulet.

[Coronation] Of King George the first, 1715.

From the dear man unwilling she must sever, 5  
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever:  
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,  
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;  
Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent, 9  
She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went.

She went, to plain-work, and to purling brooks,  
Old-fashion'd halls, dull Aunts, and croaking rooks:  
She went from Op'ra, Park, Assembly, Play,  
To morning walks, and pray'rs three hours a day;  
To part her time 'twixt reading and bobbing, 15  
To muse, and spill her solitary tea,  
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,  
Count the slow Clock, and dine exact at noon;  
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,  
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire; 20  
Up to her godly garret after seven,  
There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.

Some Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;  
Whose game is Whisk, whose treat a toast in sack;  
Who visits with a gun, presents you birds, 25  
Then gives a smacking buss, and cries,—No words!  
Or with his hound comes hollowing from the stable,  
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;  
Whose laughs are hearty, tho' his jests are coarse,  
And loves you best of all things—but his horse. 30

In some fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,  
You dream of Triumphs in the rural shade;  
In pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene,  
See Coronations rise on ev'ry green;



Before you pass th' imaginary lights 35  
Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd  
Knights,

While the spread fan o'er shades your closing eyes:  
Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.

Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,  
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls! 40

So when your Slave, at some dear idle time,  
(Not plagu'd with head-achs, or the want of rhyme)  
Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,

And while he seems to study, thinks of you;  
Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes, 45

Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,  
Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,

Streets, Chairs, and Coxcombs rush upon my sight;  
Vex'd to be still in town, I knit my brow,

Look sour, and hum a Tune, as you may now. 50

THE  
BASSET-TABLE.

AN  
E C L O G U E  
CARDLIA. SMILINDA.

CARDLIA.

**T**HE *Basset-Table* spread, the *Tallier* come;  
Why stays SMILINDA in the Dressing-Room!  
Rise, pensive Nymph, the *Tallier* waits for you:

SMILINDA.

Ah, Madam, 'since my SHARPER is untrue,  
I joyless make my once ador'd *Alpen*.  
I saw him stand behind OMBRELIA's Chair,  
And whisper with that soft, deluding air,  
And those feign'd sighs which cheat the list'ning Fair.

## C A R D E L I A.

Is this the cause of your Romantic strains?  
 A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains. 10  
 As You by Love, so I by Fortune cross't;  
 One, one bad *Deal*, Three *Septleva's* have lost.

## S M I L I N D A.

Is that the grief, which you compare with mine?  
 With ease, the smiles of Fortune I resign:  
 Would all my gold in one bad *Deal* were gone; 15  
 Were lovely SHARPER mine, and mine alone.

## C A R D E L I A.

A Lover lost, is but a common care;  
 And prudent Nymphs against that change prepare:  
 The KNAVE OF CLUBS thrice lost: Oh! who could  
 guess  
 This fatal stroke, this unforeseen Distress? 20

## S M I L I N D A.

See BETTY LOVER! very *a propos*,  
 She all the cares of Love and Play does know:  
 Dear BETTY shall th' important point decide;  
 BETTY, who oft the pain of each has try'd;  
 Impartial, she shall say who suffers most 25  
 By Card's Ill Usage, or by Lovers lost.



## LOVE.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I stay,  
 Tho' Time is precious, and I want some Tea.

## CARDELIA.

Behold this *Equipage*, by *Mathers* wrought,  
 With Fifty Guineas (a great Pen'worth) bought, 30  
 See on the Tooth-pick, Mars and Cupid strive;  
 And both the struggling figures seem alive.  
 Upon the bottom shines the Queen's bright Face;  
 A Myrtle Foliage round the Thimble-Case.  
 Jove, Jove himself, does on the Scizars shine; 35  
 The Metal, and the Workmanship, divine!

## SMILINDA.

This *Snuff-box*,—once the pledge of SHARPER'S  
 love,  
 When rival beauties for the Present strove;  
 At *Corticelli's* he the Raffle won;  
 Then first his Passion was in public shown: 40  
 HAZARDIA blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,  
 A Rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.  
 This *Snuff-Box*,—on the Hinge see Brilliants shine:  
 This *Snuff-Box* will I stake; the Prize is mine.

## CARDELIA.

Alas! far lesser losses than I bear, 45  
 Have made a Soldier sigh, a Lover swear.

And Oh! what makes the disappointment hard,  
 'Twas my own Lord that drew the *fatal Card*:  
 In Complaisance, I took the *Queen* he gave;  
 Tho' my own secret wish was for the *Knave*. 50  
 The *Knave* won *Sonica*, which I had chose;  
 And the next *Pull*, my *Septleva* I lose.

## S M I L I N D A.

But ah! what aggravates the killing smart,  
 The cruel thought, that stabs me to the heart;  
 This curs'd OMBRELIA, this undoing Fair, 55  
 By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear;  
 She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,  
 She owes to me the very charms she wears.  
 An aukward Thing, when first she came to Town;  
 Her Shape unfashion'd, and her Face unknown: 60  
 She was my friend; I taught her first to spread  
 Upon her fallow cheeks enliv'ning red:  
 I introduc'd her to the Park and Plays;  
 And by my int'rest, *Cozens* made her Stays.  
 Ungrateful wretch, with mimic airs grown pert, 65  
 She dares to steal my Fav'rite Lover's heart.

## C A R D E L I A.

Wretch that I was, how often have I swore,  
 When WINNALL tally'd I would *punt* no more?  
 I know the Bite, yet to my Ruin run:  
 And see the Folly, which I cannot shun. 70

## SMILINDA.

How many Maids have SHARPER's vows deceiv'd?  
 How many curs'd the moment they believ'd?  
 Yet his known Falshoods could no Warning prove:  
 Ah! what is warning to a Maid in Love?

## CARDELIA.

But of what marble must that breast be form'd, 75  
 To gaze on *Basset*, and remain unwarm'd!  
 When *Kings, Queens, Knaves*, are set in decent rank;  
 Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting Bank,  
 Guineas, Half-Guineas, all the shining train;  
 The Winner's pleasure, and the Loser's pain: 80  
 In bright Confusion open *Rouleaus* lye,  
 They strike the Soul, and glitter in the Eye.  
 Fir'd by the sight, all reason I disdain;  
 My Passions rise, and will not bear the rein,  
 Look upon *Basset*, you who Reason boast; 85  
 And see if Reason must not *there* be lost.

## SMILINDA.

What more than marble must that heart compose,  
 Can hearken coldly to my SHARPER's Vows?  
 Then, when he trembles! when his Blushes rise!  
 When awful Love seems melting in his Eyes! 90  
 With eager beats his Mechlin Cravat moves:  
*He Loves*,—I whisper to myself, *He Loves!*



Such unfeign'd Passion in his Looks appears,  
 I lose all Mem'ry, of my former Fears;  
 My panting heart confesses all his charms, 95  
 I yield at once, and sink into his arms.  
 Think of that moment, you who Prudence boast;  
 For such a moment, Prudence well were lost.

## CARDELIA

At the *Groom-Porter's*, batter'd Bullies play,  
 Some DUKES at *Mary-Bone* bowl Time away. 100  
 But who the Bowl, or ratt'ling Dice compares  
 To *Basset's* heav'nly Joys, and pleasing Care!

## SMILINDA.

Soft SIMPLICETTA doats upon a Beau;  
 PRUDINA likes a Man, and laughs at Show.  
 Their several graces in my SHARPER meet; 105  
 Strong as the Footman, as the Master sweet.

## LOVE T.

Cease your contention, which has been too long;  
 I grow impatient, and the Tea's too strong.  
 Attend, and yield to what I now decide;  
 The *Equipage* shall grace SMILINDA's Side: 100  
 The *Snuff-Box* to CARDELIA I decree,  
 Now leave complaining, and begin your Tea.

## Verbatim from BOILEAU.

Un Jour dit un Auteur, &amp;c.

**O**NCE (says our Author, where I need not say)  
Two Travellers found an Oyster in their way;  
Both fierce, both hungry; the dispute grew strong,  
While Scale in hand Dame *Justice* past along.  
Before her each with clamour pleads the Law,  
Explain'd the matter and would win the cause.  
Dame *Justice* weighing long the doubtful Right,  
Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.  
The cause of strife remov'd so rarely well,  
There take (says *Justice*) take ye each a Shell.  
We thrive at *Westminster* on Fools like you:  
'Twas a fat Oyster—Live in peace—Adieu.

# ANSWER to the following Question of Mrs Howe.

WHAT is PRUDERY?

'Tis a Beldam,

'Seen with Wit and Beauty seldom.

'Tis a fear that starts at shadows.

'Tis, (no, 't isn't) like Miss *Meadows*.

'Tis a Virgin hard of Feature,

Old, and void of all good nature ;

Lean and fretful ; would seem wise ;

Yet plays the fool before she dies.

'Tis an ugly envious Shrew,

That rails at dear *Lepell* and You.

Occasioned by some Verses of his Grace  
The Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

MUSE, 'tis enough : at length thy labour ends,  
And thou shalt live, for Buckingham com-  
mends.

Let Crowds of Critics now my verse assail,

Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail :

This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,

Time, health, and fortune are not lost in vain.

Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,

And I and Malice from this hour are friends.



A

# PROLOGUE

By Mr POPE.

To a Play for Mr DENNIS's Benefit, in 1733,  
when he was old, blind, and in great distress,  
a little before his Death.

**A**S when that Hero, who in each Campaign,  
Had brav'd the *Goth*, and many a *Vandal*  
slain,

Lay Fortune-struck, a spectacle of Woe!

Wept by each Friend, forgiv'n by ev'ry Foe:

Was there a gen'rous, a reflecting mind.

5

But pitied BELISARIUS old and blind?

Was there a Chief but melted at the Sight?

A common Soldier, but who clubb'd his Mite?

Such, such emotions should in *Britons* rise,

9

When press'd by want and weakness DENNIS lies;

*Dennis*, who long had warr'd with modern *Huns*,

Their Quibbles routed, and defy'd their Puns;

A desp'rate *Bulwark*, sturdy, firm, and fierce  
 Against the *Gothic* Sons of frozen verse:  
 How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan,  
 And shook the stage with Thunders all his own! 16  
 Stood up to dash each vain *PRETENDER's* hope!  
 Maul the French Tyrant, or pull down the *POPE*!  
 If there's a *Briton* then, true bred and born,  
 Who holds *Dragoons* and wooden shoes in scorn; 20  
 If there's a Critic of distinguish'd rage;  
 If there's a Senior, who contemns this age;  
 Let him to night his just assistance lend,  
 And be the *Critic's*, *Briton's*, *Old-Man's* Friend.

## M A C E R:

### C H A R A C T E R.

WHEN simple *Macer*, now of high renown,  
 First sought a Poet's Fortune in the Town,  
 'Twas all th' Ambition his high soul could feel,  
 To wear red stockings, and to dine with *Steel*.  
 Some Ends of verse his Betters might afford, 5  
 And gave the harmless fellow a good word.

Set up with these, he ventur'd on the Town,  
 And with a borrow'd Play, out-did poor *Crown*.  
 There he stop'd short, nor since has writ a title :  
 But has the Wit to make the most of little : 10  
 Like stunted hide-bound Trees, that just have got  
 Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.

Now he begs Verse, and what he gets commends,  
 Not of the Wits his foes, but fools his friends. 14

So some coarse Country Wench, almost decay'd,  
 Trudges to town, and first turns Chambermaid :  
 Aukward and supple, each devoir to pay ;  
 She flatters her good Lady twice a day ;  
 Thought wondrous honest, tho' of mean degree,  
 And strangely liked for her *Simplicity* : 20

In a translated Suit, then tries the Town,  
 With borrow'd Pins and Patches not her own :  
 But just endur'd the Winter she began,  
 And in four Months a batter'd Harridan. 24  
 Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk,  
 To bawd for others, and go shares with Punk.



To Mr JOHN MOORE,

AUTHOR of the celebrated WORM-  
POWDER.

**H**OW much, egregious *Moore*, are we  
Deceiv'd by shews and forms!  
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,  
All human kind are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by birth,  
Vile, Reptile, weak, and vain!  
A while he crawls upon the earth,  
Then shrinks to earth again.

That Woman is a Worm, we find  
E'er since our Grandame's evil;  
She first convers'd with her own kind,  
That antient Worm, the Devil.

The Learn'd themselves we Book-worms name,  
The Blockhead is a Slow-worm;  
The Nymph whose tail is all on flame,  
Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm:

The Fops are painted Butterflies,  
That flutter for a day;  
First from a Worm they take their rise,  
And in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Earwig grows;  
Thus Worms suit all conditions;  
Misers are Muck-worms, Silk-worms Beaus,  
And Death-watches Physicians.

That Statesmen have the Worm, is seen  
By all their winding play;  
Their Conscience is a Worm within,  
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah Moore! thy skill were well employ'd,  
And greater gain would rise,  
If thou could'st make the Courtier void  
The Worm that never dies!

O learned Friend of Abchurch-Lane,  
Who sett'st our entrails free;  
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,  
Since Worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our Fate thou only can'st adjourn  
Some few short years, no more!  
Ev'n *Butten's* Wits to Worms shall turn,  
Who Maggots were before.

SONG, by a Person of Quality.

Written in the Year 1733.

**F**utt'ring spread thy purple Pinions,  
Gentle *Cupid*, o'er my Heart;  
I a Slave in thy Dominions;  
Nature must give Way to Art.

**H.**  
Mild *Arcadians*, ever blooming,  
Nightly nodding o'er your Flocks,  
See my weary Days consuming,  
All beneath yon flow'ry Rocks.

**III.**  
Thus the *Cyprian* Goddess weeping,  
Mourn'd *Adonis*, darling Youth:  
Him the Boar in Silence creeping,  
Gor'd with unrelenting Tooth.

**IV.**  
*Cynthia*, tune harmonious Numbers;  
Fair *Discretion*, string the Lyre;  
Sooth my ever-waking Slumbers:  
Bright *Apollo*, lend thy Choir.



## V.

Gloomy *Pluto*, King of Terrors,  
Arm'd in adamantine Chains,  
Lead me to the Crystal Mirrors,  
Wat'ring soft Elysian Plains.

## VI.

Mournful Cypress, verdant Willow,  
Gilding my *Aurelia's* Brows,  
*Morpheus* hov'ring o'er my Pillow,  
Hear me pay my dying Vows.

## VII.

Melancholy smooth *Meander*,  
Swiftly purling in a Round,  
On thy Margin Lovers wander,  
With thy flow'ry Chaplets crown'd.

## VIII.

Thus when *Philomela* drooping,  
Softly seeks her silent Mate,  
See the Bird of *Juno* stooping;  
Melody resigns to Fate.

V

On a certain LADY at COURT.

VI

**I** Know the thing that's most uncommon;  
 (Envy be silent, and attend!)  
 I know a reasonable Woman,  
 Handsome and witty, yet a Friend.

Not warp'd by Passion, aw'd by Rumour,  
 Not grave thro' Pride, nor gay thro' Folly,  
 An equal Mixture of good Humour,  
 And sensible soft Melancholy.

“Has she no faults then (Envy says) Sir?”

Yes, she has one, I must aver:  
 When all the World conspires to praise her,  
 The Woman's deaf, and does not hear.

On his GROTTO at Twickenham,

COMPOSED OF

Marbles, Spars, Gemms, Ores, and  
Minerals.

**T**HOU who shalt stop, where *Thames'* trans-  
lucent wave

Shines a broad Mirrour thro' the shadowy Cave;

Where ling'ring drops from min'ral Roofs distill,

And pointed Crystals break the sparkling Rill,

Unpolish'd Gemms no Ray on Pride bestow,

And latent Metals innocently glow :

Approach. Great NATURE studiously behold!

And eye the Mine without a wish for Gold.

Approach: but awful! Lo! the Egerian Grott, 9

Where, nobly-pensive, St JOHN fate and thought;

Where *British* sighs from dying WYNDHAM stole

And the bright flame was shot thro' MARCHMONT's  
Soul.

Let such, such only, tread this sacred Floor,

Who dare to love their Country, and be poor.



T O

## Mrs M. B. on her BIRTH-DAY.

**O**H be thou blest with all that Heav'n can send,  
Long Health, long Youth, long Pleasure, and  
a Friend :

Not with those Toys the female world admire,  
Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire.

With added years if Life bring nothing new,  
But like a Sieve let ev'ry blessing thro',

Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,  
And all we gain, some sad Reflection more :

Is that a Birth-day ? 'tis alas ! too clear,

'Tis but the Funeral of the former year. 10

Let Joy or Ease, let Affluence or Content,

And the gay Conscience of a life well spent,

Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace,

Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.

Let day improve on day, and year on year, 15

Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear,

Till Death unfelt that tender frame destroy,

In some soft dream, or Extasy of joy.

Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,

And wake to Raptures in a Life to come. 20

VER. 15. Originally thus in the MS.

And oh since Death must that fair frame destroy,

Dye, by some sudden Extasy of Joy ;

In some soft dream may thy mild soul remove,

And be thy latest gasp a sigh of Love.

## To Mr THOMAS SOUTHERN

On his Birth-day, 1742.

**R**ESIGN'D to live, prepar'd to die,  
With not one sin, but poetry,

This day Tom's fair account has run  
(Without a blot) to eighty one.

Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays

A table, with a cloth of bays;

And Ireland, mother of sweet fingers,

Presents her harp still to his fingers.

The feast, his tow'ring genius marks

In yonder wild goose and the larks !

10

The mushrooms shew his wit was sudden !

And for his judgment, lo a pudden !

Roast beef, tho' old, proclaims him stout,

And grace, altho' a bard, devout.

May TOM, whom heav'n sent down to raise

15

The price of prologues and of plays,

VER. 5. *A table*] He was invited to dine on his birth-day with this Nobleman, who had prepared for him the entertainment of which the bill of fare is here set down.

VER. 8. *Presents her harp*] The harp is generally wove on the Irish Linnen; such as Table-cloths, &c.

VER. 16. *The price of prologues and of plays*] This alludes to a story Mr Southern told of Dryden, about the same time, to

Be ev'ry birth-day more a winner,  
 Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner;  
 Walk to his grave without reproach,  
 And scorn a rascal and a coach.

Mr. P. and Mr. W. When Southern first wrote for the stage, Dryden was so famous for his Prologues, that the players would act nothing without that decoration. His usual price till then had been four guineas: But when Southern came to him for the Prologue he had bespoke, Dryden told him he must have six guineas for it; "which (said he) young man, is out of no disrepute to you; but the players have had my goods too cheap." — We now look upon these Prologues with the same admiration, that the Virtuosi do on the Apothecaries pots painted by Raphael.



## E P I T A P H S.

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani  
Munere ! VIRG.

L  
On CHARLES Earl of DORSET,

In the Church of Withyam in Suffex.

DORSET, the Grace of Courts, the Muse's  
Pride,  
Patron of Arts, and judge of Nature, dy'd.  
The scourge of Pride, tho' sanctified or great,  
Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State:  
Yet soft his Nature, tho' severe his Lay,  
His Anger moral, and his Wisdom gay.  
Blest Sat'rist ! who touch'd the Mean so true,  
As show'd, Vice had his hate and pity too.  
Blest Courtier ! who could King and Country please,  
Yet sacred keep his Friendships, and his Ease.  
Blest Peer ! his great Forefathers ev'ry grace  
Reflecting, and reflected in his Race;  
Where other BUCKHURSTS, other DORSETS shine,  
And Patriots still, or Poets deck the Line.

## E P I T A P H S.

## On Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

One of the principal Secretaries of State to King  
WILLIAM III. who having resigned his Place,  
died in his Retirement at Easthamsted in Berk-  
shire, 1716.

**A** Pleasing Form; a firm yet cautious Mind;  
Sincere, tho' prudent; constant, yet resign'd:  
Honour unchang'd, a Principle profess,  
Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest:  
An honest Courtier, yet a Patriot too;  
Just to his Prince, and to his Country true;  
Fill'd with the Sense of Age, the Fire of Youth;  
A Scorn of wrangling, yet a Zeal for Truth;  
A gen'rous Faith, from Superstition free;  
A love to Peace, and hate of Tyranny;  
Such this Man was: who now from Earth remov'd,  
At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

## III.

## On the Hon. SIMON HARCOURT,

Only Son of the Lord Chancellor HARCOURT;  
at the Church of Stanton-Harcourt in Ox-  
fordshire, 1720.

**T**O this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw  
near,

Here lies the Friend most lov'd, the Son most dear:  
Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendship might divide,  
Or gave his Father Grief but when he dy'd.

How vain is Reason, Eloquence how weak!  
If *Pope* must tell what HARCOURT cannot speak.

Oh let thy once-lov'd Friend inscribe thy Stone,  
And, with a Father's sorrows, mix his own!



## IV.

On JAMES CRAGGS, Esq;

In Westminster-Abbey.

JACOBUS CRAGGS

REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS

ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,

PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIAE;

VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR

ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV,

OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

Statesman, yet Friend to truth! of Soul sincere,

In Action faithful, and in Honour clear!

Who broke no Promise, serv'd no private End,

Who gain'd no Title, and who lost no Friend,

Ennobled by Himself, by All approv'd,

Prais'd, wept, and honour'd by the Muse he lov'd.

Intended for Mr ROWE,

In Westminster-Abbey.

**T**HY reliques, ROWE, to this fair Urn we  
trust,

And sacred, place by DRYDEN's awful dust:

Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,

To which thy Tomb shall guide inquiring eyes,

It is as follows, on the Monument in the Abbey erected to  
Rowe and his Daughter.

Thy Reliques, Rowe ! to this sad shrine we trust,  
And near thy SHAKESPEAR place thy honour'd bust.  
Oh, next him, skill'd to draw the tender tear,  
For never heart felt passion more sincere ;  
To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,  
For never BRITON more disdain'd a slave.  
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest ;  
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest !  
And blest, that timely from our scene remov'd,  
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

To these so mourn'd in death, so lov'd in life !  
The childless parent and the widow'd wife,  
With tears inscribed this monumental stone,  
That holds their ashes and expects her own.

VER. 3. *Beneath a rude*] The Tomb of Mr Dryden was

Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!  
 Blest in thy Genius, in thy Love too blest!  
 One grateful woman to thy fame supplies  
 What a whole thankless land to his denies

erected upon this hint by the Duke of Buckingham; to which  
 was originally intended this Epitaph,

*This SHEFFIELD rais'd. The sacred Dust below  
 Was DRYDEN once: The rest who does not know?*

which the Author since changed into the plain inscription  
 now upon it, being only the name of that great Poet.

J. DRYDEN.

Natus Aug. 9. 1631. Mortuus Maij 1. 1700.

JOANNES SHEFFIELD DUX BUCKINGHAMIENSIS

POSUIT.



## VI.

## On Mrs CORBET,

Who died of a Cancer in her Breast.

**H**ERE rests a Woman, good without pretence,

Blest with plain Reason, and with sober Sense :

No conquests she, but o'er herself, desir'd,

No Arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.

Passion and Pride were to her soul unknown,

Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.

So unaffected, so compos'd a mind;

So firm, yet soft ; so strong, yet so refin'd ;

Heav'n, as its purest gold, by Tortures try'd ;

The Saint sustain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.

## VII.

On the Monument of the Honourable ROBERT DIGBY, and of his Sister MARY, erected by their Father the Lord DIGBY, in the Church of Sherborne in Dorsetshire, 1727.

**G**O! fair Example of untainted youth,  
 Of modest wisdom, and pacifick truth:  
 Compos'd in suff'rings, and in joy sedate,  
 Good without noise, without pretension great.  
 Just of thy word, in ev'ry thought sincere,  
 Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:  
 Of softest manners, unaffected mind,  
 Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:  
 Go live! for Heav'n's Eternal year is thine,  
 Go, and exalt thy Moral to Divine.

And thou, blest Maid! attendant on his doom,  
 Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,  
 Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,  
 Not parted long, and now to part no more!  
 Go then, where only bliss sincere is known!  
 Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!

Yet take these Tears, Mortality's relief,  
 And till we share your joys, forgive our grief:  
 These little rites, a Stone, a Verse receive;  
 'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give!

## VIII.

ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1729.

**K**NELLER, by Heav'n and not a Master  
taught,

Whose Art was Nature, and whose Pictures Thought;  
Now for two ages having snatch'd from fate  
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,  
Lies crown'd with Princes honours, Poets lays, 5  
Due to his Merit, and brave Thirst of praise.

Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie  
Her works: and, dying, fears herself may die.

VER. 7. Imitated from the famous Epitaph on Raphael.

*Raphael, simul, quo sospite, vinci  
Rerum magna parens, et morienti, mori.*



## IX

## On General HENRY WITHERS,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1723.

**H**ERE, WITHERS, rest! thou bravest, gentlest  
mind,

Thy Country's friend, but more of human kind.

Oh born to Arms! O Worth in Youth approv'd!

O soft Humanity, in Age belov'd!

For thee the hardy Vet'ran drops a tear,

And the gay Courtier feels the sigh sincere.

WITHERS, adieu! yet not with thee remove

Thy Martial spirit, or thy Social love!

Amidst Corruption, Luxury, and Rage,

Still leave some ancient Virtues to our age:

Nor let us say, (those English glories gone)

The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

K.

On Mr ELIJAH FENTON,

At Easthamsted in Berks, 1730.

**T**HIS modest Stone, what few vain Marbles  
can,  
May truly say, Here lies an honest Man:  
A Poet, blest beyond the Poet's fate,  
Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the Proud and  
Great:  
Foe to loud Praise, and Friend to learned Ease,  
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace.  
Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here  
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;  
From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,  
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

## XI.

On Mr GAY,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1732.

**O**F Manners gentle, of Affections mild;  
 In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child:  
 With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,  
 Form'd to delight at once and last the age:  
 Above Temptation, in a low Estate, 5  
 And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great:  
 A safe Companion, and an easy Friend,  
 Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End.  
 These are Thy Honours! not that here thy Bust  
 Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy dust; 10  
 But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,  
 Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here lies GAY.*

VER. 12. *Here lies Gay.*] i. e. in the hearts of the good and worthy.



XIII.

XII.

Intended for Sir ISAAC NEWTON,

In Westminster-Abbey.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:

Quem Immortalem

Testantur Tempus, Natura, Cælum:

Mortalem

Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature and Nature's Laws lay hid in Night:

GOD said, Let Newton be? and all was Light.

Vol. II.

B b b

## XIII.

JIX

ON DR FRANCIS ATTERBURY,  
Bishop of Rochester.

Who died in Exile at Paris, 1732.

[His only Daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after she arrived in France to see him.]

## D I A L O G U E.

S H E.

**Y** E S, we have liv'd—one pang, and then we  
part!

May Heav'n, dear Father! now have all thy Heart.  
Yet ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,  
Till you are dust like me.

H E.

Dear Shade! I will:

Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless Ghost!  
O more than Fortune, Friends, or Country lost!  
Is there on Earth one care, one wish beside?

Yes—SAVE MY COUNTRY, HEAV'N,

—He said, and dy'd.

*Save my Country, Heav'n]* Alluding to the Bishop's frequent use and application of the expiring words of the famous *Father PAUL*, in his prayer for the State, ESTO PERPETUA.

## XLV.

ON EDMUND D. of BUCKINGHAM,  
Who died in the Nineteenth Year of his  
Age, 1735.

**I**F modest Youth, with cool Reflection crown'd,  
And ev'ry op'ning Virtue blooming round,  
Could save a Parent's justest Pride from fate,  
Or add one Patriot to a sinking state:  
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy Tear,  
Or sadly told, how many hopes lie here!  
The living Virtue now had shone approv'd,  
The Senate heard him and his country lov'd.  
Yet softer Honours, and less noisy Fame  
Attend the shade of gentle BUCKINGHAM:  
In whom a Race, for Courage fam'd, and Art,  
Ends in the milder Merit of the Heart;  
And Chiefs or Sages long to Britain giv'n  
Pays the last Tribute of a Saint to Heav'n.



## .XV.

**For One who would not be buried in  
Westminster-Abbey.**

**H**EROES, and Kings! your distance keep,  
In peace let one poor Poet sleep,  
Who never flatter'd Folks like you:  
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

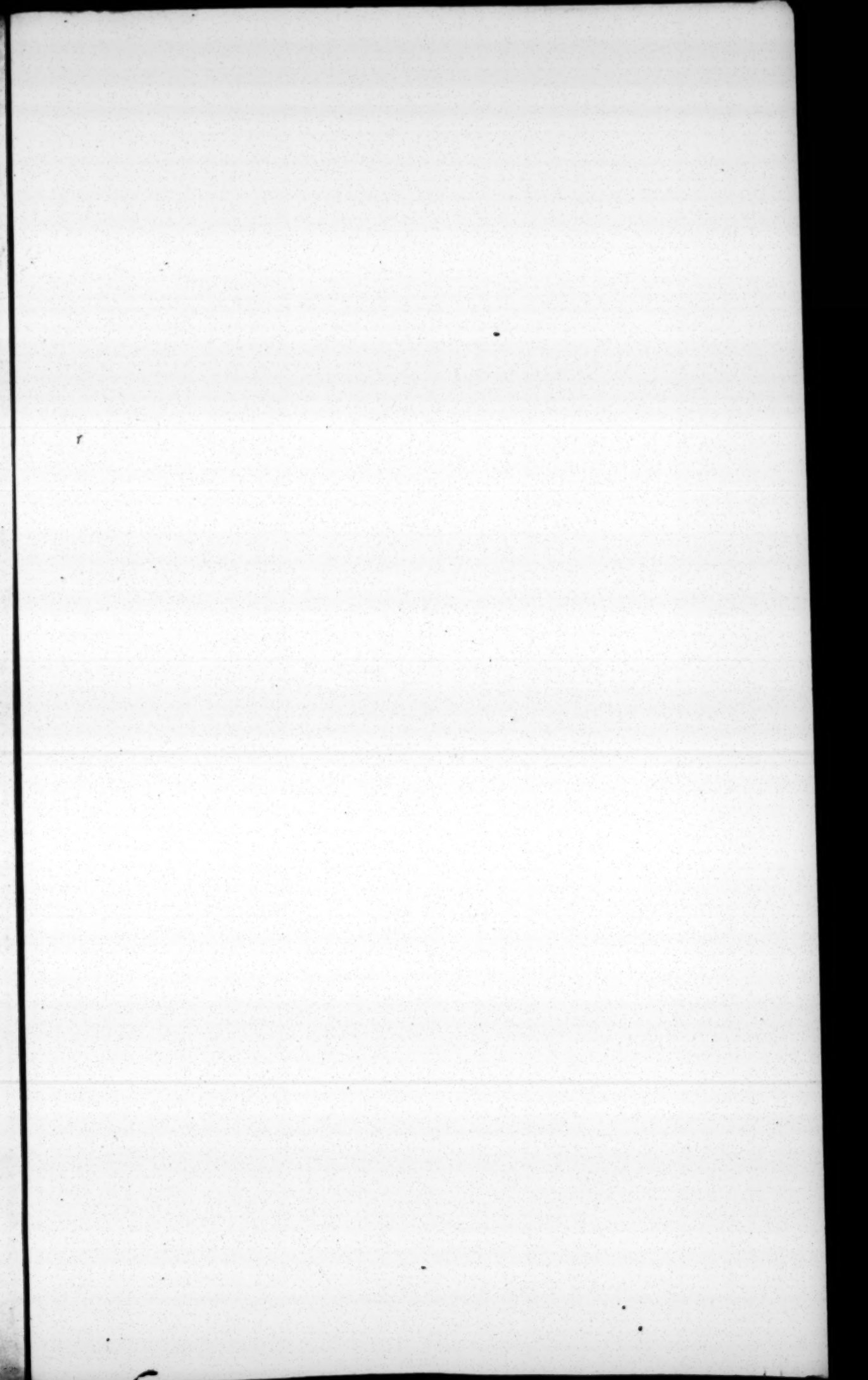
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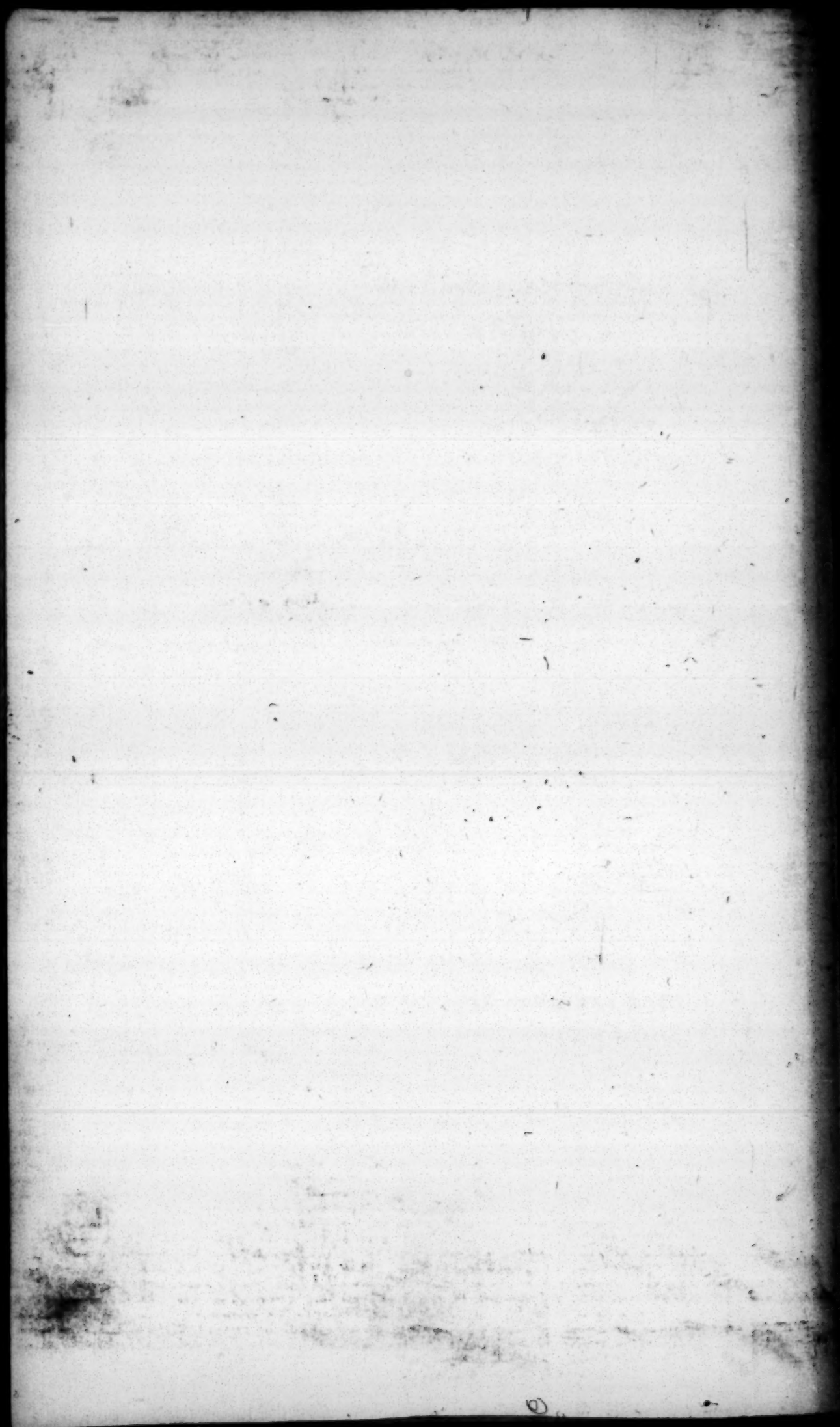
**Another, on the same.**

**U**NDER this Marble, or under this Sill,  
Or under this Tuff, or e'en what they will:  
Whatever an Heir, or a Friend in his stead,  
Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,  
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and still cares not a pin  
What they said, or may say, of the Mortal within!  
But who, living and dying, serene still and free,  
Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be.

*The End of the Second Volume.*









B. L. 1920